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The Dentos

1923

Table of Contents

	Page
Foreword	1
Dentos Staff.....	4
Dedication	6
Faculty	11
The Ladies	22
Alumni	23
Student Council	29
Seniors	31
Juniors	145
Sophomores	195
Freshmen	227
Fraternities	267
Athletics	296
Advertisements	301

The Dentos
1923



The Dentos

1923

The '23 Dentos Staff

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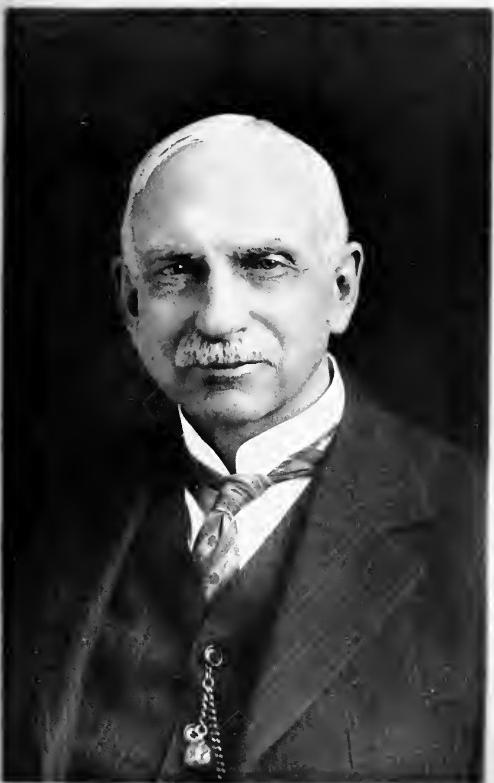
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The Dentos -

1923



C. N. Johnson

The DENTOS

1920

TO

CHARLES NELSON JOHNSON

M. A., L. D. S., D. D. S., M. D. S., F. A. C. D.

Teacher, Author, Doctor of Dental Surgery
and Dean of Students

we respectfully dedicate this edition of

The DENTOS

The Dentos

1921

*"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my faith to keep,
If I should die ere morning's sun
I pray the Lord my work's well done."*



HEREIN you have the keynote of a great man's success, the governing factor of a well-ordered, magnificent being, the simple expression of a great mind, the aim of whose whole existence is to do good unto his fellow beings, to zealously and conscientiously smooth the roughened pathway of life for his neighbor. Charles Nelson Johnson is that man. It is because of his untiring self-sacrifice that much good has been accomplished in the world. It is because of his desire to aid humanity that we are permitted to offer these lines of sincerest tribute. It is because of his unselfish desire to help others to enjoy, in a measure, the fruits of a life given to lessen the pains and unpleasantness of his less fortunate brethren, that the student body of the Chicago College of Dental Surgery is privileged to dedicate this publication to him. It is impossible for us to do justice to a character such as his. It is impossible for anyone to ever fully describe the innumerable sterling qualities of the man, his never-to-be-equalled accomplishments as a master of dental surgery; his countless achievements in imparting to others a part of his golden store of knowledge; his numerous literary masterpieces which have been offered to mankind in humble generosity of spirit, that others might bask in the mellow glow of his lovable disposition. To those who have been permitted a close acquaintanceship with him, I will leave that task. They have fallen far short of justice to him, but inasmuch as it is beyond the pale of human possibility to suitably eulogize so fine a creation as The Master, their efforts must suffice. The undergraduates of our college are more than proud to say that we have the most profound respect for this venerable youth. We dare not presume to say that we love him.

At a testimonial banquet tendered Dr. Johnson by the dental profession of Chicago and his former students, in celebration of his completion of forty years of professional service, on Monday evening, April 11, 1921, at seven o'clock, at the Hotel La Salle, Chicago, Illinois, he was recognized as a citizen, educator, author, editor and practitioner.

A few of the glowing tributes paid him follow:

Speech by Dr. Henry E. Friesell, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Dean of the Dental Department of Pittsburgh University and then president of the National Dental Association:

" . . . If we must have more schools we certainly must have more teachers and some plan must be devised for interesting our young men to take up dental teaching as a life work, not as a pastime, not as a side issue, but as something that will offer as much in return in the way of satisfaction in their life's work as anything else they can take up, and I know of nothing that presents a larger field, greater opportunities and more important opportunities than dental education. Also I know of no field in which a real teacher can do more good in the development of a great profession, in the development of units, the individuals who make up that profession than a great teacher, and we are here to pay our

The Dentos

1923

respects and our honor to one of the greatest teachers we have ever had in the dental profession, Dr. Johnson."

Dr. William A. Evans, Chicago, Ill.:

" . . . The members of my profession, the medical profession, are rendering better service to those that serve by reason of what they have learned from the dental profession, and particularly from its great leader, Dr. C. N. Johnson. I served as health commissioner of this city when it was proposed that dental hygiene, care of the teeth and mouths of people of this city, should be adopted as one part of the program of the Department of Health, and when the dental profession was called upon to take charge of that duty, the man that first came into our minds, the man on whom we first called was Dr. C. N. Johnson."

Dr. John V. Conzett, Dubuque, Iowa:

" . . . We all know what Dr. Johnson has been, what Dr. Johnson is as a dentist, and the tremendous influence that he has exerted always upon the whole profession. If we speak of art we speak of a Raphael, or a Rubens, or a Guido; when we go into the gallery of sculpture we speak of a Praxiteles, or a Michelangelo; in music, we speak of a Beethoven, of a Mozart, of a Handel; and in our own profession when we speak of something rare and something beautiful we speak of it as a Johnson, something which has transcended the art of the ordinary man."

Dr. Otto V. King, Chicago, Ill.:

" . . . In retracing my steps to get the proper view of Dr. Johnson's life's work, I remember distinctly the first time I met him. It was at the time of the big meeting of the Chicago Odontographic Society in 1897. During the discussion of a paper, one of the discussers unfortunately criticized the technical ability of the dentists of Chicago. Dr. Johnson, with the spirit of a Roman, ably defended the honor of his Chicago associates. No one in the history of dentistry has ever discussed as many papers as Dr. Johnson. A careful review of dental literature will show that he has opened the discussion of a large percentage of the papers that have been read before the old Chicago Odontographic Society, the Chicago Dental Society, and the Illinois State Dental Society. Invariably, when some distinguished guest appeared before any of these societies, Dr. Johnson was delegated to open the discussion. This, in itself, is quite significant in that the universal opinion of dentists in Chicago has always been that Dr. Johnson was pre-eminently qualified to represent the real progress of dentistry in this great Middle West. He, among all others, was recognized as a great author, educator and teacher.

Dr. Johnson's book on *Operative Dentistry* will ever stand out as a monumental work for the profession and will cause his name to be recorded as one of the really great operators in dental history. His book on *Success in Dentistry* has played a very important part in teaching the dental profession thrift, thus giving the profession an insight into some of the fundamental problems in dental economics. Surely the future dental historian will record Dr. Johnson's name as a great dentist who lived during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

On the dental highway of progress, our guest has been a beacon light to thousands of dentists, many of whom have been his students.

There is another significant fact about Dr. Johnson's literary talent that

The Dentos

1923

should be stressed. He has not only contributed a great number of editorials and papers but he has manifested a more versatile talent in that his writings have covered a greater variety of subjects than those of any other man in the annals of dentistry.

A careful review of secular literature indicates that Dr. Johnson has contributed to publications outside of dentistry. Many of his letters and poems have been published, and still others are as yet unpublished."

Dr. John Buckley, Los Angeles, Cal.:

" . . . As a teacher C. N. Johnson is the Colonel Parr of the golf course, the horse that won the Derby, the pitcher who retained the pennant, the boxer who wore the belt. As a teacher C. N. Johnson has succeeded, and in teaching, as in every other walk of life, character is the foundation of success. You may have thought that the unusual success of Johnson as a citizen, and practitioner, in his native land, as an author and an editor, was due to the fact that he was a well-educated man. It is true that he is not deficient in education, but in the years to come, of all who will hear of his grand career and of his services to his profession and to his fellow-man, you will not hear that either the high place he reached or that which he accomplished was entirely due to his education. On the contrary you will constantly hear, as accounting for his great success in these various walks of life, that he was obedient and affectionate as a son, honest and upright as a citizen, tender and devoted as a husband, kind and considerate as a father, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral, and clean in every station of life. Never and under no circumstances did he consider any of these attributes too weak for manliness.

I borrow here for the purpose the selected words of Grover Cleveland expressed in behalf of the martyred McKinley, and I feel that I have a right to do so on this occasion for C. N. Johnson is the William McKinley of dentistry:

Let us make no mistake. In him we have a most distinguished man, a great man, a useful man, who became distinguished, great, and useful because he had and retained, unsullied and unimpaired, those qualities of mind and of heart which I fear too many of us keep in the background or have abandoned altogether."

Dr. C. N. Johnson was born in Brock Township, Ontario, March 16, 1860. He was educated at Port Perry High School. He was graduated from the Royal College of Dental Surgeons in 1881 and practiced dentistry in Collingwood, Ontario, until 1884. He moved to Chicago and was graduated from the Chicago College of Dental Surgery in 1885. He has practiced here ever since his graduation.

Dr. Johnson began lecturing in the spring of 1886. He was demonstrator of anatomy for several years and was made professor of operative dentistry in 1891, which chair he has held until the present. He has been dean of students for many years.

He was editor of the Dental Review in 1894 and again from 1902 to 1919. He published in that journal alone more than 200 original communications and over 500 editorials. Dr. Johnson has been a prolific contributor to other dental magazines and to literary publications. He is the author of many text-books on dentistry. He is editor of "The Bur," which is published by the alumni association of the Chicago College of Dental Surgery. He has received the Jarvis Fellowship Medal of the Dental Society of the State of New York.

The Dentist

It is impossible for a college to exist without a faculty.

It is impossible for a good college to exist without a good faculty.

Therefore: We present to you, in the following section of this book, the best faculty of the best Dental College in the United States.

FACULTY



The Dentos

1923

BROPHY, TRUMAN W., *Delta Sigma Delta*.
Dean Emeritus. Senior Professor of
Oral Surgery. D.D.S. Pennsylvania Col-
lege of Dental Surgery, M.D. Rush
Medical College, 1880. LL.D. Lake For-
est University. F.A.C.S., O.I. (France).
One of the founders of the Chicago Col-
lege of Dental Surgery.



LOGAN, WM. H. G., *Delta Sigma Delta*.
Dean of the Faculty. Professor of Oral
Surgery and Oral Pathology. D.D.S.
Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1896.
M.D. Chicago College of Medicine and
Surgery, 1904. Ranking officer of the
Dental Corps, U. S. A., 1918.



JOHNSON, C. N., *Delta Sigma Delta*.
Dean of Students. Professor of Opera-
tive Dentistry. L.D.S. Royal College of
Dental Surgeons, 1881. D.D.S. Chicago
College of Dental Surgery, 1885. M.A.
Lake Forest University, 1896. M.D.S.
Professor of Operative Dentistry, 1890.
F.A.C.D. Supreme Grand Master Delta
Sigma Delta, 1920.



PUTERBAUGH, P. G., *Delta Sigma Delta*.
Professor of Principles of Medicine, An-
esthesia, and Therapeutics. Superintend-
ent of the Infirmary. D.D.S. Chicago
College of Dental Surgery, 1902. M.D.
Chicago College of Medicine and Sur-
gery, 1912. F.A.C.D.



The Dentos

1923



BUCKLEY, JOHN P., *Delta Sigma Delta*.
Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. Ph.G. Valparaiso University, 1896. D.D.S. Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1898. F.A.C.D.



GRISAMORE, T. L., *Delta Sigma Delta*.
Professor of Orthodontia. Ph.G. Valparaiso University, 1896. D.D.S. Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1898.



HALL, R. E., *Psi Omega*.
Professor of Artificial Denture Construction. D.D.S. Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1905.



MACBOYLE, R. E.
Professor of Crown and Bridge Work.
D.D.S. Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1900.

The Dentos

1923

ROACH, F. E., *Delta Sigma Delta*.
Professor of Prosthetic Dentistry. De-
partment of Removable Partial Dentures.
D.D.S. Northwestern University, 1894.



KENDALL, JOHN L., *Psi Omega*.
Professor of Chemistry, Materia Medica
and Physics. B.S. Valparaiso University,
1894. Ph.G. Valparaiso University, 1895.
M.D. University of Kentucky, 1908.



BORLAND, LEONARD C., *Psi Omega*.
Professor of Anatomy. M.D. Rush
Medical College, 1887.



JIRKA, IRWIN G., *Psi Omega*.
Associate Professor of Anatomy. D.D.S.
Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1910.



The Dentos

1923



THOMAS, E. H., *Delta Sigma Delta*.
Associate Professor of Jurisprudence,
Ethics and Economics. M.D. Chicago
College of Medicine and Surgery, 1915.
D.D.S. Chicago College of Dental Sur-
gery, 1913. LL.B. Chicago Kent College
of Law, 1913.

MEYER, KARL A., *Psi Omega*.
Professor of Surgery. M.D. Illinois Col-
lege of Medicine, 1908.

ROUBERT, L. N., *Alpha Zeta Gamma*.
Instructor in Full Denture Construction
and Prosthetic Technics. D.D.S. Chicago
College of Dental Surgery, 1918. Su-
preme Worthy Master Alpha Zeta
Gamma, 1921.

MUELLER, A. H., *Delta Sigma Delta*.
Instructor in Operative Technics and
Lecturer in Oral Hygiene. D.D.S. Chi-
cago College of Dental Surgery, 1915.

The Dentos

1923

SUDDARTH, C. S., *Psi Omega*.

Professor in Histology and Biology.
D.D.S. Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1919. B.S. Valparaiso University, 1916. M.D., 1922.

WATT, J. R., *Delta Sigma Delta*.

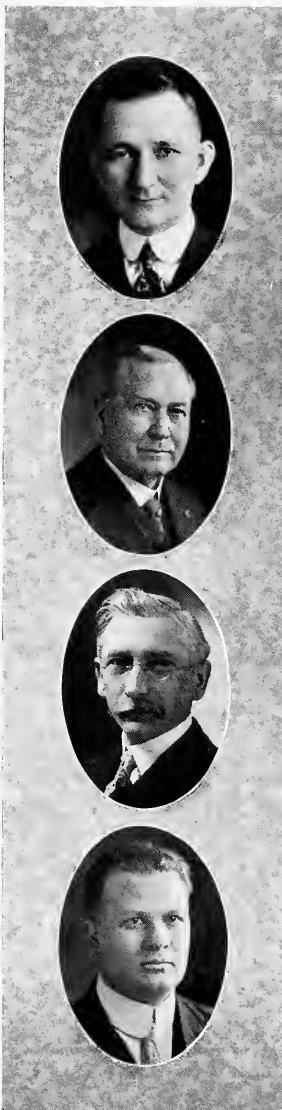
Associate Professor of Prosthetic Technique in Fixed Crown and Bridge Work.
D.D.S. Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1896.

ZOETHOUT, W.M. D.

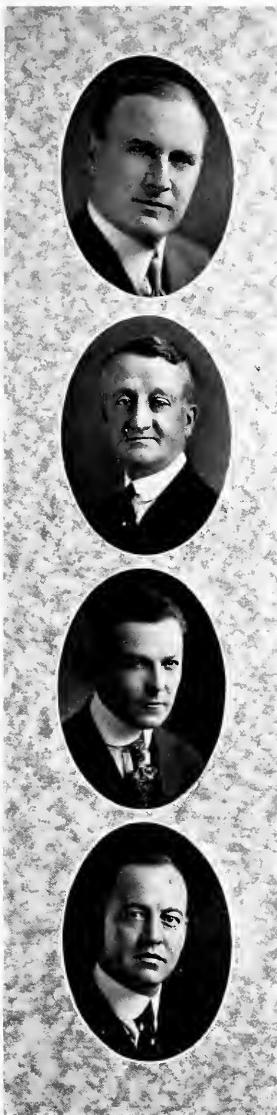
Professor of Physiology. A.B. Hope College, 1893. Ph.D. University of Chicago, 1898.

LEWIS, D. N., *Delta Sigma Delta*.

Associate Professor of Operative Dentistry, Department of Ceramics. D.D.S. Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1912.



The Dentos
1923



EPPEL, STEPHEN L.

Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology.
M.D. University of Indiana. A.B.

ALLEN, A. BROM, *Delta Sigma Delta*.

Instructor in Exodontia. D.D.S. Chicago
College of Dental Surgery, 1892.

MORRIS, B. A., *Psi Omega*.

Instructor in Prosthetic Dentistry and
Exodontia. D.D.S. Chicago College of
Dental Surgery, 1916.

MCNEIL, W. I., *Delta Sigma Delta*.

Instructor in Prosthetic Dentistry, De-
partment of Partial Denture and Remov-
able Bridge, D.D.S. Chicago College of
Dental Surgery, 1914.

The Dentos

1923

PLATTS, LEWIS A., *Delta Sigma Delta*,
Instructor in Operative Dentistry. Lecturer
on Comparative Dental Anatomy.
D.D.S. Chicago College of Dental Surgery,
1906. B.S., M.S.



WARNER, L. D.
Instructor in Bacteriology, Histology and
Pathology. B.A.

HAMBLETON, GAIL MARTIN,
Delta Sigma Delta
Instructor in Prosthetic Dentistry. D.D.S.
Chicago College of Dental Surgery.

UMBACH, M. J.
Instructor in Biology and Operative
Technic. D.D.S. Northwestern University,
1918. B.S.

The Dentos

1923



SALAZAR, R., *Psi Omega*.

Instructor in Prosthetic Dentistry. D.D.S.
Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1921.

BOULGER, E. P., *Delta Sigma Delta*.

Instructor in Operative Dentistry. D.D.S.
Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1919.
L.D.S., 1919.

FINCH, G. E., *Delta Sigma Delta*.

Instructor in Prosthetic and Crown and
Bridge Technic. D.D.S. Chicago College
of Dental Surgery, 1921.

LYNCH, JAMES W., *Delta Sigma Delta*.

Instructor in Radiography and Operative
Dentistry. D.D.S. Chicago College of
Dental Surgery, 1920.

The Dentos
1923

MILLER, I. C.

Instructor in Operative Dentistry. D.D.S.
Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1920.



RADELL, F. Z., *Delta Sigma Delta*.

Instructor in Operative Dentistry. D.D.S.
Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1921.

WATSON, G. M., *Psi Omega*.

Instructor in Operative Dentistry. D.D.S.
Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1918.

VOGT, GEO. F., *Delta Sigma Delta*.

Instructor in Operative Dentistry and
Exodontia. D.D.S. Chicago College of
Dental Surgery, 1921.

The Dentos
1923



OSTERLE, CLARENCE.
Instructor of Prosthetic Technic. D.D.S.
Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 1919.

GILRUTH, W. A.
Instructor in Operative Technic. D.D.S.
Northwestern University, 1919.

WHITE, D. C.
Professor of English. A.A. Lewis Institute.

ESTABROOKS, L. B.
Registrar.

GRABOW, ELMER F.
Instructor in Technical Drawing.
BRAMS, WM. A.
Bacteriological Research. M.D. Northwestern University, 1912. Lieutenant Commander U. S. Navy, Medical Corps, 1917-1919.

The Dentos

1928

The Ladies



Miss Julia Wittman
Mrs. M. E. Long
Mrs. L. B. Wessel

Mrs. D. B. Prestley
Miss M. Flynn
Mrs. F. C. Delling

Miss L. S. Dickinson
Miss R. Theiler
Mrs. C. Wyneken

The Dentos
1923

Alumni



The Dentos

1923

Alumni Clinic

The alumni clinic in celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Chicago College of Dental Surgery was held on April 16 and 17, 1923. There is no gainsaying the fact that in point of attendance and the number of special and table clinics, exhibitions and lecturers, the clinic this year surpassed all others held at the college. Class reunions of 1888, 1893 and 1898 featured the clinic and graduates of those years were guests of the alumni association.

The lecturers included Dr. Hart J. Goslee who read a paper on the "Principles, Indications and Comparative Advantages of Fixed Bridgework"; Dr. Robert E. MacBoyle on "Fixed Bridge Abutment Pieces for Vital Teeth, Anterior and Posterior"; Dr. John P. Buckley who demonstrated his new material for the protection of dental pulps and the filling of canals of pulpless teeth; Dr. W. H. G. Logan who lectured on Oral Surgery at the Cook County Hospital; Drs. P. G. Puterbaugh and E. P. Boulger in a symposium on root-canal problems, giving the therapeutics and technique of filling root-canals as now taught at the Chicago College of Dental Surgery; Dr. Carl J. Grove on methods of pulp removal to prevent periapical infections; Dr. John L. Kendall on "Diet, Blood Chemistry and Teeth."

Among the numerous special clinics, the following attracted considerable attention: the special clinic on movable—fixed and movable—removable bridge-work by Drs. M. H. and J. C. Mortenson; "Partial Removable Restorations" by Dr. F. E. Roach; "Anesthesia and Minor Oral Surgery," by Drs. P. G. Puterbaugh, B. A. Morris and G. F. Vogt; "Attachments to Vital Teeth," by Dr. R. E. MacBoyle; "Pyorrhea and Prophylaxis," by Dr. A. F. James; "Radiography," by Dr. Fred F. Molt; "Oral Pathology," by C. S. Suddarth; "Full Denture Construction," by Drs. Rupert E. Hall, L. N. Roubert and R. Salazar; "Partial Removable Denture Construction," by Dr. W. I. McNeil; "Full Denture Construction," by members of the Chicago Prosthetic Clinic Club.

GENERAL TABLE CLINICS

- DR. J. W. FORD—Orthodontia.
DR. W. J. BRAY—Porcelain Pontic Technic—an improved method of constructing bridgework using Steele's interchangeable facings.
DR. CHAS. H. CORDICK—Three-quarter Crowns.
DR. HOWARD C. MILLER—Block Anesthesia.
DR. GEO. E. HAWKINS—Prophylaxis.
DR. L. ARTHUR PLATTS—The use of the Actinic Ray in Dentistry.
DR. RAYMOND M. BONDY—Removable Bridgework.
DR. CARL D. BATES—Some Wrinkles in Fusible Metal in Seamless Crown Work.
DR. WILLIAM MULLIN—Use of Bacon Appliances in Orthodontia.

The Dentos

1923

- DR. ALBERT E. DERIEMER—Appliances for Reduction and Treatment of Compound Fracture Mandible. X-rays and models before and after will be presented.
- DR. E. H. HOHMAN—Correction of Malocclusion in Pyorrhea.
- DR. E. WALTER EDLUND—Filling Root-Canals Using Neo-Balsam Compound.
- DR. LESTER N. ROUBERT—Full Denture Work.
- DR. ROBERT I. HUMPHIREY—Industrial Dentistry.
- DR. POLK E. AKERS—Removable Dentures.
- DR. D. L. WOODWORTH—Removable Dentures.
- DR. HARRY J. COMBS—A Practical Removable Bridge.
- DR. EARL E. GRAHAM—Control of Caries in Deciduous Teeth and First Permanent Molars.
- DR. DAVID N. LEWIS—Baked Porcelain Bases for Detached Post Crowns. Porcelain Jacket Crowns. Porcelain Inlays.
- DR. JOS. G. WIEDDER—Simple Technique in the Removal of Impacted Third Molars.
- DR. F. VANMINDEN—Indications for Removable Bridgework.
- DR. VICTOR FUQUA—Silver Nitrate Treatment of Root-Canals.
- DR. MILFORD S. SORLEY—Cast Porcelain.
- DR. DON GALLIE, JR.—Cysts of the Jaws, X-Rays and Specimens.
- DR. RUFUS W. LEE—Preparation of Novocain Solutions.
- DR. IRWIN G. JIRKA—Radiography from an Anatomical Viewpoint. Chemical (Novocain) Dermatitis.
- DR. CLARENCE R. BELDING—Root-Canal Work.
- DR. M. L. SCHMITZ—Attachments to Vital Teeth.
- DR. H. R. SEAL—Pericemental Infiltration of Novocain.
- DR. FRANK G. CONKLIN—MacBoyle Attachments to Vital Teeth.
- DR. GUY R. CHURCHILL—MacBoyle Attachments to Vital Teeth.
- DR. HENRY C. LEE—MacBoyle Attachments to Vital Teeth.
- DR. JOHN C. MCGUIRE—Preserving the Deciduous Teeth, from the Orthodontic Viewpoint.
- DR. W. A. MURRAY—Impressions of Individual Teeth for Orthodontic Technique.
- DR. GEO. E. LINDMARK—Clean Cement Spatulas and Slabs.
- DR. D. M. HODGMAN—Technique for Removal of Upper Impacted Cuspid.
- DR. W. KOPPERUD—Fixed Bridgework with Stress-Breakers.
- DR. HAROLD W. WELCH—Porcelain bridge, showing patient.
- DR. HUGH E. ROBERTS—Lower Lingual Bar Dentures.
- DR. WARREN LUTTON—Results of the Premature Loss of the First Permanent Molar.
- DR. S. WOLLENBERGER—Unusual and Difficult Prosthetic Reconstructions. Showing Models or Patients.
- DR. THOMAS S. CHRISTENSON—Indirect Method of Taking Impressions for Gold Inlays.

The Dentos

1923

Considerable interest was shown in the student clinics. Orthodontia, gold foil work, full and partial dentures construction, removable bridge, crown and fixed bridgework, pulp-canal work, and exodontia were demonstrated with patients by junior and senior students. Sophomore students had table clinics in crown and bridge technic, anatomy, dissecting and drawings, and operative technic.

The freshmen held table clinics on dental anatomy, tooth sections, carvings and instrument making; technical drawings; histology and biology and prosthetic dentistry technic.

The annual banquet held at the Hotel LaSalle on Monday evening, April 16, was one that will long be remembered by the alumni who attended. The guest of honor was Dr. Truman W. Brophy.

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I. G. Jirka, Vice-President
A. H. Mueller, Secretary
J. W. Ford, Treasurer

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J. Bloomenthal
Peter J. Wumkes

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A. H. Mueller
M. J. Prendergast

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Lester F. Clow
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Peter J. Wumkes, Chairman
Charles Hatch
Clarence R. Belding

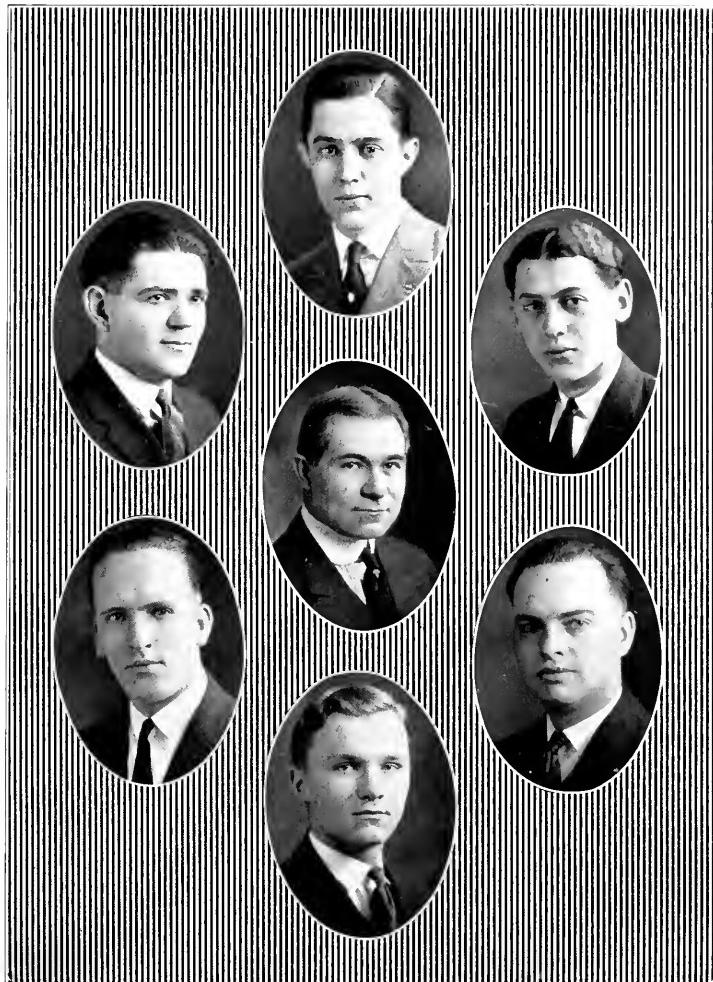
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Polk Akers
J. A. Atchison
Emil Anderson
J. Bloomenthal
John S. McLaren

The Dentos

1923

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B. Slater, Cartoonist

G. R. McLaughlin,
Editor-in-Chief
Dr. J. L. Kendall,
Faculty Adviser
W. E. Buyer, Art Editor

I. M. Slavin, Bus. Mgr.
P. L. Reynolds, Ass't Bus. Mgr.

The Dentos
1923

In Appreciation

This book would not be complete without mentioning the names of the students and members of the faculty who worked so zealously and enthusiastically to make the book a success. The spirit of self-sacrifice and harmonious co-operation was prevalent among the staff and contributors, and friction was reduced to a minimum. All were imbued with an intense desire to do anything and everything to insure success for the publication, even though it meant loss of points and absence from the lecture room.

There is no gainsaying the fact that, were it not for the untiring energy, steadfast loyalty and unswerving devotion displayed on the part of Gerald R. McLaughlin, editor-in-chief, this book would never have reached the press. It was he who infused the proper spirit of self-denial and harmony among his subordinates, goading them on so as to bring the best and most out of them and surmounting obstacles that appeared almost insuperable. He spent more time on the preparation of this publication than any half-dozen of the rest of the staff, and, in addition, was a prolific contributor.

Sachs, associate editor; Slavin, business manager, and Reynolds, assistant business manager, Buyer and Slater, comprised the rest of the Dentos staff. By hard work and sacrifice of everything else, they were able to support McLaughlin in every detail. They were the second main pillars in the Dentos structure. Slater especially proving himself a regular glutton for work.

In the Senior class, Galpern (Rabinowich) as editor, fulfilled his obligations faithfully. His offerings were plentiful and numerous and we owe him a debt of gratitude for his devotion and efforts. We must also mention Casey, Cornwall, Noskin, Needleman, Sherman, Mistarz, Hoffman, Melichar and Andelman in the Senior class as contributors in some form or another to the success of the book.

The Juniors were ably represented by Hartford, editor; Spickerman and Brady, assistant editors, and De Koven, Stratton, Otten and Silhan.

Among the Sophomores Tallant, Ryan, Quinn, Heurlin and Flood were responsible for the success of their section.

In the Freshman class, Otto, the brilliant cartoonist, probably contributed more material than any one else. In addition to turning out a large number of excellent cartoons for his own class, he made several pictures for other classes and for several frontispieces. MacWithey must be thanked for his splendid contributions and faithful services. We must also mention Hayes, Wolfe, Levadi, Longnecker, Postels and Lock.

The success of the Dentos this year was due, in a large measure, to Dr. John L. Kendall, our faculty adviser. It was his experience in publication matters that enabled us to secure the most resonable printing and engraving contracts possible. His valuable suggestions and counsel were of immense benefit to us, as well as his addresses to the various classes in behalf of the Dentos.

The Dentos
1923

Student Council



The Dentos

1923

Student Council

The Student Council at Chicago College of Dental Surgery was organized in the fall of 1921 by the present Junior class, who were at that time Sophomores. The council is composed of four representatives of each class, with the exception of the Seniors. By next year the Seniors will be represented on the council, making the body a representative aggregation of the entire student body.

The officers of the student council are elected in November of each school year and hold office until the following November.

The purpose of the student council is to act as a mediating body between the faculty and the student body. The council represents the students in all dealings of the faculty with the students and seeks to promote congeniality and union between the undergraduates and the administrative board of the college.

The members of the council were quite active during their first year of existence and brought about the betterment of the restaurant facilities in the college basement. They also met with the faculty representatives on several occasions, accomplishing much for the student body as a whole. The members of this year's council have not been called upon to function officially during their regime but have ever been in readiness to efficiently discharge their duties.

PERSONNEL OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL, 1921-1922

President.....	G. R. McLaughlin, '24
Vice-President.....	R. S. Clafin, '25
Secretary.....	I. M. Slavin, '24
Chairman of By-Laws.....	E. B. Penn, '24

MEMBERS

M. Schneider, '24	J. Schwartz, '25
F. Yager, '25	I. Helmey, '25

FACULTY REPRESENTATIVES, '21-'22

E. H. Hatton, M.D.	A. H. Mueller, D.D.S.
L. B. Estabrooks, Registrar of the College	

PERSONNEL OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL, 1922-1923

President.....	H. H. Birkett, '24
Vice-President.....	W. F. Cody, '24
Secretary.....	E. H. Maurer, '24
Treasurer.....	S. Karel, '24

MEMBERS

P. Quinn, '25	J. M. Brenner, '26
G. Quinn, '25	J. D. Ryll, '26
W. Tate, '25	D. M. Strong, '26
O. E. Lind, '25	C. A. Hansen, '26

FACULTY REPRESENTATIVES, '22-'23

L. A. Platts, M.S., D.D.S.	A. H. Mueller, D.D.S.
L. B. Estabrooks, Registrar of the College	



HAC ANDICMAN

The Dentos

1923

Senior Class Officers

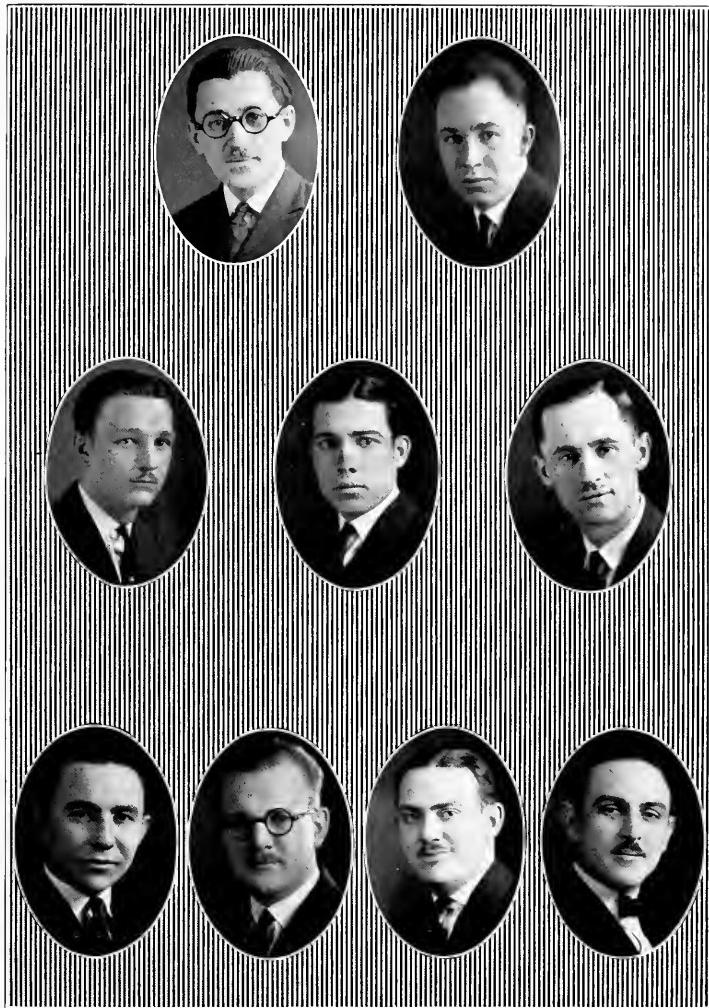


R. Cayley, Sgt.-at-Arms
A. Mistarz, Prophet
W. A. Parker, Hist.

B. McDonald, Pres.
C. Ackerman, 1st Vice-Pres.
L. B. Wessel, 2nd Vice-Pres.
F. Kochanski, Treas.

D. J. McCullough,
Valedictorian
E. Gustafson, Sec'y
G. Casserly, Ass't Treas.

The Dentos
1923
Senior Dentos Staff



M. A. Galpern, Editor S. Simon, Bus. Mgr.

H. Melichar, Cartoonist J. T. Casey, Ass't Editor M. Andelman, Cartoonist

Executive Committee:

J. Miller

G. B. Sprafka

J. O'Donoghue

C. S. Randall

The Dentos

1923

WILLIAM H. ABRAHAMS, 302 Quincy St.,
Hancock, Mich.
Graduate—Hancock Central High
School.
Attended — Michigan College of
Mines.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES ACKERMAN, JR., Chicago, Ill.
Graduate—Wendell Phillips High
School.
Attended—University of Illinois,
1918.
Class Business Manager, 1922.
Vice-President Senior Class.
Vice-President Xi Psi Phi, 1922.
Freshman Varsity Baseball at the
University of Illinois, 1918.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

MAC ANDELMAN, Chicago, Ill.
Graduate—Hoffman Prep. H. S.
Alpha Zeta Gamma.
Dentos Staff Artist, 1922 and 1923.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

BERNARD BAYGOOD, Chicago, Ill.
Graduated—Hoffman Prep. H. S.
Location—Rochester, N. Y.



The Dentos

1923



PAUL EDWIN BREDERLE, 345 Amory St.,
Fond du Lac, Wis.
Graduated — Fond du Lac High
School.
Attended — Marquette University,
1919-21.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

MISS MARY BURKE, Chicago, Ill.
Attended — Clinton High School,
Clinton, Ill.
Location, undecided.

VAN A. CARMICHAEL, Cards, N. D.
Cards High School.
Cards Commercial College.
Trowel Club.
Psi Omega.
Location—Probably N. D.

JAMES I. CASEY, Abbotsford, Wis.
Abbotsford High School.
Marquette University, 1919-21.
Psi Omega.
Senior Associate Editor Dentos.
Location—Milwaukee, Wis.

The Dentos

1923

GEORGE J. CASSERLY, Chicago, Ill.
St. Philip's High School, 1912-1916.
Illinois State Board.
De Paul University, 1918.
Associate Business Manager Dentos,
1923.
Psi Omega.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

THOS. R. CAYLEY, Minto, N. D.
Minto High School.
Sergeant-at-Arms Sophomore-Senior
Classes.
Member Executive Committee Senior
Class.
Psi Omega.
Location—West.

ABRAHAM J. CORN, Chicago, Ill.
Berg Prep. High School.
Illinois State Board.
Location—Chicago.

HORACE C. CORNWELL, Toronto, Ontario.
Kenora High School.
Prosecutor, 1922.
Associate Editor of Dentos, 1922.
Location—California.



The Dentos

1923



SAMUEL W. CHADWICK, Kenmore, N. D.
Kenmore High School.
University of North Dakota, 1915-16.
Phi Delta Theta.
Xi Psi Phi.
Secretary Xi Psi Phi, 22-23.
Location—Seattle, Wash.

A. COHN, Chicago, Ill.
Illinois State Board.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

SAMUEL E. DAVITZ, Chicago, Ill.
Illinois State Board.
Location—Kansas City.

FRANK C. DELLING, Milton, N. D.
Graduated—Milton H. S.
Member—Delta Sigma Delta.
Location—North Dakota.

The Dentos

1923

FRANK E. DE WEESE, Albion, Mich.
Graduated—Albion High School.
Albion College.
Member—Delta Tau Delta Frat.
Location—Detroit, Mich.

ELMER EBERT, Chicago, Ill.
Bowen High School.
University of Chicago, 1917-19.
Delta Sigma Delta.
Y. M. C. A.
Location—Chicago.

HARMDAS ETU, Calumet, Mich.
Calumet High School.
Baden School of Prosthetic Den-
tistry, New York.
Psi Omega.
Location—Probably Chicago.

PETER J. FRYSZTAK, Chicago, Ill.
Graduated—St. Stanislaus College,
Chicago, Ill.
Member—Xi Psi Phi.
Location—Illinois.



The Dentos
1923



MAURICE A. GALPERN, Chicago, Ill.
Graduated—Hoffman Prep. H. S.
Senior Class Editor of Dentos.
Locate in Chicago.

CARL S. GEFFERT, White Hall, Mich.
Wheatfield High School, 1916.
Delta Sigma Delta.
Location—Michigan.

SEYMOUR B. GOLDBERG, Chicago, Ill.
Crane Technical High School.
Alpha Zeta Gamma.
Junior Master, '21-'22.
Worthy Master Alpha Zeta Gamma,
'22-'23.
Location—Chicago.

MORRIS A. GOLDBERG, Chicago, Ill.
Loyola University High School Cer-
tificate.
Location—Chicago.

The Dentos

1923

ALFONSE F. GOGOLINSKY, Chicago, Ill.
Lane Technical High School.
Location—Chicago.

DOW H. GREGG, Austin, Minn.
Austin High School, Carleton College.
Delta Sigma Delta.
Trowel Club.
Vice President Trowel, 1923.
Senior Page Delta Sigma Delta, 1923.
Location—Probably Tacoma, Wash.

ELSA A. M. GUSTAFSON, Chicago, Ill.
Robert Waller High School.
Graduate Moody Bible Institute.
Class Secretary, 1922-23.
Treasurer, 1922.
Location—Chicago.

HORACE F. HAGUE, Dayton, Ohio.
Graduated—Steele High School.
Attended—Huntington Prep. School,
Boston, Mass.
Location—Probably Ohio.



The Dentos

1923



ABRAM HANDLEY, Montreal, Canada.
Graduated—Montreal Technical H. S.
Attended—Strathcona Academy.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

CECIL A. HAYES, Richmond, Indiana.
Graduated—Richmond H. S.
Attended University of Ill., 1918-20.
Member—K. A. Y. Frat.

IRVING ENSIL HERM, Scarville, Iowa.
Attended—North Dakota Agricultural College.
Attended—Valparaiso University.
Attended—Waldorf Luthern College, Forest City, Iowa.
Location—Iowa.

MORTON J. HERMAN, Chicago, Ill.
Graduated—Joseph Medill H. S.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

The Dentos

1923

C. J. HILL, Benton, Ill.
Graduated—Benton Township H. S.
Attended—University of Illinois.
Member—Psi Omega Frat, Trowel
Club, Chief Inquisitor Psi
Omega, 1921.
Location—Illinois or West.

JOSEPH M. HIRSCH, Chicago, Ill.
Illinois State Board.
Member—Alpha Zeta Gamma.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

MATHIAS J. HOFFMAN, Bruno, Saskatchewan, Canada.
Graduated—St. Philip's High S.
Prosecutor, 1922-23.
Delta Sigma Delta.
Y. M. C. A.
Location—Canada.

OTTO ISAAK, Eureka, South Dakota.
Eureka High School.
Psi Omega.
Location—South Dakota.



The Dentos
1923



ROBERT L. JAFFE, Chicago, Ill.
Englewood High School.
Alpha Zeta Gamma.
Scribe Alpha Zeta Gamma, 1922-23.
Executive Council A. Z. G., 1920-23.
Scribe of Council, 1922-23.
Location—Chicago.

JOHN B. JAKUBSKI, Chicago, Ill.
St. Stanislaus H. S.
Xi Psi Phi.
Location—Chicago.

ARTHUR M. KANGAS, Hancock, Mich.
Hancock High School.
Delta Sigma Delta.
Possible Location—Detroit, Mich.

HUBERT J. KAULEN,
McKinley, H. S.
Location—Chicago.

The Dentos

1923

WILLARD E. G. KELLER, Marshalltown,
Iowa.
New Providence High School.
State University, Iowa.
Location—Probably Iowa.

JAMES C. KLOBOUCNIK, Chicago, Ill.
Hoffman Prep. High School.
Xi Psi Phi.
Editor Xi Psi Phi.
Trowel Club.
Secretary Trowel Club.
Location—Chicago.

FRANK G. KOCHANSKI, Chicago, Ill.
Graduated from Crane High School,
1918.
Attended University of Chicago,
1918-1919.
Treasurer of Senior Class.
Xi Psi Phi.
Member of Illinois Athletic Club.
Location—Chicago.

SAMUEL RICHARD KLEIMAN, Chicago, Ill.
Graduate Carl Schurz High School.
Junior Scribe Alpha Zeta Gamma,
1921-22.
Grand Master Alpha Zeta Gamma,
1922-23.
Location—Chicago.



The Dentos

1923



BERNARD J. KNITTER, Chicago, Ill.
St. Stanislaus High School.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

JOSEPH S. LEBOW, Chicago, Ill.
Lane High School.
Alpha Zeta Gamma.
Location—In the West.

ARTHUR L'HEUREUX, B. S., Montreal,
Canada.
Laval University of Montreal, 1920-
1921.
Location—Montreal.

PETER G. LUOMONS, Chicago, Ill.
Valparaiso University High School.
Department 1917.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

The Dentos

1923

EARL M. LUX, Streator, Ill.
Graduate—Streator High School.
Attended—U. of I. 1920-21.
Delta Sigma Delta.
Will locate in Chicago.

WILLIAM F. LYNCH, Chicago, Ill.
Lewis Institute.
Location—Chicago.

RUDOLPH A. MAUNS, Gary, Indiana.
Portage Township High School.
Valparaiso University.
Psi Omega, Trowel Club.
Treasurer Trowel Club, 1922-23.
Location—Gary, Indiana.

DAVID JOHN McCULLOUGH, Milton, N. D.
Milton, N. D., High School.
University of North Dakota.
Delta Sigma Delta.
Grand Master Delta Sigma Delta,
1922-23.
Valedictorian, 1923.
Location—Chicago, Ill.



The Dentos

1923



BERT McDONALD, Hawley, Minn.
Hawley High School.
University of Minnesota.
President of Class, 1921-23.
President Trowel Club, 1922.
Secretary Psi Omega Frat, 1922.
Location—Probably in Illinois.

JOSEPH P. MILLER, Litchfield, Minn.
Litchfield High School.
St. Thomas Military.
Psi Omega.
Member Executive Committee, 1922-
1923.
Location—Minnesota.

ABRAHAM D. MILLER, Chicago, Ill.
Illinois State Board.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

MISS ANNA LOUISE MISTARZ, Chicago,
Ill.
Graduated—Carl Schurz H. S.
Treasurer, 1922 Class.
Class Prophet, 1923.
Assistant Editor Dentos, 1922.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

The Dentos

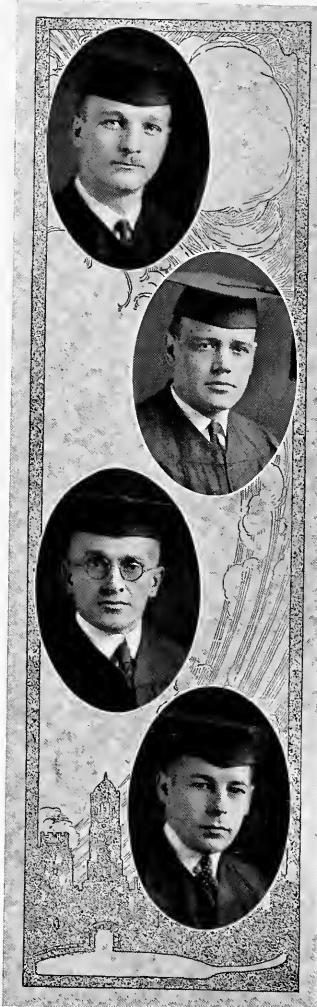
1923

HENRY S. MELICHAR, Chicago, Ill.
Harrison Tech. High School.
Armour Institute of Technology.
Psi Omega and Trowel Club.
Chief Inquisitor Psi Omega, 1922.
Dentos Business Manager, 1922.
Senior Class Cartoonist, 1923.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

LON W. MORREY, Leipsic, Ohio.
Leipsic, Ohio, High School.
Editor Kappa Chapter Psi Omega,
1920-21.
Assistant Editor Dentos, 1922.
Grand Master Kappa Chapter, 1921-
22.
Location—Chicago, Ill.

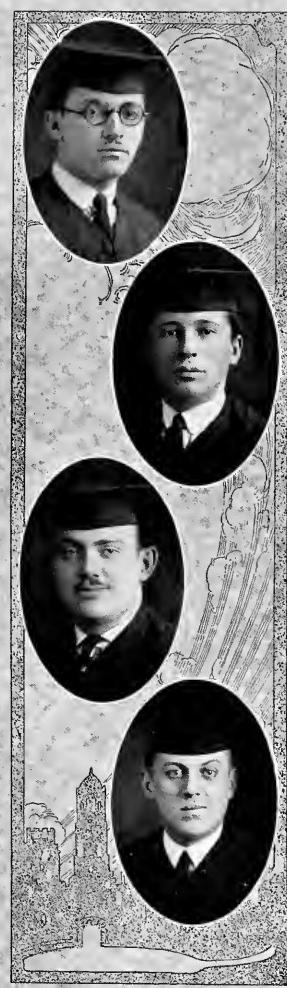
HERMAN NARE, Virginia, Mich.
High School of Valparaiso, Ind.
Location—Probably Chicago.

GEORGE E. NICHOLLS, Calumet, Mich.
Calumet High School.
Michigan College of Mines (Hough-
ton).
Psi Omega.
Treasurer Psi Omega, 1922-23.
Location—Probably Michigan.



The Dentos

1923



SAMUEL NEEDELMAN, Chicago, Ill.
Graduate — Lawndale Prep. High
School.
Alpha Zeta Gamma.
Location—Chicago.

JOSEPH M. NOSKIN, Chicago, Ill.
Graduate Hoffman Prep. H. S.
Location—Chicago.

JAMES M. O'DONOGHUE, Chicago, Ill.
Loyola Academy, 1918.
Xi Psi Phi.
Assistant Business Manager Dentos,
1922.
Member Executive Committee, 1923.
Location—Chicago.

WALLACE J. PARKER, Chicago, Ill.
Illinois State Board certificate.
Xi Psi Phi.
Class Historian, 1923.
Location—Chicago.

The Dentos

1923

BENJAMIN F. PARLIN, Chicago, Ill.
Illinois State Board certificate.
University of Montpelier, France.
Location—Chicago.

JOSEPH PAVLIN, Chicago, Ill.
Hoffman Prep. High School.
Trowel Club.
Location—Chicago.

ANTHONY I. PAWELEK, Houston, Texas.
San Antonio High School.
Agricultural and Mechanical College
of Texas.
Psi Omega.
Location—Houston, Texas.

MAX J. PINCUS, Chicago, Ill.
Crane Technical High School.
Alpha Zeta Gamma.
Junior Marshall A. Z. G., 1922-23.
Location—San Antonio, Texas.



The Dentos

1923



ARNOLD F. PINNS, Sioux Falls, So. Dak.
Sioux Falls High School,
Trinity College, Sioux City.
Psi Omega.
Class Editor Junior Dentos.
Prosecutor, 1922-23.
Location—South Dakota.

JOHN F. PODWOJSKI, St. Louis, Mo.
Missouri State Board Certificate.
Psi Omega.
Location—St. Louis, Mo.

CLIFFORD S. RANDALL, Ph. G., Pox Jefferson, N. Y.
Williston Academy, Mass.
Valparaiso University, Ph. G.
Psi Omega Frat., Trowel Club.
Class President, 1922.
Assistant Editor Dentos, 1921.
Member Executive Committee, 1923.
Location—Illinois.

MANUEL ROBIN, Chicago, Ill.
Lewis Institute.
Junior Grand Master A Z G, 1921.
Financial Scribe, A Z G, 1922.
Member Executive Council A Z G,
1920-1923.
Location—Chicago.

The Dentos
1923

CLARENCE A. ROSE.
Equality High School.
Psi Omega, Trowel Club.
Location—Chicago.

W.M. F. RUSSEL, Asheville, N. C.
Mars Heil College, N. C.
Valparaiso University.
Location—Asheville, N. C.

MANUEL J. SAPOZNIK, Chicago, Ill.
Graduate Hoffman Prep. H. S.
Location—Chicago.

JOSEPH SHAFER, Chicago, Ill.
Lewis Institute.
Lewis Institute College.
Location—Chicago.



The Dentos

1923



LAWRENCE S. SCHLOCKER, Chicago, Ill.
John Marshall High School.
Secretary of Sophomore Class.
Alpha Zeta Gamma.
Senior Marshall, 1922-23.
Treasurer A Z G, 1921-22.
Location—Illinois.

CHAUNCEY G. SCHUYLER, De Kalb, Ill.
De Kalb Township High School.
Northern Illinois State Teachers
College.
Wheaton College.
Location—Illinois.

HOWARD F. SELLEVOLD, Marinette, Wis.
Marinette High School.
Psi Omega.
Marquette University, 1919-22.

JOSEPH B. SHERMAN, Bellefourche, S. D.
Bellefourche High School.
Delta Sigma Delta.
Worthy Master Delta Sigma Delta,
1922-23.
Editor-in-Chief of Dentos, 1922.
Location—Chicago.

The Dentos

1923

SAMUEL SIMON, Detroit, Mich.
Graduate—Ferris Institute, Mich.
Graduate—Ypsilanti High School,
Psi Omega.
Trowel Club.
Dentos, Senior Business Manager.
Location—Michigan.

CARL H. SIGTENHORST, Grand Rapids,
Mich.
Graduated—South High School, '18.
Psi Omega.
Location—Detroit, Mich.

MAURICE R. SMITH, Cozad, Nebr.
University of Nebraska College of
Engineering.
Bellevue College, Omaha, Nebr.
Ex-President Xi Psi Phi.
Ex-President Trowel Club.
Location—Chicago.

GROVER B. SPRAFKA, Minto, N. Dak.
Graduated—Minto High School.
Attended—University of North Da-
kota, 1913-16.
Attended U. of I., College of Med-
icine, 1917-18.
Alpha Kappa Kappa Medical Frat.
Psi Omega Dental Frat.
Dentos, Sophomore Class Editor.
Chairman Senior Executive Com-
mittee.



The Dentos

1923



HARRY M. Saposnik, Chicago, Ill.
Medill High School.
Location—Chicago.

CORVIN F. STINE, Dayton, Ohio.
Jackson High School.
Xi Psi Phi.
President Xi Psi Phi, 1921-22-23.
Vice President Sophomore Class.
Vice President Junior Class.
Location—Chicago.

JEROME VINCENT SWEENEY, Milton, No.
Dakota.
Milton High School.
Delta Sigma Delta.
Location—Chicago or in the West.

JOHN E. SWEETNAM, Manistee, Mich.
University of Michigan.
Alpha Sigma.
Psi Omega.
Location—California.

The Dentos

1923

IVAN J. STAHL, Samonauk, Ill.
Samonauk High School.
Gregg Business College.
Metropolitan Business College.
Delta Sigma Delta.
Trowel Club.
President Trowel Club.
Location—Chicago.

MOHAMED SULAIMAN, Calcutta, India.
American College of Calcutta, India.
Location—Calcutta, India.

RUSSELL V. TIBBS, Pattensburg, Mo.
Pattensburg High School.
Tyler Delta Sigma Delta, '21-'22.
Location—Missouri.

THOMAS TRIPET, Johnstown, Penn.
Valparaiso University.
Psi Omega.
Location—Illinois or Indiana.



The Dentos

1923



CHAS. TYL, Chicago, Ill.
Illinois State Board.
Delta Sigma Delta.
Location—Chicago.

IRVING H. VOROB, Chicago, Ill.
Graduate—Hoffman Prep. H. S.
Location—Rochester, New York.

LEON B. WESSEL, Coldwater, Mich.
Coldwater High School.
Prosecutor, 1922.
Delta Sigma Delta.
Second Vice President, 1923.
Location—Probably Michigan.

HARRY U. WINNER, Humbird, Wis.
Black River Falls High School.
University of Wisconsin, 1918.
Crane Technical, 1921.
Xi Psi Phi.
Member Executive Committee, 1921.
Secretary Xi Psi Phi, 1922.
Location—Probably Wisconsin.

The Dentos
1923

ELMER J. WITOUS, Cicero, Ill.
Harrison Technical High School.
Psi Omega.
Location—Chicago.

MATTHEW ZILVITIS, Chicago, Ill.
Valparaiso University, High School
Department.
Location—Chicago.

WILLIAM P. ZIMMER, Chicago, Ill.
Crane High School.
Xi Psi Phi.
Location—Chicago.

WM. A. LUETY, Chicago, Ill.
Harrison Technical High School.
Location—Chicago.



The Dentos
1923

Class President's Address

Mr. Toastmaster, Honorable Faculty, Fellow Classmates, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

Aeons and aeons ago, ages and ages after the heterogeneous collection of gases had combined, congealed and stratified into this mass we call the Earth. Dame Nature, the weaver of the destinies of man, while sitting at the foot of the Creator, began weaving the story of life. Whether it began as biblists tell us, by the magical transformation of a grain of dust into Adam and an equally magical conception of Eve from Adam's rib, or whether on the other hand, it started by the even more magical union of a number of elements in a mortar formed from a shallow rock along some primeval seashore, mixed and triturated into life by a pestle in the mystical hands of nature, is of little consequence.

This we do know—that the weaving began somewhere in the dim, distant past. Life progressed, it improved, it withstood the ravages of time, the buffeting of the elements and the shoals of adversity. As time went on these adversities varied. At first it was a continuous, savage, brutal battle for existence; might against might, strength against strength, muscle against muscle, brawn against brawn. The colors were drab, dark, sordid, differing little, if any, in tone from the muck which originated them.

With the progress of time, the progenitors of the present races developed: cunning, a semblance of thought, developed. This sense, this interrelation of cells called the brain, coupled with muscle and brawn, soon made man, crude as he was in those days, and crude he is even today, the Ruler of the world; with the advent of intellect, the coloring of the tapestry, became a bit brighter.

Then Nature did a curious thing. She combined atoms and elements in one person differently than in those about him, so that he had more cunning, more strength, more intellect, and more power than his companions; thus he soon became their leader. He not only tamed the wild beast in the jungle, but tamed his fellow creatures. His thoughts became their thoughts, his actions became their actions, his ways became their ways, his ideals became their ideals, his will became their will, until a group of people was formed having a common interest, aim, and desire. In this manner the Weaver started one corner of her tapestry. In other corners, she wove other races with their desires, their aims, their ambitions.

Then Nature did another wondrous thing. Finding that one race developed too rapidly in a certain direction, she forced them to unite with one of the other races and as their ideas clashed so they clashed, the result being that one race was absorbed by the other and out of the intermingling of races new colors were formed, new tones and new qualities.

For Nature is a wonderful worker, weaving here, weaving there, each race a web, seemingly isolated, growing, developing, progressing independently. Then the weaver, sardonically grasping a few threads, pulls them together, interweaving them, so thoroughly, so persistently, and painstakingly that no longer do we have a number of separate stories on separate looms, but one combined epic.

For Nature is the mythical unseen weaver of the roof of the world, each life is a thread however short or long, woven into the many colored tapestries of the universe. Like an old dame sitting by the fireside, she skillfully weaves the lives of men, of nations, art, literature, religion, power, upon her loom. In and out,

The Denios

1923

up and down, over and under, backward and forward, this life upon that life, this idea upon that idea, this thought shading the action, this action shading the thought; this idea standing out as a golden thread above the sordid drabness of the surrounding cloth; this action a crimson blotch woven into the purity surrounding it.

Just as the weaver's threads go in and out, up and down, over and under, so too, the destinies of mankind change. Clotho spins the thread of a single life, Lachesis measures it, Atropo severs it, a new thread is inserted. Family histories rise and fall, come to an end, and another thread is inserted, and Dame Nature in her infinite wisdom sees to it that no thread, however golden or brilliant or however sordid or drab, extends too far above the others in the weaving. Carefully she weaves and slowly gathers up the threads as she works lest the tapestry become out of proportion or the ends ragged or the story distorted.

Occasionally, a new thread appears within the weaving, brighter, clearer, more beautiful than its brothers. A new idea is born, a new thought, a golden thread destined to improve the intricate web of mankind. At first it is vague, feeble, and indistinct as it is being crowded out by the darker, grayer threads about it. But as it persists and develops, it pushes aside the dark gray masses and stands forth, gleaming, glorious and distinct. By its presence the tapestry becomes brighter, its brilliance is cast upon the threads about it and the skeins that had endeavored to crowd it out become brighter because of it. Sooner or later the golden thread dies out because the weaver believes in harmony of color. Too bright a thread can not go on forever, but its influence upon the tapestry lives after it.

This I like to think is the story of mankind. Good threads and bad threads, bright threads and dark threads, long threads and short threads, each influencing the character and color of those about them as they are woven and interwoven into the grand scheme of life and in the end when the weaver, nature, spreads the finished product at the foot of the Creator. He may trace the history pictured there from the very beginning; woven in the dim, dark, distant past in dark, dull, gray, and often black colors. As He reads on He will see the shapes grow brighter, the story brighter, the weaving brighter as the bright threads appear and reappear in ever increasing numbers down through the ages. As he nears the end of the border there will be a golden mass of brilliancy, depicting the thoughts, actions, and dreams of the finished product in the web.

Some one has said, "Of the millions and millions of people who inhabit the earth, only a few hundreds are responsible for the betterment of mankind." Only a few hundred minds have actually contributed new thoughts or new ideas in art, literature and science, that humanity may progress. The rest of us must be content to copy, to ape their thoughts, to appropriate their ideas and use them as our own. We are parrots who mimic our masters. It is the lives of those few hundreds scattered through the ages that are the golden threads in the tapestry, and our lives interwoven and intertwined among them become brighter because of their presence.

Into this gigantic tapestry are woven the lives of the class of 1923. A hundred threads coming from the four corners of the Earth Dame Nature has somehow brought us together. For four long years our threads have followed a single course, for four years we have worked and worried together, laughed and played together, dreamed the same dreams, thought the same thoughts, been guided, shaped, and moulded by the same hands and intellects, and in the past four years of weaving, our lives have become brighter, stronger and better because of the influences to which we have been subjected.

The Dentos

1923

From now on the Weaver has ordained that our threads separate. Some of us will never see one another again. We will scatter once more to the four corners and become interwoven there, but wherever we go, our lives will be better and our threads brighter because of the light we have absorbed during the past four years. Wherever we go, wherever we establish ourselves, let us always endeavor to preserve that little bit of brightness we have attained here. Let us endeavor not only to maintain its brightness, but to enhance it so that our squares of tapestry may be the better for it.

On behalf of the class of 1923, I wish to thank you, the faculty of the Chicago College of Dental Surgery, for the privilege of associating with you and absorbing some of your brightness of color. Our life threads have become brighter because of the greater brilliancy of yours. Whatever cheerfulness we may bring to our portion of tapestry will be because of you. It is because of the brilliancy of your threads and the threads of men like you, who have given the best in their lives to teach and inspire others, that the tapestry of mankind is gradually becoming nearer and nearer perfection.

To be taught is a wonderful privilege, to teach others is a still greater one. We wish you to know that the class of 1923 appreciates to the fullest extent how much you have brightened our lives. The only way we can ever repay you is to go forth to our destined bit of tapestry and emulate you by doing our little share in brightening our corners and thus be a credit to you, to our community, to our profession and to ourselves.

The Dentos
1923

Valedictory Address

Mr. President, Members of the Faculty, Fellow Classmates and Friends:

It is with great pride and happiness that we, the Graduating Class of the Chicago College of Dental Surgery, celebrate tonight our Commencement. We are filled with joy which is followed in turn by sadness—joy, because the door of our chosen profession has been opened to us, and sadness, because we must bid some goodbye. Tomorrow we shall begin the real effort to carve out a career which will be a benefit to humanity and bring success to ourselves.

We are the first post-war class, and have been assembled from many parts of the globe, for the Chicago College of Dental Surgery is well known on every continent. Foreign cities have given their students and in return Chicago is sending them home with every graduating class to guard and care for humanity. The greater service we render the public, the greater the reward and the more honored will be our profession. We hold the important position as guardian of the oral cavity, the principal portal of infection of the entire body, and we should guard it well. Let prophylaxis be the password.

Gentlemen, society confers upon you the title of "Doctor," because you are to be honored for the knowledge you possess; for the skilled care you are able to give mankind; and for the aid you may give nature in molding a greater physical and intellectual man. Be sure that you fulfill your obligation. Be a man in reality, irrespective of rules. You must be ever ready to respond to the wants of your patrons, and should fully recognize the obligations involved in the discharge of your duties toward them. Be firm, yet kind and sympathetic, keeping both mind and body in the best possible health, that your patients may have the benefit of that clearness of judgment and skill which is their right.

There is a crisis in every man's career. I pray you ward it off for your standard must always be progressive. If you stop to turn back you will soon deteriorate, and once you do so, you become a tombstone in the graveyard of self-satisfaction. To accomplish success you must continue to be students. Let this night be a true commencement. Let me impress this thought upon you that you are better prepared to enter your profession than any graduating class sent forth by the Chicago College of Dental Surgery, for it has been progressive.

We each have had four years' time in which to analyze ourselves. Many of us know tonight whether or not we will be failures in our profession. If you do not have confidence in yourself you cannot command confidence from others. We all should have an ambition and after careful analysis of what we can do best we should direct all our energies toward that ambition.

Dentistry has its rewards, and pays various dividends, but it offers no field for exploiting. Books are daily balanced and you may count that day lost whos low descending sun sees not by you some worthy action done. If this will satisfy the ambition, if you have contentment and a desire to serve rather than to acquire, Dentistry is a field that has few equals.

And now we bid you farewell. To you, people of Chicago, we extend our hand with regret. We entered your city quietly but we celebrate our departure. We came untried and unlearned, but we leave disciplined.

The Dentos

1923

Gentlemen of the Faculty: The future alone can tell how well, how faithfully you have labored in our behalf. We have relied upon your wisdom and guidance, here we have sought counsel and assistance from you who have ever been so able and willing to bestow it. Now we launch out with no one to aid us or guide our career. Our own hands must hold the rudder. If dark hours of defeat and failure come, we will bitterly rue the neglect with which we have met too many of your monitions; and when the banner waves high and there are shouts of triumph, we will think of you and say that to you and to your wisdom and instruction we owe it all.

Fellow Classmates: Our college days are now a memory. The door of our profession has allowed a great dazzling sun to enter, a deafening din and a great whirl of the busy world to bewilder us. If we are to win, we must labor for our success. Let the success of others ever be our stimulus. But now to say farewell fills every heart with awe; let us forget the heart wounds of class rivalry and bear away the precious casket of our strong true love. Some of us will be among the absent at our next roll call but even so we are, and always will be, banded together by dear memories. I bid you a fond farewell.

D. J. McCullough, Valedictorian.



Well, boys and girls, here we are at the end of our journey, or, will I say, at the start? Although we completed our scholastic career, we are just starting our profession!

Four years seems a long time to look forward to, but looking back, I guess we can all recall our first day in the Chicago College of Dental Surgery. . . .

Opening exercises were held in the large amphitheater on Oct. 5th, 1919. Which one of us that night thought that after three and one-half years Dr. Puterbaugh would say that our class was the best senior class in ten years? That coming from Dr. Puterbaugh means something!

We started out with quite a large class, some one hundred and forty-one students, including farmers, etc. What a spectacle we made with our trousers up to our knees and our hair cut round! We sure looked the part of farmers! The farm would have had a hard time trying to claim such sheiks as Tibbs and Stine as their own now.

In our freshman year we had for our teachers: Drs. Danielson, Kendall, Suddarth, Copeland and Mrs. Hoffman. It didn't take the students long to get a line on the teachers.

Dr. Copeland was the first to try hard to keep us awake with his stories, but before the hour was up, three-quarters of the class was asleep.

Next day we had Dr. Kendall. Well, just try to go to sleep in his class! One of the boys did, and received a piece of chalk which was thrown with the speed of a Joe Miller. Dr. Kendall is death on sleep and ponies.

Then instepped the old quizz master himself, Dr. Danielson. It looked as though he were sore at everybody in the room. Invariably he would start out with, "Well, Parker, what can you tell us about this—Not so good!" Dr. Danielson will long be remembered, because of the discovery made in his laboratory by one of our fellow students, Mr. Richardson. On this memorable morning, Richardson discovered a new kind of Vasa-Vasorum, and startled the class by shouting his find. After looking at it, Dr. Danielson pronounced it an air bubble.

We then were introduced to Dr. Suddarth with his jaw breakers. After his class, the boys would gather down in the basement and say: "Gee, what's that got to do with dentistry, anyhow?"

Last, but not least, came Mrs. Hoffman trying to turn us "bolsheviks" into polished gentlemen.

The Dentos

1923

So our first year ended without seeing a natural tooth, except in our fellow students' mouths. On reaching home, we were asked by father, mother, sister and brother, what ought to be done about a certain tooth, and when we were unable to say, dad would look at me and say: "I guess our son has been fooling his time away."

Next came our Sophomore year. We started calling each other by our first names. Early in the year the class felt the need of class officers, so they elected: Bert McDonald, President; Stine, Vice-President; Sprafka, Editor; Cayley, Sergeant-at-Arms.

This year we had the pleasure of meeting Drs. Watt, Zoethout and Kolar.

Dr. Watt taught us crown and bridge. My, how patient he was with us students! His life was made miserable by the Seniors, who would borrow the laboratory hammer and forget to return it. Dr. Watt's hobby was honesty and farmers. Al Randall found this out, and, not being able to pose as a farmer, he became real honest. So honest, in fact, that when he wanted the Doctor to O.K. some work, he would pick up a buff wheel lying on the bench and tell him he found it. Dr. Watt would then rap for attention and say: "Just a minute, boys, one of our honest men in the class just found a buff wheel." Of course, Al received his O.K.

Dr. Kolar tried to make blacksmiths and sculptors out of us.

Dr. Zoethout—when I think of that name, my knees still shake. What a wonderful teacher he was! The master of them all! Well, if you couldn't get his stuff, you were out of luck. Ask Charley Ackerman, he knows!

About this time, Dr. Logan became Dean and made his presence felt. He meant business, and before we knew it, things began to happen. Much needed repairs, a cleaner school, and many new additions to make C. C. D. S. a better institution and its graduates better dentists, were accomplished, thanks to Dean Logan. After what we termed a "*hard*" year at school, we started home full of knowledge.

The Junior roll-call revealed the absence of some of our last year's pals. Batzel and Pesch, we learned with deep sorrow, had passed away in the bloom of their youth. The "lanky" Bean found that dental sciences didn't agree with his tender constitution, so he left school for easier fields. Our "silent" Horowitz, enticed by the charms of Hollywood, transferred to Los Angeles to the great consternation of all the movie sheiks. Figenbaum suddenly discovered that the human mouth was too small for his mighty claws and left for his mechanical trade.

Our Monday evening classes under Dr. C. N. Johnson will long be remembered as the most *pleasant* hours of Junior year.

The following officers were elected: Randall, President; Stine, Vice-President; Miss Gustafson, Secretary; Miss Mistarz, Treasurer; Pinns, Class Editor; Sherman and Morry, Editors of Dentos; Cayley, Sergeant-at-Arms; Melichar and O'Donoghue, Dentos Business Manager.

An attempt was made to put over a class dance, but it failed, so three fraternities (Xi Psi Phi, Delta Sigma Delta and Psi Omega) joined and held a dance at the West Side Women's Club. This dance was proclaimed a success by all who attended.

At the end of this year, a great exodus took place. Many members of our class found it advisable to move "quarters," and transferred to other colleges. So we had to bewail the departure of many of our popular "studs." Solodovnick, Talmy and Greenberg left for Cincinnati to dazzle the "Westerners" with their profound knowledge of dentistry. Curry and Horrigan rushed to Kansas City

The Dentos

1923

to become assistants to Dr. McGee, he of immortal fame. Baynon and Madge decided to take a year's vacation to regain their mental equilibrium. Fillinger, Miltz and Vitullo startled the class by announcing their intention to specialize on the Junior points for another year, defending their rather radical step by quoting the age-honored proverb: Haste make waste! They are still "specializing" on their junior points, by the way.

On October 5th, 1921, our junior school year began, but most of us began early, because we were anxious to try out the white coats. Say, fellows, will you ever forget the first prophylaxis? My patient was bleeding like a stuck hog. I guess most of us felt like giving up dentistry then and there.

This was the year of years. We were working on real, live, honest-to-goodness patients. Then we met the much talked of P. G. It was hard to believe that the big, smiling man that greeted us with that smile when we were Freshies and Sophs, was going to be as hard as the Seniors tried to make us believe he was. Nevertheless we had all the respect in the world for P. G. when in the infirmary. It is his business to teach dentistry and he can *sure* teach it.

Now for our Senior year. Work, work, work, and how the time flies! You look at the number of points posted, and you work, work, work some more! However, it is *pleasant*. It is your life's work, and the more you do at school, the easier it will be out in practice.

We all take out time for coffee, and get the dope from Sprafka. I used to think he "knocked" around with Dr. Logan.

Here it is 9 A. M. Monday morning. Seven pencils sharpened and a fresh note book. In walks Dr. Logan, who tells us to be pessimists to the end, and work hard. It is gratifying to know that the pledge made by Dr. Logan and the rest of the Faculty—to give us a better course than ever before—has been fulfilled. So, the year ends with everyone planning to become a Logan, Brophy or Buckley. May we all succeed in our endeavors in the future, as we succeeded in the past, to the glory of our beloved Alma Mater—the grand old C. C. D. S.

—W. J. Parker, *Class Historian of '23.*



CLASS PROPHECY



'AL'

*Like the fragrance of a flower long forgotten that you've gathered when a child;
Like the beauty of the meadow that you've danced upon with joy, when a child
Come the memories of the friends, of the hearts that you have gained, long ago.*

So on a beautiful June day in the tranquility of a bower in a garden full of magnificent flora, I called forth vivid recollections of my College days, and like the fragrance of a flower long forgotten, come the memories of my classmates as I turned the pages of the "Dentos" and pondered over the likeness of each fellow-friend of the class of 1923. "What a long time has elapsed since that memorable date," I mused. When, though a whisper, then, a sigh from the flowers around me I heard, "Twenty years." Yes, twenty long years have elapsed since that recorded year. It is now June 5, 1943. An eventful day, and an eventful year. Just then a screeching, scratching sound made me start and frightened away my musings like butterflies away from a blossom. Why, that's my radio tuning in, then—"The B. U. R. Station, Chicago. . . . All the Alumni of the Chicago College of Dental Surgery of the year 1923, are requested to gather for a reunion to celebrate the laying of the corner stone for a new college building. Celebration to be held at four o'clock in the afternoon, June the 5th, 1943. All meet at the corner of Harrison and Wood streets.

"Third day—last call."

So! Broadcasted for the third day? How fortunate of me to get this last call. What glad news! How happy I shall be, to be there and meet all my friends.

But I had only two hours in which to make one thousand miles. Quickly I grasped my radio-scope and peered into it, but all I could see were concentrated masses moving through space in the direction of the Alma Mater. I rendered final inspection to my ever-ready motorless, collapsible monoplane, hopped into it, and up into the clouds, and away I went.

As I neared Chicago I then discerned that what appeared to be linked mobile masses, were Alumni from every direction and all parts of the globe, in every form of aerial, terrestrial and subterranean vehicle and conveyance, hastening to the rendezvous.

The Dentos

1923

I was unable to recognize any of my co-travelers owing to the great speed at which I "sailed" the air. Of course, I had to retard my speed in Chicago, but my attention then was called to better control of my plane.

At last I arrived at the aerial station above the C. C. D. S. There a stout, sturdy, important looking director, slightly bald and with a Van Dyck beard, wearing a guide's badge, vociferated the directions, to travel south until our compasses registered five miles south by two miles east off the point known as the southeast corner of Harrison and Wood streets.

A similar looking guide, minus the baldness and the Van Dyck beard, had been stationed on the street at the entrance to the college, upon a raised platform, giving direction to the land travelers.

Eventually I reached that intersection, and as I was flying low to make a landing, the panorama presented from above was that of an extensive, somewhat wooded area, the greater half of which had been countersunk. This, I later discovered, was an excavation with concrete foundations already laid. After I had folded my monoplane in hand bag carried for that purpose, and checked it in a long booth extending along the sidewalk, on the site (the non-collapseable conveyances were parked in a parking space submerged in under the sidewalk), I then began to explore.

The entire area chosen was a block square, away from the hubbub of the industrial section of the city, but a choice location near a university, a medical school, near two hospitals, and provided with good transportation, both surface and subway. A greater half of this space was to be under an extensive, spacious three story, strictly modern, artistic architectural structure, for which the cornerstone was being laid today, the remaining portion of the ground to be reserved as the College campus. Hurrah!

Then excitement and chaos ceased; the mass of humanity had concentrated at one corner of the foundation. The ceremony was opened by the chairman of the new building committee, a dignified, somewhat bald, gray-bearded, corpulent celebrity, who delivered a valuable oratorical address to the assembly and pointed out the marvelous growth of that institution, the urgent demand for a modern, more spacious edifice befitting its aggrandized knowledge and fame, and the necessity for a College campus where the youth in attendance, engaged in the making of that fame, could give vent to its potential spirit and dynamic energy, and by a means of cultivating the College spirit, which under the old regime had been likened to a caged bird with its wings clipped. Therefore the campus was an adjunct to the new school.

Such a volley of cheers was emitted by the gathered throng, that the seismograph of the Chicago University registered earthquake in its vicinity. When at length the animation of the crowd had ceased, forward stepped two honorary hodcarriers in the persons of William Lynch and William Zimmer, bringing the mortar which was then used in the placing of the cornerstone by our inspiration and guiding light through College days, Dr. C. N. Johnson. In his short speech he expressed his happiness and gratitude at being able to see the day when his boys and girls displayed such loyalty, and to be able to assist in erecting a temple to the profession for his boys and girls.

(I must note here that women graduates have helped to brandish the torch of glory of the College and under a new rule have been admitted to the C. C. D. S.)

The ceremony being at a close, the same aforesaid stentorian guide made an announcement that the concourse in general was invited to make a survey of the site, and its surroundings, that anniversary classes were to hold banquets that evening, that the class of 1923 especially was invited to a reunion and anniversary banquet at 8 o'clock that evening in the old banquet hall.

The Dentos

1923

There I found myself at the hour appointed, but the excitement of the anticipated meeting with my dear friends had blurred my vision and made my head fairly swim.

As my vision became clearer and I gazed around, I seemed to enter the Cimmerian glooms again.

Is this somewhat bewiskered, grizzly, bald, rotund, dignified and prosperous looking congregation the youthful, slim, sprightly, jocund seniors of 1923?

So it is. Just hear those joyous shouts of welcome, see the warm hand-clasps of friendship, embraces of friends long absent, and the tears of joy. As I stand there and gaze, with a new spirit entering my soul (for I have a soul), a new light kindling in my eyes, I see two figures running toward me crying, "Hello, Anna!" Their arms soon encircle around the bewildered me. Well, if they aren't my dear, dear Elsie Gustafson and Mary Burke. Instantly I am borne away on the wings of Time, back to the days of 1923. So Elsie, fair Elsie, has hastened thither from the side of her "Lohengrin" and a tour through Sweden, where, having retired from active practice and devoted herself to philanthropy, she was establishing dental institutions and children's clinics.

And Mary, my big sister Mary, has become superintendent of the Children's Municipal Infirmary of Chicago. How dignified and professional their mien, but not a day older do they appear.

We were then escorted to the table by the same aforementioned guide, but—Oh! glory he! for it's Grover Sprafka and his partner, the jovial Wallace Parker. The first is now president and the later, treasurer of the "Excelsior" Tooth Paste Company. Sprafka now divides his time between the tooth paste concern and the golf links. Parker is still practicing dentistry.

After all were seated at the table the babel soon ceased, for at the head of the table stood no one else but the dignified chairman of the day and president of the Senior Class of 1923, Bert McDonald, a successful practitioner of Chicago, a member of many dental organizations and quite a celebrity, who addressed those present with words of welcome. He then introduced the dean of a western college of dentistry, Joe Sherman, as next speaker. Sherman has not added any to his girth but has acquired a more penetrating, compelling eye, and dignified bearing, one befitting a dean. To my right I had the president of the Western Dental Association, a distinguished personage and a well known oral surgeon, Arnold Pinars. My eyes fairly beamed as I glanced across the table at the gray, suave, respect-demanding participant, "Uncle" John Podwojski, a prominent plate specialist of St. Louis, now a member of the faculty in the college of which Joe Sherman is dean. Beside him sat his colleague, a dentist and a ranchman of Texas. Pawelek, a prosperous, business-like, grizzly and slightly bald gentleman, occupied in an animated conversation, turned and rose to answer my salutation, and at the same time flashed a large diamond upon the small finger of his left hand; Lon N. Morrey, head of a dental supply company of Ohio, with branches all over the United States. His conversers were the same, little changed in appearance, Ivan Stahl and Leon B. Wessel of Michigan, both known for their joint work and study on the preliminary diagnosis and the prevention of pyorrhoea of systemic origin. Paul Brederle, James Casey, of Wisconsin, and F. De Wesse, of Michigan, were explaining to Morrey the working principles of Casey's new dental unit, which they were interested in getting on the market. Who is Miss Gustafson shaking hands with so fervently? Oh, yes, Mat Hoffman, of Canada, specialist in exodontia and minor oral surgery. And then there's another Canadian of such placid, unassuming ways, but a deep thinker, Horace Cornwell, now of California, enjoying a condign primacy in the dental profession as a result of eighteen years of devoted study and research which

The Dentos

1923

he concluded by proving his theory that dental cases may be diagnosed beforehand by blood analysis and its chemistry, and prevented by proper diet. A. Handley has become an asset to Canada's glory as a dental pathologist. French Canadian, J. L'Heureux, has retired from the practice of dentistry and has given himself to extensive travel and various expeditions.

Sounds of an asseverate discussion reached my ears and, turning in that direction, I came upon John Sweetnam of southern California, a gold foil expert of high repute, discussing with George Casserly the merits of Casserly's new discovery, a result of ten years of experimenting, an esthetic easily manipulated filling material, a semi-liquid metal-phospho-silicate, which, when applied to the cavity in the presence of saliva, extracts the calcium content of it and enters for a limited depth into chemical combination with the tooth structure, forming a homogenous iso-chromatic, non-soluble, non-irritating filling material more durable than porcelain or gold. This debate called the attention of a well known Washington State ceramodontist, Dow Gregg, who maintained that his porcelain inlays, which, when the powder was mixed with his discovered liquid, would behave like wax and could be removed like the wax patterns, baked without altering its contour or composition. George Nicholls and C. Schuyler, progressive dentists of Illinois, highly recommended the technique and the material.

These expostulations were suddenly interrupted by the precipitation of S. Davitz upon the group, who strongly advocated the use of his marvelous mouth wash, the qualities of which were attributed to the checking of dental caries, revival of dead pulps, and the filling of cavities in the teeth by stimulating the dentinal tubules to send out anastomosing fibres, in the meshes of which the entangled food particles are then petrified, thus forming an automatic restoration, whereupon Sam Kleiman, A. Corn and I. Vorob corroborated Davitz' assertion and recommended its use from their experiences. Kleiman and I. Vorob in the dark Congo of Africa; Corn, in the congested ghetto of Chicago.

I noticed that the atmosphere of the banquet hall in the proximity of that group became somewhat electrically charged, nearing the point of sparking when—where and when have I heard that refrain before? "Sweet Adeline, Won't You Be Mine." Off at the opposite end of the room I see a jubilant group, as happy and elated as the day of graduation—T. Ross Cayley, Jiggs O'Donoghue, J. P. Miller, "Bill" Abrahams, "Red" Stine and Maurice Smith. Cayley has just announced the opening of his seashore resort for tired dentists on the Hawaiian Islands, where O'Donoghue was to be curator of a vast collection of tankards, flagons, flasks, etc., now obsolete. J. P. Miller worked hard as a dentist, and now, being in need of rest and recreation, has proclaimed himself for his favorite sport, "water polo," while his partner, Abrahams, made arrangements with the host for "surf riding" on the Atlantic. Stine, who was enjoying a prosperous practice in Ohio, and M. Smith, being good all around sports, promised to take part in the summer excursion to the Hawaiian shores.

Barely had the syncopated sounds rent the air, when a general commotion was caused by the entrance of a character from the "Arabian Knights," with exclamations of "'Tis the technique, it's very easy"! Lo and behold! the sheik in his glory, for there entered Mohammed Sulaiman in his native costume of a royal dentist with a turban of surah upon his head, a bright, keen yataghan dangling at his side, and a huge scarab suspended from a gold chain on his neck, a gift from the High Prince of India and endowed with certain mystic powers (as mystic and colorful as India): when rubbed over his three passenger Persian rug it would impart to the rug power and volition to operate as a monoplane and convey its occupants to their destiny.

The Dentos

1923

So it happened that Harmidas Etu and Thomas Tripet, sailing the Indian Ocean as naval dentists on a United States warship, received the message from a radio outfit stationed abaf the binnacle. They obtained immediate leave of absence, and joined Sulaiman at Calcutta as two sahibs. At the same time there entered a white-clad helmeted figure, typical of tropical sartorial diction, agitating the air about his physiognomy with a huge palm leaf fan—Cecil Hayes, the exalted dentist of the Bahama Islands. The belated guests occupied their respective places at the table, in immediate proximity of somnolent Clarence Rose, a subsidiary to Miss Burke at the Municipal clinic, who made a sudden start to talk, but was frightened by the abrupt interruption, out of his oblivion.

The newcomers were soon approached by Sam Chadwick and Max Pincus. Chadwick being quite a mechanical dentist has manufactured an automatic inlay carver, which was rapidly gaining a market.

Pincus, the light-footed dentist of Chicago, urged the Eurasian to read his latest pamphlet on "How to Collect Your Fees from Your Patients."

At the moment the general excitement was vanquished by the debut of the savory and nutrient products of the culinary art, which for a spell held the attention of the happy congregation. I heard words of predilection for the European kitchen and upon investigation found out that Henry Melichar, James Kloboucnik, Harry Saposnik and P. G. Luomons were discussing this subject and partaking of the viands with seeming gusto. Melichar and Kloboucnik have just returned from a lecture tour through Bohemia, and in honor of their good will and work, they received the degree of M. D. from the University of Prague. H. Saposnik became a well known dentist of Kijow, Russia. Luomons is professor of prosthetics at the University of Vilna, Lithuania, where M. Zilvitis delivers his diurnal lectures by radio upon various subjects in dentistry. Zilvitis has retired from active practice.

The table occupied by the aforesaid surely had interesting groups, for there sat Russel Tibbs, Harry Wimer, H. Selevold, Herman Nare and William Lucty, who have hastened here from their hunting trip through the jungles of Africa and were heading for those of India next.

Herm, Joe Pavlin and Hill, have been to the Klondike, just for a visit, they said. Herm has become a South Dakota "tiller of the soil." They limited his practice to four hours a day.

At the next table, and just behind me, I heard cries of "Fore! Nineteenth!" Charles Ackerman, a very capable dentist and clinician of Chicago, and president of the Blue Ridge Golf Club, was divulging the secrets of making a successful drive to the new members of his club. David McCullough, associate professor of Crown and Bridge at the Chicago College of Dental Surgery, Charles Tyl, Elmer Ebert of Chicago, and Rudolph Mahns of Gary, Indiana, were all engaged in active practice, lured by the long greens.

At the head of that table sat Maurice Galpern, a poet and author of many papers on recent dental problems, such as "Inoculation of Children Against Dental Caries." His wide and thorough study have won him prestige as one of Chicago's foremost dentists. About him were Max Andelman of New York City, and J. Schafer of Chicago, both enjoying a wide practice and who were adherents of Galpern's theories.

My attention was called to a somewhat stooped, bespectacled figure, with his hands engaged in a forcefull downward movement from the ridge of his upper jaw. It was A. Cohn, struggling in an attempt to remove the full upper denture made by Bernard Baygood's new technique. Baygood has made a new palateless denture which maintains its position in the mouth by means of gold springs which traverse the small bulk of plate material, from the buccal aspect

The Dentos

1923

of the first bicuspid and second molar to the palatal or lingual surface of the jaw ridge. The buccal ends of the springs terminate in small pedals, which are pressed upon by the muscles of mastication when in use, thus causing the opposite or lingual end which terminates in a concave disc, to be pushed against and temporary adhere to the tissues, thus strongly retaining the plate in position.

Joseph Noskin, S. Needelman, M. Goldberg and I. Vorob became interested in Baygood's new technique and decided to experiment with it in their practice to verify its merit and technicality. This did not fail to attract the wary Joe Hirsch and Lawrence Schlocker, joint partners and proprietors of a series of dental parlors and laboratories. Hirsch headed the prosthetic departments and Schlocker the operative departments. In the first department J. Lebow and Ben Parlin were evincing their skill and knowledge as chief technicians in the latter, M. Sapoznik and Robin were head operators. A. Miller had charge of the finances, while Seymour Goldberg acted as barrister and chief advisor.

I scanned the assembly, and at the farthest end of the room I beheld the ever-courteous Horace Hague, a busy dentist of Ohio.

A staccato expulsion of merriment resounded from that end, for there was F. Kochanski, the source of that mirth, expounding to John Jakubski, Pere Frysztak, Al Gogolinski and B. Knitter detailed incidents of optimistic character occurring in his practice in Detroit, Mich. His practice was largely composed of various retired athletes. Frysztak has become a plate specialist. Young-spirited Jakubski was enjoying a prosperous practice in Pennsylvania. Gold foil was his hobby. Al Gogolinski is now professor of exodontia at the C. C. D. S. and has accredited to his merit the rotary forceps for single-rooted teeth. B. Knitter headed the dental department of the Catholic Orphanage of Chicago.

Technical words describing a new X-ray machine reached my auditory apparatus. Sam Simon was describing to Carl Geffert, E. Lux and V. Sweeney the latest invention of Sigtenhorst, a chromo-ray or the new "C" ray machine, closely allied to the "N" or Beckerell ray. The entire outfit was no larger than a cigar box, with a single, thin ramification. Simon has become a promotor for the new invention, being an eminent Roentgenologist and diagnostician. Carl Geffert established himself successfully in California. Sweeney became a prominent orthodontist of Michigan. Clifford Delling of New Mexico declared the new invention to be the ideal ray in his aseptic root-fill technique.

As the festivity and merrymaking was nearing a close, well-clad and sprightly Otto Isaac rose and announced that in our midst we had great men and to give three cheers for Hon. C. Randall, the senator from New York. Such a huzzah ensued, that the loud cheers and wild gesticulations of H. Kaulen and W. Keller made me think of the happy days at the C. C. D. S.

Randall has entered politics after ten years in the profession, and has rapidly gained popularity.

As soon as the elated spirit of the congregation had subsided, there rose a suave, sedate ecclesiastic, Wm. Russel, who for a short time was dentist of the Georgia State prison and now was its chaplain. He decided that he could do more reform work than repair teeth. Russel cited from his observations, that many a genius and wonder was incarcerated in the members of the class of 1923, and that in some it was only half awakened and needed just such a day as this to spur them unto greater heights; that the good word and influence of our former teachers has fallen upon fertile ground.

A calmness fell upon the audience, and then, among the sidereal scintillations, loomed the names of our inspirations and guiding lights since College days, some of whom we had the honor to have with us as our guests today. And ere we dispersed, words of encouragement and admonition were poured into our

The Dentos

1923

hearts and minds by our former teachers—Johnson, Logan, etc. And as we started on our way back, we took with us the power, the constancy and solidity that has guided us in our successes and led us and shall lead us on in the sign of our motto: "*Labor Ipsa Voluptas.*"

ANNA L. MISTARZ, Class Prophet.

Sweet Memories

When all's been said, and all's been done,
And Graduation's over;
When College strife's forever gone,
And we our breath recover
From rushing weeks of strain and stress,
And worry, and distress;
Then past events of College life—
Some humorous, some "fierce,"
Will fleet throughout our mind, so rife
With memories of years,
And bring to us for time to last,
The glories of the past.
We'll live again the years of yore,
The years that seemed so long;
The Freshman and the Sophomore,
(The years, when all looked wrong);
Then Junior and Senior year,
The years of worried, deadly fear.
And like bright stars in darkened skies
Enlightening our way,
And leading us to where there lies
The world so free and gay—
We'll see OUR STARS of that last year—
The LADIES whom our thoughts hold dear.
Behind that register there reigns
Miss Flynn, the golden-hearted,
Dispensing gold in tiny grains
And smiles—in tons uncarted—
For kindness rules her gentle soul,
And, b'sides, she LOVES us all!
Miss Wyneken is also there,
Assisting all she can;
A busy woman, we'll declare,
She works enough for ten,
Yet never fails to do her work—
She's not the kind her task to shirk!
Can we forget the asepsis tray,
That drove us 'most to the grave?
And Mrs. Delling, trim and gay,
So patient and so brave
In facing all our bungling ways
And yet so kind through all those days!!

The Dentos

1923

Just next to her 's the X-ray room
With Mrs. Long in charge;
The one that often held our doom
In root-fills—small or large;
The one who never tired to do
A favor kind for me and you!

Going down, way downstairs,
We meet a lovely girl forsooth
Surrounded with her phones and chairs
Is Mrs. Wessel's popular booth
From where SHE issues tuneful calls
Through all the Labs, through all the Halls!

And just a couple of steps away
We find "OUR" Mrs. Priestley,
Who gently trips there every day
And gives us platework "ghastly,"
Or mildly chides us for delays
In dearly, calm, maternal ways!!

But, lo! who is that phantom sweet
A-blooming like a rose?
So cute, so winsome, ever neat,
Our antidote for woes?
'Tis Miss R. Theiler, shyly droll
Who lends the grim gas room a soul.

Let's now go up and take a peep
In at our office force!
Miss Wittman's there in slips neck deep—
She checks us up, of course;
She checks our points, our marks, our grades,
In fact, she renders countless aids.

And lending her a skillful hand,
Avoiding any fame,
There toils a lady true and grand—
Miss Dickenson 's her name,
With manners stately, and genteel—
A friend of all, we rightly feel!

They've all been friends, they've all been kind,
They've strived with all their might
That none of us should fall behind,
That all should win the "fight,"
Just like the dears, that they all are,
Kind souls, indeed, away 'bove par.

So let us keep them in our minds,
Keep them there forever,
Never, never to forget,
Ever to remember.
As OUR STAR of that last year,
OUR LADIES SWEET AND DEAR! ! ! . . .

—M. Galpern.

The Dentos
1923

*Mohammed
Sulaiman*



*Genuine
Sheik*



The Dentos
1923

babor
ipse
voluptas

The Dentos
1923

"Labor Ipse Voluptas"

The Class Motto of '23

"LABOR'S PLEASURE IN ITSELF,"
Has been the motto of ours;
From the Freshman year and on.
Within our minds it towers!

To work with LOVE, to toil with FAITH,
To PROGRESS day by day;
To follow the MASTERS GREAT
In ev'ry human way!

To DELVE into the studies deep,
To make our hands CREATE,
Of fortune's pleasant tasks to reap
The best rewards of fate.

To try; to fail; BUT NOT TO RUE!
To try AGAIN, and SCORE!!
To do the BEST we e'er could do,
And then to try some MORE!

To minister with best of skill
To ailing man or child;
To HELP the sick, to EASE the ill,
To make this life WORTH WHILE!!

To try; to DO; and to ACHIEVE;
To climb, and scale the HILL!
Has been our goal and BELIEF
For which we are striving still.

SO MAY WE EVER DO OUR BEST,
DO but what is RIGHT!
Ever find in work our rest,
Our PLEASURE and DELIGHT! ! ! . . .

—M. Galpern.

The Dentos
1923

The Portrait Gallery of the Class of 1923

BY M. GALPERN ("RAB")

ABRAHAMS, W. H.—“*Mischief*”

—He's keen of wit, he's sharp of tongue;
He makes 'nough noise to shame a throng.

ANDELMAN, M.—“*Esthetic*”

—His eyes—they see but the beauty sublime
In the sweeping rush of relentless Time;
With his fingers trained, and pencil true,
He'll make a beau e'en . . . of O'Donohue!

ACKERMAN, CHAS.—“*Flirt*”

—His eyes are blue, his hair is light,
So Charlie flirts from morn till night.

BREDERLE, P. E.—“*Squab*”

—What a plumply little figure!
What a round little face!
Still, his knowledge is NOT meagre,
And his work's above all praise.

BAYGOOD, B.—“*Music-Box*”

—In the buzz of his engine, in malleting foils,
He hears but tuneful sounds;
And e'en when a patient in agony coils
In the extraction torture-ground—
 Bernard “prime”
 Has a good time,
 And sighs: “Oh, Music Sublime!”

BURKE, MARY—“*Nymph*”

—“Vamping is an art”, is Mary's latest slogan;
So vamp she does them all—from John to Doctor Logan.

CARMICHAEL, V. A.—“*O'r Steno*”

—He's fast to write, he's swift and fertile
To type or copy on;
But, boys, aint he a timid turtle
To talk when called upon?

CAYLEY, T. R.—“*Rough-House*”

—A nervy, brainy chap—he's surely ne'er at loss
To find a cause or reason for raising mighty fuss.

CORNWELL, H.—“*Dove*”

—The dove he beats with his quiet ways,
His friendly manner, his smiling face.

COHN, A.—“*Patriarch*”

—A husband; a father; a friend in need—
He is a man to love, indeed.

CORN, A. M.—“*Rip Van Winkle*”

—A little more slumber, a little more sleep,
And then at the books I'll take a peep!

CASEY, J. T.—“*Miss*”

—A modest sparkle he, yet glows rather bright!
We here express a hope he'll make a shining light!

CASSERLY, GEO.—“*Our Buddy*”

—How pleasant, how kind,
How charmingly refined
Is Georgie, “Our Buddy”,
So loved by ev'rybody!!!

The Dentos

1923

CHADWICK, SAM—“*Quietie*”

—The man who consecrated his hours
To lofty thoughts, to manly aim,
Shall be repaid with golden showers
Of happiness, content and fame!!

DAVITZ, S.—“*HAPPY*”

—Meet “Dave the Happy”
Who’s ever trim and snappy,
(That is, since last June)
For on that eventful date
“Happy Dave” did celebrate
His first . . . eh . . . honeymoon!!!

DELLING, C.—“*Delly-the-Toiler*”

—Happy is this man, so busy with his practice!
Happy is this man, who ‘mong the few select is
That have a lovely wife!
So let’s say with him
With pep and lots of vim:
“Hurray for married life!”

DE WESSE, F. E.—“*Gallant*”

—Behold! Behold! Behold!
The gallant knight De Wesse
Assuming postures bold
At all the “gals” he sees!!!
Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha!
What’ll say his loving Ma?

EBERT, E.—“*Cookie*”

—A sweet little boy, of fine decorum,
A future sweet predict we for him!

ETU, H.—“*Boomerang*”

—Whatever, whenever at him you throw
Comes back to you with MIGHTIER blow.

FRYSZTAK, P.—“*Cutie*”

—Oh, girls, girls, please look out!
His handsome face’s your sure knock-out!

GEFFERT, C. S.—“*Kid Joy*”

—Meet the boy who’s full of joy
And laughs the day—day long;
He sings and jokes, he’s full of mirth—
The jolliest man on earth!

GOGOLINSKI, A.—“*Curly*”

—Hurrah! Hurrah! What joy and ease
For those who have no hair!
We need no comb, we need no grease,
We need no barber’s chair!
O’r life is sweet as . . . sour grapes—
We laugh at you, you hairy apes!!!

GOLDBERG, S.—“*Demosthenes*”

—He shakes a blondy curl,
He yields a startling speech;
He’s pretty like a girl—
In all, but tongue, he’s rich!

The Dentos

1923

GREGG, D. H.—“*Red-Hot*”

—His golden mane becomes him well
When he is quiet, not raising H . . .
(But that's a rare condition—
We'll state, with his permission!)

GOLDBERG, M.—“*Whisper*”

—Of all the boys you meet about,
He's the only one who'll never shout.
D'you think a pocket megaphone
Would make you heard when called upon?

VOROB, I.—“*Astute*”

—Behold the Class philosopher, Irving the Astute;
Listen to his quasi-wisdom, listen—do not hoot:
“Most friendship is mere feigning; all love is but mere folly—
Tis money, money, money that makes this life so jolly!”

GUSTAFSON, ELSIE—“*Madonna*”

—Serene and sweet, refined and quiet,
She tames the boys with spiritual might
That only a woman, pure as she,
Can wield 'mong o'r wild company!

HAGUE, H. F.—“*Tireless*”

—Ambition is his driving force—
Success will crown h m, of course!

HIRSH, J.—“*Prancer*”

—Ample locks of raven black
His lofty dome bedeck;
His burning soul and burdened mind
In dances gay rest find.

HERM, I.—“*Hermit*”

—Within the oyster's shell uncouth
A pearl pure may often hide—
And so we find a heart of truth
Within this roughened outside.

HOFFMAN, M. J.—“*Lion-Hearted*”

—A lion in heart and in frame—
Quite fit the Freshies to tame
And scare their life away
With Cunningham and Gray!

HERMAN, M.—“*Sweet Baby*”

—Sweet baby, in thy pretty face
Ambition can we easy trace,
And secret hopes, and candid smiles,
And pretty little childish wiles!

HANDLEY, A.—“*Deep*”

—True wisdom dwells in deep retreats
Whose silence is seldom broke;
Whose drum—if ever—only beats
When roused for a mighty stroke!

HILL, H.—“*Orator*”

—Such harmony in motion, speech, and air
As Hill in Seminar displays,
Would cause Demosthenes to beware
If he lived in our days.

The Dentos

1923

HAYES, A.—“*Stately*”

—He strikes a stately gait—
He boasts a tone of weight—
Enunciates so clearly—
And loves . . . his EGO dearly.

ISAACS, O.—“*Hurry*”

—Rushing, speeding, a minute a mile—
He made his points each day by the pile!

JAFFE, R. L.—“*Loving Bobby*”

—They call him “Loving Bobby,”
Tooth “pulling” is his hobby:
He pulls ‘em left and right,
He pulls with all his might—
And that is quite a force!
(He’s stronger than a horse!)

JAKUBSKI, J.—“*Valentine*”

—Redolent of joy and youth,
And sweet as “Sweet Sixteen,”
A bit too timid and uncouth,
In all—a lovely valentine!!!

KANGAS, A. M.—“*Bard*”

—Do you like a spicy story?
Do you crave a jolly song?
To this bard, then, must you hurry,
And you’ll never go wrong!

KAULEN, H.—“*Raven*”

—He has a lean and hungry look—
As if for days no food he took.
Is he on Dudley’s diet?
His face does seem to cry it!

KOCHANSKI, F. G.—“*Cave Man*”

—Here is a man of the mighty limb,
Who can, we think, e’en Dempsey trim.
At least, we knew him for a year or two
As victor o’er Curry, who fled from o’r view.

KELLER—“*Thinker*”

—I like to eat, I love to drink,
But, Lord, I surely hate to think!

KLOBOUCNIK, J.—“*Good-Stuff*”

—A mouth-full is just enough
To call him by his name!
But barring this, he’s “high grade stuff”
A peacock trim and game!

KNITTER, B. J.—“*Boisterous*”

—‘Tis not the College cheer,
‘Tis not a thunder mere,—
‘Tis Knitter’s harsh guffaw,
And boisterous “HO-HO”
That throws us in fever,
And makes us shake and shiver!

KLEIMAN, F.—“*Shriek*”

—A swift and fiery eye;
The latest cut in tie;

The Dentos
1923

A stylish "jazzy" suit;
A handsome face, to boot—
This is OUR "Shriek"
Of all their tribe the PICK!!!

LEBOW, J. S.—"Modest"

—A modest boy, of great reserve,
A prize for silence he'd deserve;
If silent could he stay a while?
Now! There! Keep your bile!
We are only kiddin'!

LUOMONS, P. G.—"Omniscient"

—Well, well, now
Look at this highbrow!
He knows all,
And then some more—
'Aint that quite a score?

LUETY, W.—"Trumpet"

—He doesn't talk—he roars!
He doesn't speak—he pours!
But, Gosh, he surely knows
The style of women's hose,
The way he's looking down
At the hem of every gown!!!

LYNCH, W. H.—"Spitfire"

—He's fast to ignite, still faster to cool;
Passionate anger his actions oft rule;
Yet a finer chap we have never met—
To part with him we shall surely regret!

L'HEREUX—"O, Frenchie, Frenchie!"

—Mais, s'il vous plait! Mais, s'il vous plait—
I hate to work—I'd rather play!!!
Oh, je vous prie! Oh, je vous prie—
Do let me off for one short spree!!!

LUX, E. M.—"The Dark Horse"

—If not for his dark rimmed large "specs"
That hide him like a cloud,
A shining star in all respects
He'd prove, we do not doubt!

MILLER, J. P.—"Hot Dogs"

—A Mormon he's by faith;
A king of swat and ball;
A man of "A plus" rate—
In fact he tops 'em all!

MISTARZ, ANNA—"Aurora Borealis"

—So cute and fair—yet never proud;
So keen of tongue—yet never loud;
Can think and plan—yet keep her mind,
As smart a girl as you can find!!!
Hail, boys, this girl,
This rare and precious pearl!
May future bring her fame
And....and a hubby to tame!

The Dentos

1923

MAHNS, R. A.—“*Crony*”

—And thou art long, and lank, and brawny,
A dignified man, yet everybody's crony.

MCCULLOUGH, D. J.—“*Erudite*”

—If any one you wish to follow
Attach yourself to D. McCullough—
He knows all there is to know—
The smartest man you ever saw!!

MORREY, L. W.—“*Easy-Happy-Go*”

—Shucks! What's the hurry?
Why this rush and worry?
Joy's the thing sublime—
Let's have a jolly time!!!

MCDONALD, B.—“*Proxy*”

—Behold the glory of the class,
The man we all adore!
A leader born to advance
At mankind's front and fore!
Com'on, boys, together—
Give a cheer—or better
Yell for all you're worth:
Hip! Hip! Hurrah!
To our Proxy gay!

MELICHAR, H. S.—“*Duke*”

—A proud man, with haughty mien,
He grabs the front in any scene;
He likes to boss, he loves to fuss,
He jeers at all with smiles morose—
A Duke he is in looks,
A prodigy—in books!!!

NEEDELMAN, S.—“*Eagle*”

—A searching eye, a steady will,
Endurance, foresight, prudence, skill—
What else? O yes, a moustache grand
That can't be beat in Araby-land!

NICHOLLS, G. E.—“*Romeo*”

—A dashing youth of wide renown—
('Tis heart affairs that make him known).
At reds, at blondes, or at what not
He'll take a gallant shot,
And sure as day,
He'll win his way
To any girl's heart!

NOSKIN, J.—“*Cataract*”

—He starts to talk—and gushes!
Thus giving us a treat.
He starts to walk—and rushes!
Thus giving us a fit.
Aside from this a splendid chap,
A—brim with life, and vim, and pep,
An artist great in all his work,
And as to studies—quite a shark!

NARE, H.—“*Hare*”

—He looks for no glory, he seeks no reward,
He hates to be questioned—so he's ne're to be heard!!!

The Dentos

1923

O'DONOHUE, J. M.—“*Jiggs-the-Rogue*”

—Who's the man in style and vogue?
Of course, 'tis Jiggs-the-Rogue!
Who sets the class with pranks a-grog?
You bet, 'tis Jiggs-the-Rogue!
Who's ever winking at the girls?
Who's always prancing in wild whirls?
Who's the man so blessed with luck?
Of course, 'tis Jiggs-the-Rogue!

PARKER, W. J.—“*Porker*”

—So slow you walk, so quickly you eat—
You should march with your mouth, and eat with your feet!!!

PAVLIN, JOSEPH—“*NUN'*”

—I am not a fool—
(I went for years to school)
So nothing but a virgin chaste
Will ever suit my learn'd taste.
And then, of course, to win my heart
She must be r-r-r-rich, yes, rich and smart!

PAWELEK, A. I.—“*Tiny*”

—He's five feet and nine,
And every inch a mine
Of honesty and virtue.
(We Hope this praise won't hurt you? Ata-boy!!)

PARLIN, B. F.—“*Wit*”

—A wit as keen as Damask cold;
A heart as true as purest gold;
A youth to whom the Gods have given
The best of earth, and much of Heaven!
(Don't get proud, you,—
Not all in print is true!!)

PINNS, A. F.—“*Apollo*”

—What a figure! What a face!
In Greece of yore is his true place!
He'd shame the Gods to hasty flight
And be a true and tender knight
To all the fairies spright.
Hey! Hey! Holla!
To the god Apollo!

PODWOJSKI, J. E.—“*Grandpa*”

—Gentlemen and Ladies, before we leave for . . . Hades
Meet the Grandpa John—the only true one!
He is no fake, no imitation,
He is the truest incarnation
Of gentleness and quiet!
May the world treat him right!

PINCUS, M. J.—“*Loud Mouth*”

—He's Pink from head to toes;
He's dandy in attire;
Resplendent—like a rose,
And noisy—like a choir.

The Dentos

1923

RANDALL, C. S.—“Chevalier”

—Tall, slim, slender;
Of truth a staunch defender;
A gentleman of breed,
A friend in many need,
A man who'll well compare
With any chevalier!!

ROBIN, M.—“Eloquent”

—No check, no stay his tongue does fear,
Like a placid stream it flows!
He'll draw a laugh, he'll wake up a tear,
And glamor, and sparkle, and glow!

ROSE, C. A.—“Hot Baby”

—Comely wrinkles on his cheeks,
Laughter in his eyes,
With Billy Lynch he ever vies
In staging funny tricks—
(Who's their victim poor?
Burke Mary, t'be sure!)

RUSSELL, W. F.—“Lonely Star”

—His temper is mild and calm,
His words are of softest tone,
He surely deserves the palm
For being quiet and 'lone.

GALPERN, M.—“Book-Worm”

—I know not enough—I want to know more!
Let me have more books—give me 'em by score!

SCHUYLER, C. G.—“Blushes”

—A manly spirit of deep content
Is blazed upon his kindly features,
For days and nights in studies spent
Brought him fame 'mong us and teachers!

SHERMAN, J. B.—“Joeye”

—A gentleman, a scholar,
A prodigy to “holler,”
A journalist of note,
A well of joyful thought!

SHAFER, J. W.—“Busy Bee”

—How does the busy bee
Engage each minute, hour!
A champion he's of energy,
Of knowledge, he's a tower!!!

SAPOZNIK, M.—“Anemia”

—Stout, rotund, and . . . obese,
Pink of face and baldish of head—
What graceful a figure is his!
How learned and skillful's the lad!

SCHLOCKER, L. S.—“Marvel”

—A heart as light as birds on wing,
A face as bright as dawn in spring,
A youth in years (and oft in acts)
What work of beauty he perfects!!!

The Dentos

1923

SIMON, S.—“*Lightning*”

—He beats the lightning with his speed,
He's faster than the hours!
“Rush the points!” is his creed—
So points de devours.....

STINE, C. F.—“*Jolly*”

—Dimpled cheeks of rosy hue,
And eyes that ever laugh;
A smile—too beautiful by half
And broad enough for two—
This is Stine the Jolly,
We love the kid, by golly!

STAHL, I. J.—“*Grin*”

—He's not the man to worry and fret
At our strenuous fight—
No, Sir, he grows daily....fat
And grins from morn till night!!!

SWEETNAM, J. E.—“*Sagacious*”

—Not much he's got of vivacity
(He's serious, sedate),
But as to his sagacity—
By gosh, it's surely great!!!

SWEENEY, V.—“*Horse-sense*”

—This youth has sense, and spirit,
And skill enough for two;
And yet a great merit—
An open heart and true!

SPRAFKA, G. B.—“*Governor*”

—His style is so fluent and flowery,
His wording—AMBIGUOUS and towery,
He struts and swaggers so bold-ily,
He looks on all so cold-ily,
 He's nearly stout,
 Almost proud,
 Good of looks,
 And....hates all books.

SIGTENHORST, C. H.—“*Steady*”

—A man of upright dealing,
A worker hard and willing,
He'll surely reach his goal!

SELLEVOLD, H. F.—“*Toddle*”

—A nifty dancer of wide repute,
He surely shakes a wicked foot!
He makes 'em laugh, he makes 'em hoot,
He gets SOME fun, and....the girls, to boot!

SAPOSNIK, H.—“*Hard-worker*”

—An ever busy, hustling man
With stamina and will,
He does his work as best he can
With admirable skill!!

The Dentos

1923

SULAIMAN, M.—“Sheik-O'Distress”

—A swarthy face,
A timid mien,
Vuluptuous lips,
Eyes dark and keen.
The “goat” of the Senior class,
The dear old Sheik is in distress
From morn till late at night!!
Hurry, Sheik, to Araby—
A scientist will you THERE be!

SMITH, M.—“Alert”

—Ever eager, keen and alert
To study, to work and . . . to flirt.

TIBBS, R. V.—“Lothario”

—He loves a rosy, tender cheek,
He coral lips admires,
So at beauties spruce and sleek
To look he never tires!!!

TRIPET, T.—“Work-away”

—Work away, night and day,
Too busy e'en to smile!

TYL, C.—“Ant”

—Quiet-mannered, sweet tempered,
He goes unhampered
With his daily work and duty.
He is not aggressive;
He's rather progressive,
And smarter than many a cutie!

WESSEL, L. B.—“Onward”

—A portrait here you see of diligence,
Holding indolence in everlasting scorn,
For his heart is always in his work,
And his mind—yet eager more to learn!

WINNER, H. U.—“Winkie”

—A wicked wink the man commands,
A ripping, cheery laughter;
His greatest joys are . . . girl friends
Past, present, and thereafter!

ZILVITIS, M.—“Paragon”

—In storm, in rain, in blizzard, in hail—
He's never missed a class!
A man like this can never fail
To reach the height of success.
Good luck to you!
Get all you're due
And then some more!!!

ZIMMER, W. P.—“Glee”

—Hail, hail the merry tongue,
The heart so kind and ever young,
Whose sparkling, ever-lively mood
Drives our gloom away for good!

The Dentos

1923

IMAGINATION

Concentrate and try to imagine:

A Senior year without worries.
Writing an exam without a pony
And "getting away with it."
A Junior having any points before Christmas.
A Junior giving a two-surface foil cavity to a Senior.
DeWesse not having a patient.
The root canal department open before nine thirty.
Finding the mesio-buccal root of an upper first molar with ease.
Dudley lowering prices and changing his menu.
A vacation on Armistice Day.
Lowering the Senior point requirements.
Luemons a convincing talker.
Galpern making a poor recitation.
Sprafka not shooting the "bull."
Cayley not disturbing the class, and getting others in "wrong."
Casey not having a good-looking patient.
Isaah not having his points out.
Mary Burke without Lynch.
Pinns working on the right side of his chair.
Getting a foil patient off the bench.
Vorob not rubbing noses with his patients.
Brederle without the "latest dope!"
Getting your own chair on Saturday afternoon.
A Junior not borrowing instruments from a Senior.
Sigtenhorst turning in poor work.
Podwojski not thinking favorably of his own work.
Seniors turning in material for the Dentos.
YOURSELF A DENTIST.

J. T. K. C.

NOTABLE MEN AND THEIR DOUBLES

Thomas Meighan.....	Dr. B. A. Morris
Lew Cody.....	Clifford S. Randall
Harold Lloyd.....	Max J. Pincus
Jack Holt.....	Louis A. L'Heureux
Jackie Coogan.....	Lawrence S. Schlockner
Rodolf Valentino.....	Mohamed Sulaiman
Tom Mix.....	Matthias Hoffman
Nora Bayes.....	Mary Burke
Dustin Farnum.....	Grover B. Sprafka
Frank Bacon.....	John F. Podwojski
Charlie Chaplin.....	Max Andelman
Pola Negri.....	Elsa A. M. Gustafson
Buster Keaton.....	Harmidas Etu
Wallace Reid.....	Charles P. Ackerman
	K. C.

Abrahams—"Eight men were walking up Madison Street. Only one carried an umbrella. How was it the others didn't get wet?"

Freshie—"I don't know. It's impossible."

Abrahams—"It wasn't raining."

The Dentos

1923



Student Calendar

SENIOR CLASS

1923.

- Oct. 4—Freshmen are brought to school by their mothers.
- Oct. 13—Collar Day. Freshmen are considerably mussed up.
- Oct. 19—Freshmen begin to smoke pipes and kid the wild women.
- Oct. 23—A Junior brings a piece of work to the examination room.
- Oct. 27—Etu begins coming late to class. Continues so the rest of year.
- Nov. 11—Armistice Day. Juniors and Seniors go on strike for the day.
- Nov. 14—Dudley raises his prices.
- Nov. 16—Simon is out in points.
- Dec. 22—Christmas Holidays begin. The Seniors continue working.
- Dec. 26—Cornwell begins to specialize in gold removable construction.
- Jan. 4—L'Heureux makes a recitation.
- Jan. 6—Randall is broke.
- Jan. 10—He was able to borrow feeding money from Sellevold.
- Jan. 15—Cayley comes out in nice clean gown.
- Jan. 16—Ackerman sprouts a slight hairy growth above the oral orifice.
- Jan. 18—The Seniors cancel all evening engagements and begin plugging for the exams.
- Feb. 6—Nothing worthy of mention has happened for two weeks.
- Feb. 7—The Seniors are exhausted after their titanic efforts in the semester exams.
- Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday. Works pauses for the day. The Seniors spend the day at home quietly. Evening elsewhere.
- Feb. 26—The exam reports come out. The Seniors are all still in the race.
- Feb. 28—A ray of hope comes. Dr. Logan announces the class is coming along nicely.
- Mar. 1—The Seniors are congratulated by Dr. Johnson on their skillful insertion of special test fillings.

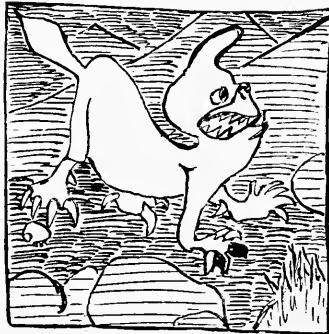
The Dentos

1923

- Mar. 8—Sigtenthaler presents two special test fillings to Dr. Johnson and is highly commended.
- Mar. 8—Sulaiman attempts a special test filling. Unsuccessful.
- Mar. 9—A plea is made for material for Dentos. This is likewise unsuccessful.
- Mar. 9—Pawelek bought a package of cigarettes. Great relief among his friends.
- Mar. 10—Dudley failed to serve beans.
- Mar. 12—L'Heureux announces he is a papa. No cigars offered.
- Mar. 13—Slumber party. Dr. Grisamore showed slides during lecture period.
- Mar. 17—All good Irishmen turned out wearing the green.
- Mar. 21—First day of spring. No need for straw hats or palm beach suits yet.
- Mar. 27—Pinns absent-mindedly polishes an amalgam filling that has been in place for ten years instead of the one he inserted last week.
- April 2—Review classes started. Seniors were loafing with everybody out in points.
- April 6—Tyl makes a brilliant plea in favor of public advertising in seminar.
- April 7—Ackerman forsakes the state of single blessedness and blindly, willingly enters the matrimonial state. We offer our condolence.
- April 8—Pinns reports for class wearing spectacles. We have now a Harold Lloyd with us.
- April 9—Vorob ushers in a man patient.
- April 10—Sulaiman completes his first special test filling.
- April 16—The Annual Alumni Clinic begins. The Seniors exhibit their superiority over the practitioners.
- April 20—The Dentos goes to press. See you next year.

J. T. K. C.

AS WE FIRST SAW DR. LOGAN.



Pawelek—"Do you thinks, dearet, you could manage on my income?"
Sweet Girl—"Why yes! I think I could, darling—but how in the world would you get along."

The Dentos
1923

The College Foilsmith

BY M. A. GALPERN ("RAB")

***With humble apologies to Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," this parody is intended to describe most tenderly the Star of Foilmen of the Class of 1923, the redoubtable "foil-socker" J. ("Jingle") NOSKIN!!!

At a chair (an OLD RELIC of dentistry)
The Star of Foilmen stands.
The Star—a scrawny man is he,
With small perspiring hands
And muscles on his tender arms
As strong as.....rubber bands!

His hair is a-ramble, and looks like a net;
His face is blazing forth;
His brow is wet with drops of sweat,
He swears for all he's worth!
Or, looking on his patient's face,
He laughs with bitter mirth!!

His temples—they throb, and his pulses boil,
His body is bent and tense,
For (mind you), he'll make a most beautiful foil
That'd throw C. N. in a trance
And set the Class with wonder a-reel
At his masterful foil "sooking" skill!

So away he works throughout the morn'
Inspired with hopes of glory;
He drills and cuts with stone and bur
A-rushing and in a hurry,
For the *simple* case he chose *so well*
Is M-O-D-B-L!!!

He goes at noon to Dudley's Grill
And takes another chance:
He eats some antediluvian veal
That knocks him at once in a trance:
In which he sees a heart-rending vision—
He's lost his foil cohesion!
The Star nigh faints at such a dream,
Back to his chair he jumps,
He starts again with zest and vim,
Again his back he humps,
And plugs away the rest of the day
Condensing the foil for an "A."

For hours and hours, from twelve to four,
You can hear his mallet blow,
And pound, and strike, and then pound some more,

The Dentos
1923

Now medium-fast, now slow;
While his patient gags, and chokes to death,
And pleads: "Oh, let me go!"

Now and then he strikes the dam
And tears it into shreds;
Or "socks" away with bang and slam,
Till patient "coma" gets,
When our Star, his face a-ghast,
Runs 'round with mien distressed!

Jealous classmates pass to and fro
And gloat over his plight;
They like to see the Star in woe,
To tease him left and right,
And hear the spicy curses fly
Like dust beneath a stormy sky!

The Star—he curses with wicked words
Enough to shock a... Saint;
He strains his lungs and vocal cords
To prove 'tis merely a faint;
That the patient's well, that all is fine,
That, surely, he'll get a "nine!"

He uses Ammonia-water and such,
Cold applications (or either);
He tilts his chair to serve as a couch!
He uses, at last, some Ether,
Until the patient opens his eyes,
Groans a curse, or sighs!

It sounds to o'r Star like C. N.'s voice
Praising him to skies,
He needs must think of prizes choice,
Of how he'll beat th' other guys,
And with his perspiring hand he wipes
A tear of joy off his eyes!!!

The foil is finished at half past four,
It's trimmed, and brightly shines;
The Star his patient drags o'er the floor
(The victim, nigh dead, just whines!)
And shows to C. N. the fruit of his toil—
The ultra-magnificent foil!

With critical eyes the foil is explored,
The contact point and all—
And then there comes the final word:
"My boy, you beat 'em all!"
When our Star, his face a-gay,
Marches in glory away.

The Dentos

1923

Drilling, cutting, pounding,
Onward through School he goes!
Trimming, grinding, rounding,
O'ercoming all his woes,
Each morning sees some foil begun,
Each evening sees it done!

Great glory's yours, oh, Foilman blessed
For the wonder foils you get in!
Thus on "rotten" teeth quite fast
Your pocket-book will fatten,
Thus on foul mouths you
Will raise a fortune true!!!

DON'T MIND ETU, HE
ONLY THINKS HE IS

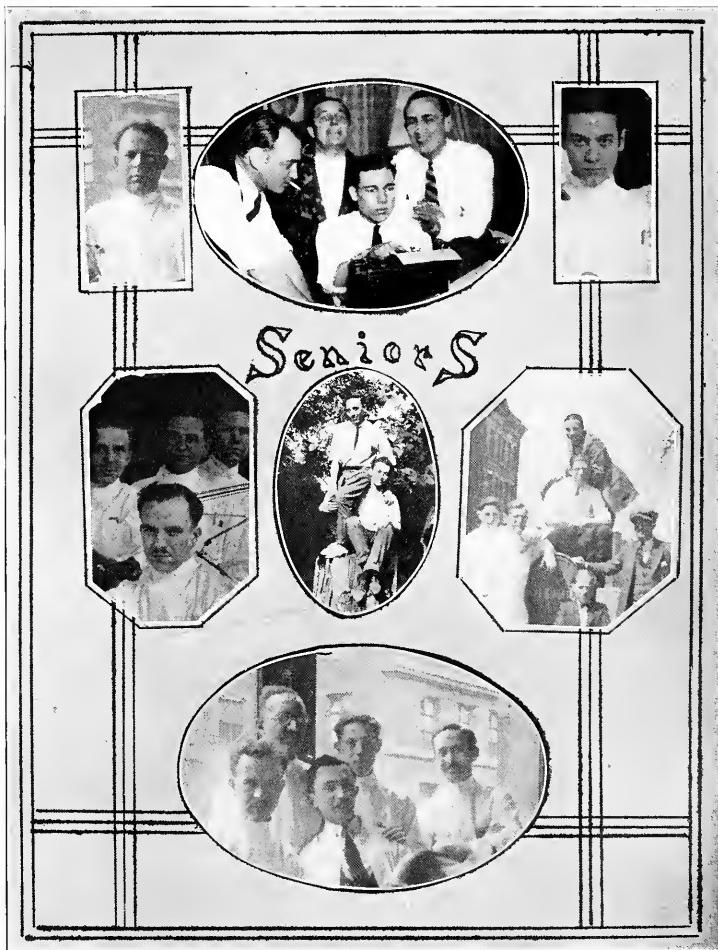


Speaking of various rashes, we simply must mention the fact, that some of the Seniors have "idiopathic" types which are hard to diagnose. One does not know, if the rash upon the upper lip takes after their favorite sport—baseball or football, according to the number of hairs; or if the color takes after their favorite drink, such as the milk-white, or the red, or the coffee stained! Farmers stick to the product of the soil, and so we find that Kloboucnik boasts a light-CORN silk growth under his nose.

J. P.

The Dentos

1923



The Dentos

1923

On a Beautiful Thursday Morning

By J. M. Noskin

***In Memoriam of the formidable "Special-Test Fillings".....

The atmosphere is strained—
The Seniors are trained
Through misery and toil,
The mastery of foil,
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

The eager gang is off!
(There's work ahead enough)
So all the wheels they turn,
All alcohol they burn
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

What faces queer, my God,
You'd see if you would stop
To watch the toiling bunch
That drill, and grind, and punch
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

There's Saposnik Harry
The man who would not tarry
To pound MOD's
With very little fizz
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

"I'm telling you," he says,
"I doubt if it pays
To dispute rotten luck
Whenever you get stuck
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

"Rab" with his illusions
Sticks out his protrusion,
(It's really a retrusion)
Avoid we must confusion
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

The patient he tells
Of tissues and of cells,
Of properties of gold,
(If crystalline or rolled—)
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

He pounds and he lectures
Till mandible he fractures,
He pounds then some more
Till the patient starts to roar
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

The Dentos

1923

Needelman-sky Sam,
The Sheik of Alabam'
Pounds just D O's
(Nothing soft, of course)

On a beautiful Thursday morning.

So ligatures he snatches,
The punctured dam he patches,
He rushes and he hurries,
He's full of galling worries

On a beautiful Thursday morning.

Jaffe Bob, the Giant,
Who's handy and appliant,
Toils and so . . . perspires
While victim poor he tires

On a beautiful Thursday morning.

But, lo and behold!
He turns pale and cold,
The patient's lips he folds,
The patient's jaw he holds

On a beautiful Thursday morning.

Poor Bob—he swears and scolds,
His stubby thumbs he folds,
Reducing for his patient
Th' bilateral dislocation

On a beautiful Thursday morning.

"Kid" Geffert, Charlie S.,
Is also in distress,
(He tried . . . er . . . to compete
And Jaffe to defeat!)

On a beautiful Thursday morning.

"My God!" he sadly cries,
What's happened to my eyes?
What's matter? What's wrong?
Why's patient's face so long?

On a beautiful Thursday morning.

Poor Charlie gets right busy,
Puts aside his "Lizzie,"
And with no hesitation
Makes good the dislocation

On a beautiful Thursday morning.

But that's by far not all!
For there, across the hall,
In Parlor "Boston D"
Are "musketeers" staunch three

On a beautiful Thursday morning.

The Dentos

1923

There's Parker, Hirsh and Jiggs
(Who loves to play queer tricks)
Talk hard of "State Board" foils
Until they come to "boils"
 On a beautiful Thursday morning.

They dream of days sublime,
That'll come, of course, in time,
When no more Special foils
They'll ask of our boys
 On a beautiful Thursday morning.

Says Jiggs: "Would it not be
More beneficial to me,
When in gold-foil stead
I'd prophyls do—so glad!"
 On a beautiful Thursday morning.

"Why, Jiggs, you're surely off!
Nix with all that stuff!
No prophyls more for me!"
Is Parker's ardent plea
 On a beautiful Thursday morning.

"If I may, I would suggest
That it would be the best
To do some swell repairs
For Mrs. Prest. downstairs
 On a beautiful Thursday morning.

But tireless Hirshie Joe,
(Of indolence the foe!)
Is all a-blaze with fire
To state his heart's desire
 On a beautiful Thursday morning.

"You surprise me, gang,
With your thoughts and slang!
Would it not be best
To take a little rest
 On a beautiful Thursday morning.

But poor dear "musketeers,"
With their dreams and fears,
Are helpless, and, of course,
Do their work perforce
 On a beautiful Thursday morning.

And on goes the gang,
With th' drilling and the bang,
Till whistling and a noise
Distracts the busy boys
 On a beautiful Thursday morning.

But's nothing there to fear!
No enemy came near!
'Tis just a little choir,
For Sprafka and his fire
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

Leading a long file,
In military style,
Walks the "Doc" himself,
On the Seniors' behalf
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

He leads with manly fashion
The impatient procession
Of th' Seniors' Brigade
To their humble fate
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

"Doctor, if you please,
Take a glance at this,
At the Molar and the Bi!"
"Go 'head!" comes a reply,
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!
The mallets strike with bang and shock,
Forcing in the gold to stick
(Though, 't oft comes out quick!)
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

And piece after piece
The gold they seiz,
And with skill of long days
They force it to place
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

What creature can share,
In a feeling so rare,
When the foil, all complete,
Stands well all rough treat
On a beautiful Thursday morning.

And at last—they line up,
Their voices down drop,
For in the fateful Ex. Room—there
Is C. N. Johnson, "The Square,"
On a beautiful Thursday noon.

With the hands of a master,
Now slow, now faster,
All the foils does he test
With the means that are best
On a beautiful Thursday noon.

The Dentos

1923

The contact point, condensation,
Polish, contour restoration—
All these things and many more
The Grand Old Man is looking for
On a beautiful Thursday noon.

And when the Master with great caution
Approves the foil, and with emotion
Smiles with evident content,
Over the day so goodly spent,
On a beautiful Thursday noon.

Then the boy, with chest far out,
Marches 'way, so gay and proud,
And a face that seems to say:
"That's the end of a perfect day!"
Of the glorious Thursday noon.

Dumbbells That I Have Met

The Senior that thinks Commencement exercises are for physical development.
The Junior that goes to Miss Flynn to buy a contact point.
The Sophomore that treats chemistry as a joke.
The Freshman who thinks Collar Day is to be laughed at.



The Dentos

1923

SLIPS THAT COUNT

Fascinated,
I watched,
Eyes glued on her.
Years ago,
My nerves had been shattered
By the slipping of a ribbon.
Was it
To occur again?
Fascinated, I watched:
It slipped
Over her shoulder.
Every thing slipped.
Down—down!
My heart stopped;
Hers did not.
Calmly
She slipped the ribbon back.

PLAYS OF THE DAY AND THEIR C. C. D. S. PLAYERS

<i>The Miracle Man</i>	Dr. Leonard C. Borland
<i>The Passing Show</i>	The Senior Class
<i>Sally</i>	Mary Burke
<i>Lightnin</i>	John F. Podwojski
<i>Light Wines and Beer</i>	Cayley, Miller, and Sprafka
<i>Two Fellows and a Girl</i>	Lynch, Hoffman and Mary Burke
<i>Follies of 1923</i>	Misses Gustafson, Mistarz, and Burke
<i>The Christian</i>	Bert McDonald
<i>A Tailor Made Man</i>	Arnold Pinsky
<i>A Prince There Was</i>	Dr. John L. Kendall
<i>Back Home and Broke</i>	Frank F. De Wesse
<i>One Exciting Night</i>	The Faculty Meets
<i>Three Jumps Ahead</i>	Samuel Simon
<i>The Sheik</i>	Mohamed Sulaiman
<i>Three Wise Fools</i>	Etu, Keller, and Gogolinski
<i>The Watchman</i>	John
<i>Hurricane</i>	Mrs. Wynkenen
<i>Up The Ladder</i>	The Seniors
<i>Robinhood</i>	Otto Isaak
<i>Little Old New York</i>	Clifford S. Randell
	J. T. K. C.

MY SOLUTION

Educated well and good,
Both morally and bookedly,
I could not make a livelihood,
but crookedly.

And so this way I've always solved
the thing,
Though work would hurt me frightfully,
I find that I can leaf, by jinks!
Much more delightfully.



The Dentos

1923

When It Rains

(A Damp, Depressing Ditty)

The world looks dark and dismal
When it rains.

Your troubles seem abysmal
When it rains.

Your friends all want to borrow,
And you don't care if tomorrow
Never comes to end your sorrow
When it rains.

You lose your best umbrella,
When it rains.

And you have a row with Ella
When it rains.

Or, perhaps her name is Mollie,
Lucy, Fanny, Margie, Dolly,
But she'll make you melancholy
When it rains.

Life seems hardly worth the living
When it rains.

And the women—Holy Moses!
How they sneeze and rub their noses,
For the time of all their woe is
When it rains.

J. T. K. C.

Have You Ever Seen or Heard

- Abrahams—abashed?
- Ackerman—gloomy?
- Andelman—stalling?
- Baygood—not humming?
- Miss Burke—alone?
- Brederle—smiling?
- Carmichael—rushing?
- Casey—flirting?
- Casserly—cussing?
- Cayley—quiet during an entire lecture?
- Chadwick—bluffing?
- Cohn—with a sour face?
- Corn—not demonstrating?
- Cornwell—angry?
- Davitz—not talking about "wifie?"
- Delling—worried?
- DeWeese—bragging?
- Ebert—quarreling?
- Etu—in time for a roll-call?
- Frysztak—rough-housing?
- Galpern—not taking notes?

The Dentos

1923

Geffert—blue?
Gogolinski—with a hair-cut?
Goldberg S.—asking for help?
Goldberg M.—hollering?
Gregg—disgusted?
Miss Gustafson—excited?
Hague—in a brawl?
Handley—not worried?
Hayes—shy of words?
Herman—not asking questions?
Herm—delivering a speech?
Hill—lose his poise?
Hirsch—remake a plate?
Hoffman—not on the jump to please the Profs.?
Isaak—shy of points?
Jaffie—not hungry?
Jakubski—guessing right?
Kangas—asking a question?
Kaulen—singing?
Keller—serious?
Kleiman—not babbling?
Kloboucnik—with a mustache?
Knitter—with a pleasant mien?
Kochanski—afraid of anybody?
Lebow—whispering?
L'Heureux—not patting himself on the back?
Luety—timid?
Luomons—end his discussion voluntarily?
Lux—out of decorum?
Lynch—away from Miss Burke?
Mahns—cracking a joke?
McCullough—wide awake during lectures?
McDonald—not in humor?
Meliehar—lacking “nerve”?
Miller, A.—not borrowing cigarettes?
Miller, J.—in doubt?
Miss Mistarz—pouting?
Morrey—losing his composure?
Nare—taking a vacation?
Needelman—boasting?
Nicholls—fretting?
Noskin—losing cohesion?
O'Donoghue—not in love?
Parker—thinking?
Parlin, B.—at loss to answer?
Pawelek—loafing?
Pavlin—blustering?
Pincus—lending anything?
Pinns—needing a shave?
Podwojski—gossiping?
Randall—in mean spirits?
Robin—in need of a prompter?
Rose—swearing?
Russel—not chewing gum?

The Dentos

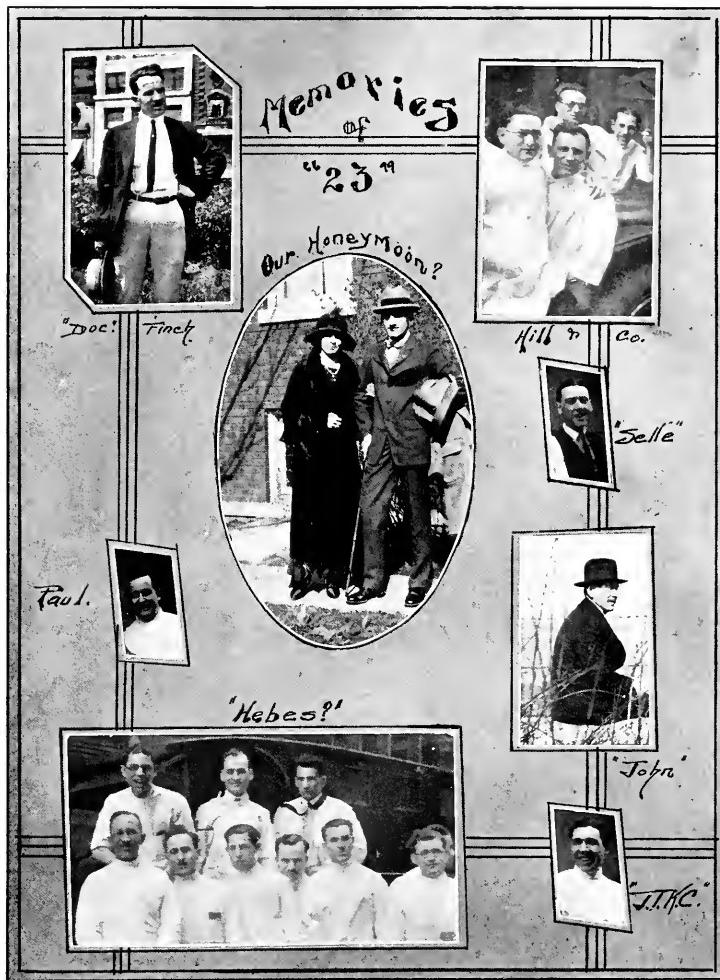
1923

Saposnik, H.—without news?
Sapoznik, M.—losing weight?
Schlocker—not blowing his horn?
Schuyler—not blushing?
Sellevold—being chummy?
Shafer—not knowing his stuff?
Sherman—not prancing?
Sigtenhorst—reciting?
Simon—taking his time?
Smith—stop razzing the Seminar victims?
Sprafka—embarrassed?
Stahl—getting sore?
Stine—in the front row?
Sulaiman—not in the distress?
Sweeney—"shaking a leg?"
Sweetnam—agree with the Profs?
Tibbs—frowning?
Triplet—with signs of life in him?
Tyl—answering to the point?
Vorob—chummy?
Wesscl—wire-pulling?
Winner—absent minded?
Witous—in deep meditation?
Zilvitis—talking English?
Zimmer—dejected?
Miss Theiler—not rivaling a rose?
Miss Flynn—without that million-dollar smile?
Mrs. Priestley—out of temper?
Mrs. Wyneken—not on the job?
Mrs. Delling—without a kind word?
Mrs. Long—trying to boss anybody?
Mrs. Wessel—mispronouncing your name?
Miss Wittman—refusing to accept some "cash?"
John—with a smile on his manly face?
Bill—forgetting to call you "Doctor?"

And last of all
Won't you like to call
The Editor poor
A nasty boor?
Forgive his style,
Give him a smile,
Let's part kind friends!
What say ye, Gents?

"RAB"

The Dentos
1923



The Dentos

1923

The Want "Ad" Column

EDITED BY "RAB"

***Those who wish to respond to the ads printed below, please call in person. Come well armed and have an ambulance at hand. A Life Insurance Policy is very advisable.
—Editor.

WANTED!!! WANTED!!! WANTED!!!

- J. Kloboucnik*—A guaranteed, fast-working MUSTACHE tonic. Hurry! Hurry!
Graduation is near!
- W. H. Abrahams*—A good looking MASK—AT ONCE—to take graduation pictures in.
- J. Pavlin*—Private lessons in courting and flirting. Female teacher only, none above twenty need trouble themselves to apply.
- P. Brederle*—A detachable AUTOMATIC smile-producer—AT ONCE. A good cash price will be paid. Also royalty—a penny per smile produced! Big chance to raise a fortune!
- A. Corn*—Am in immediate need of an invisible soft pillow to be used during lecture-hours. Must be compact!
- J. O'Donoghue*—A chorus-beauty as a partner—to attract dental patients. Long contract and 50% of gross income! None, but BLONDES, will be considered.
- Chas. Ackerman*—For sale—several albums of pictures of old time sweethearts, of every color imaginable. Reason: jealous wife.
- Bob Jaffe*—The young lady, that appropriated my heart while in Extraction Room, please return it at once, as a better looking candidate is in the field. Liberal reward (in sterling KISSES) assured!
- H. Saposnick*—Wanted—a REVERSIBLE gown to serve as a working gown in day time, and a night gown at night. Second-hand preferred! Will buy two, if cheap!
- J. Lebow*—Wanted—a compact pocket-size self-speller to be used during all written exams. Must contain therapeutic terms, etc.
- M. J. Hoffman*—Will consider a position in a movie-studio for the role of a "bum". Am possessed of a great natural ability for the part, plus extensive experience. Terms must include: Three SQUARE meals, and a dozen ROUND drinks. For reference—see my "make-up" picture in last year's DENTOS.
- A. Gogolinsky*—Wanted—IMMEDIATELY—an adhesive wig, to match dark-brown eyes! Also a trim neat pair of eyebrows of same color as wig. Must fit perfectly, and not become loosened during the hot weather.
- W. Parker*—Will pay any reasonable price for a perpetual non-habit-forming brain stimulant. Must contain 99.99% of alcohol per volume, and be absolutely odorless.
- I. Vorob*—Wanted—pupils to take private lessons in courtesy. Results guaranteed.
- H. Etu*—LOST—my reputation. Finder please return it at once.
- A. Miller*—Will accept a position as a cigarette sales-manager. Must provide an unlimited supply of samples.
- M. Robin*—For sale—self adjusting rubber-padded STILTS, slightly used in dental practice.
- W. Keller*—A noted public speaker offers his services as a teacher in ELOCUTION, both classical and otherwise (mostly otherwise). Persons hard-on-hearing need not apply.
- M. Saposnik*—Found—a hair in Dudley's soup! Identify! Does not belong to Dudley, as there was no extra charge for it!

The Dentos

1923

- C. Geffert*—For rent—a wicked wink. Demonstration on request.
- J. Hirsch*—Lost—a priceless HEAD during the last Oral Surgery quiz. Finder please return. May keep the contents of the article.
- J. Sprafka*—Will sacrifice—an old-established bull-shooting stand on Lazy St., cor. Pull Ave. No book-worms need apply.
- J. Noskin*—Wanted—AT ONCE—an automatic TONGUE-BRAKE, to regulate speed in talking. Will pay monthly installments, if satisfied.
- M. Sulaiman*—Am in urgent need of a moderate HAREM! Also two eunuchs! Must be Mohammedan, and moderate in appetite! Phone: Distress-000, the Sheik of Alas.
- S. Needelman*—Wanted—a nifty dancing partner, to assist me in introducing the greatest dancing hit of the century—"the HORSE-TROT." Unprecedented success with the . . . farmers.
- P. Luomons*—WONDERFUL CURE FOR INSOMNIA!!! No dope, no opiates! Just attend my learned discussions, and in 5 minutes you're in the deepest slumbers! Apply: Seminar Class, Friday morning. Bring pillows along!!
- B. Baygood*—Wanted—a pocket Victrola, self-winding, self-adjusting. Also a set of records. None but classical music will be acceptable!
- B. Parlin*—Wanted—a complexion cream and a skin bleacher! Must be non-greasy and invisible.
- J. Shafer*—Introducing the new vaccine—"the Shafer Anti-Love Serum." The most wonderful results achieved in both Acute and Chronic LOVE-ITIS!! No married men treated!
- A. Pinns*—Just off the press—my latest treatise on "Nail-Polishing and Trouser-Creasing."
- J. Podwojski*—Wanted—a permanent gray-hair restorer. Also, a permanent marcel!
- H. Nare*—Will pay spot cash for an Arkansas stone to sharpen wits with occasionally! May be slightly used!
Editor's Note: For lack of suitable space the rest of the ads will be printed in next issue of the DENTOS.

The Four Best Sellers

Blue Book, Fisher's Anesthesia, Case's Orthodontia, and Wheeler's Handbook of Medicine.

Pearls come from the oyster but diamonds usually come from a poor fish.

And You Call 'em Friends

The fellow who finishes his meal first and then wraps up his napkin into a little ball and throws it into your coffee. He's your friend.

The fellow, who hearing you are not dated for the frat dance, offers you a wonderful girl, then she turns out to be a "flunk". He's your friend.

The fellow who invites you to play a game of "three cushion", his favorite indoor pastime, and succeeds in beating you every game before the bunch. He's your friend.

The fellow who, hearing you are not intending to go to the Prom arranges to borrow your dress suit and then takes your girl. He's your best friend.

The fellow that is always borrowing your instruments, and then forgets who he borrowed them from. He's your best friend.

"Cross-side," cried the pool player.

"Don't get personal," returned the bystander with the tricky orbs.

—M. J. H.

The Dentos
1923



AFTER EXAMS.—POST MORTEM

Senior Dent.—“Did you see Gregg sitting there, running his hands through his hair?”

Another—“What? He hasn’t more than half a dozen hairs in his head.”

First One—“Well then, he was running his hair through his fingers.”

“Good sir,” she whispered, “let us not
Treat this affair too lightly.”
He promptly rose and fixed the gas
To shine somewhat less brightly.

Melichar—“I like hot weather, don’t you?”

Kaulen—“When it gets too blamed hot to work, yes!”

Al—“You college men take life pretty easy.”

Bob—“Yes, even when we graduate, we do it by degrees.”

Patient at Clinic—“I’ve lost my appetite, what shall I do?”

Junior—“Swallow a spoon, and stir it up.”

Professor—Was delivering the final lecture of the term. He ended by saying: “The examination papers are now in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions to be asked?”

Silence prevailed. Suddenly a voice from the rear inquired: “Who is the printer?”

The Dentos

1923

A TRIBUTE TO US

No artist urge for him,
No lure of muse or hope of loud acclaim,
No juries to sway,
Nor any beat of drum to mark his way;
But just the dentist aim—
To ease a world from pain.

Parker—"A woman came into the infirmary the other day for dental work and she was so cross-eyed that the tears ran down her back."

Gregg—"What did you do for her?"

Parker—"I treated her for bacteria."

Dr. Logan—"What would you do for a patient who had a bullet in the ramus?"

Davitz—"Give him the powder, put a cap on him, then point him at anybody."

Dentist—"You say this tooth has never been filled and yet I find gold on my instrument."

Patient—"You must have struck my back collar button."

Following the line of least resistance is what makes men and rivers crooked.

She—"Yes, I will be yours on one condition."

Tibbs—"That's alright, I entered the senior year with four."

There are two kinds of jokes the students should laugh at, the funny ones and the ones the Profs. tell.

The latest news is that Noskin doesn't want to go to heaven.

Cohn—"What's the big idea?"

Noskin—"Business gone to hell."

FIZZ

Life has its little troubles,
And they never all relax;
The drink is mostly bubbles
And the charge is mostly tax.

SONG TO DUDLEY'S CAFETERIA

BY JAMES CASEY

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That the baked beans are all gone,
For I'm fairly faint with hunger,
I've been pounding foil for so long.
Give me, please, I pray thee give me
Just one good and unbent spoon;
Give me, rent me, loan me, buy me,
One straight fork with prongs unbent.

Place a tray of beans and 'taters,
On the narrow arm of one of these uncertain chairs,
Let me seat myself beside it,
Then depart and leave me happy
Eating Dudley's beans and pie.

The Dentos

1923

DICTIONARY FOR USE AT THE C. C. D. S. BY JAMES CASEY

Assistant—A friend during a quiz.

Assistant Demonstrator—An ass who tells you that the inferior mesenteric is a branch of the spermatic.

Class Spirit—A feeling of pride and gratefulness manifest during class activities.

Cram—To gorge the mind after a period of fasting.

Faculty—A troublesome clique who interfere with student enterprises.

Flunk—The process of changing from a four-year course to a five-year course.

Five-Year Man—One who cannot get through in four.

Hazing—An exchange of politeness between classes.

Hospitality—Passing up Freshmen.

Piker—A student who never misses a Thursday or Saturday night dance at the Dreamland but who can never see a class dance.

Pony—A beast of burden for traveling in unexplored territory.

Pool Shark—A student who can play pool every day yet kicks on the price of the Dentos.

Prosector—A student whose business is to cut off nerves after the Professor has dissected them.

Quiz—An instrument of torture that young doctors like to use on their betters.

Senior—A man who rides a pony in a race for a sheepskin.

Hand-Shaker—A gentleman who will get chalk or have the lights turned for the professor.

Val-e-dicto-ri-an—A wind instrument belonging to a graduating class.

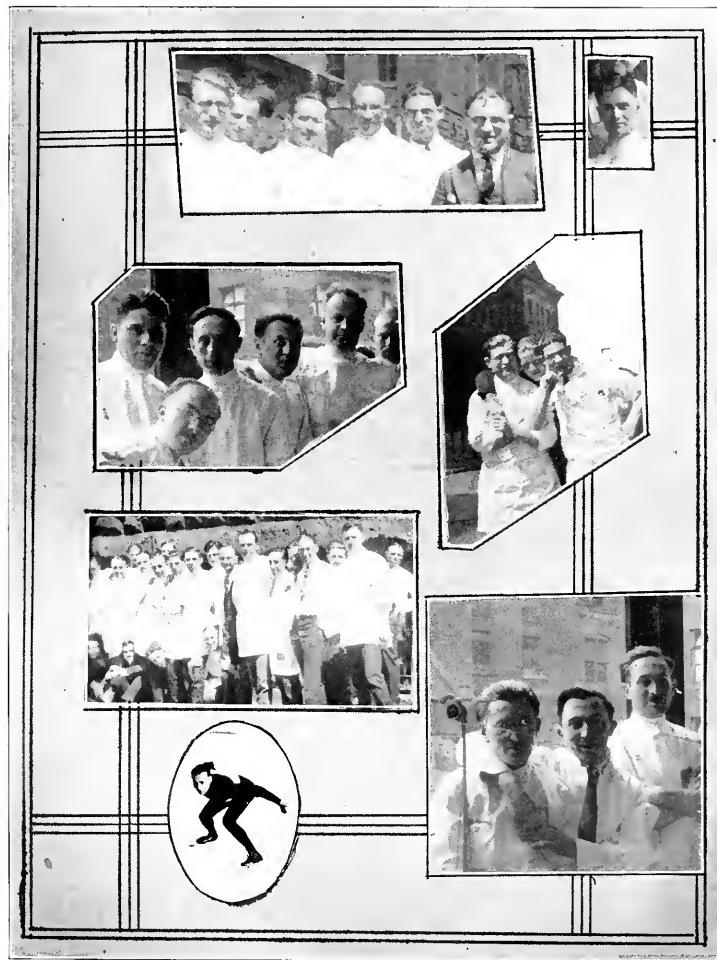
Class Boob—The student who never approves of class functions.

Rough-neck Day—A day on which all soiled linen is forcibly removed.



The Dentos

1923



The Dentos

1923

For Freshmen Only

Most amiable and gullible freshie,
Fired with high ambition.
Inspired with lofty ideals;
Just entering college—hark to these words;
Some sultry day next June
When you board the train for home,
You may sit next to a girl
Who doesn't mind the heat;
Whose elbow never jabs between
Your sixth and seventh ribs—
Whose conversation never stales,
And whose hair stays in place;
Whose temper is as sweet
At the end of the journey
As in the beginning.
If you meet such a girl, freshie,
Then do yourself proud;
Grab her—marry her,
You'll never be sorry.
But never mind, for after all
You won't meet her, because
It is a most regrettable fact
That she doesn't exist
And probably
Never will.

M. J. H.

WHY THE DENTOS EDITORS DRINK WOOD ALCOHOL?

I

How's the Dentos coming along?

II

SAMPLE POEM

Our Pinns who's so handsome,
Our Pinns full of vim—
Our Pinns who's so winsome,
The dames sure fell for him.

III

Is the humor section going to be funny?

IV

Where are my films?

V

When is the Dentos coming out?

VI

Member of the faculty (1). "Of course you're not allowing the Dentos to interfere with your studies."

Member of the faculty (2). "Don't think for a minute you are going to print any of those awful cartoons of me."

VIII—SAMPLE JOKES

As the railroad train was stopping an old lady not accustomed to traveling, hailed the passing conductor and asked:

"Conductor, what door shall I get out by?"

"Either one, ma'am," graciously answered the conductor. "The car stops at both ends."

The Dentos

1923

New Versions of Popular Songs

AULD LANG SYNE

Do you remember the west side, Cornwell,
West side of that wide open town,
Where sorrow grew pale as with foot on the rail,
We coated our tongues a dark brown?

Now the west side is naught but a graveyard Cornwell,
And the sign that once set us aquiver,
"Hennessey," "Hunter," "Three X" and "Old Crow,"
Now bleat of near beer and "Green River."

STUMBLING

Malleting all around, Malleting all around,
Malleting all around that filling,
Malleting here and there,
Malleting everywhere.
And I must declare
I built that filling up beautifully,
I took it in to C. N.
I felt proud
And told him that was my very best.
That's my very best,
That's my very best,
Doctor Johnson.
Notice all the contour, Notice all the polish, Notice all the condensation.
He said, "My boy, that's beautiful."
"I like it just a little bit, just a little bit, quite a little bit."

PERFECT DAY

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts,
When the points come out and say
How well that mouth you've worked.
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to every tired son?
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And our diploma we've won.

HE DIDN'T KNOW WITH WHOM HE WAS SPEAKING

The third section of the Senior Class and Dr. Logan enjoyed a good laugh one Tuesday afternoon at the Cook County Hospital Clinic. A patient from whose lower lip Dr. Logan had removed a carcinoma two weeks previously, presented himself for examination. After explaining the operation to the class, Dr. Logan asked the patient how he was feeling

He answered. "I am feeling fine, doctor, and I asked some one who knows about this here work, and he said it was a good job."

Doctor—"I suppose you have trouble in the joints."

Mike—"Quite often—I was thrown out of one last night."

The Dentos

1923

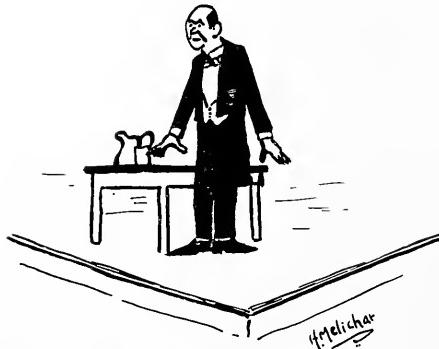
LISTEN!

If you want to belong to the kind of a school
That's the kind of a school you like,
Don't go pack your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll find elsewhere what you left behind,
'Cause there's nothing that's very new.
It's knock at yourself when you knock at your school,
For it isn't your school—it's you.

NIX

You sing a little song or two,
You have a little chat,
You make a little candy fudge,
And then you take your hat;
You hold her hand and say good bye,
As sweetly as you can.
Oh, ain't this a wondrous evening,
For a great big healthy man?

FUTURE SEMINARISTS.
ALA PROF. KELLER



Amendments, the 18th

Tell me not in cheerful numbers,
Life is all it used to be.
Tell me not that my thirst slumbers,
It's as fierce as fierce can be.
Life is dreary, life is hopeless,
There's no solace far or near.
Once I, too, was gay and mopeless,
That was e'er they served near beer.

The Dentos

1923

Museum of Pathological Monstrosities

Collected and Edited by
M. A. GALPERN ("RAB").

* * * The unusual cases herewith recorded have been observed, examined and studied during the year of '22-'23, spent by the author among a tribe of candy-bals called "Seniors." The new and much in vogue among these savages, "Macro-goggle" was used in slide study with . . . heart-breaking success. The diagnosis was arrived at chiefly by means of percussion with a . . . sledge-hammer; auscultation . . . by Radio; and gentle palpitation by . . . armored fists. The result of the treatment recommended was very gratifying as all but one case cleared out . . . for Hades.

THE EDITOR.

Case No. I—Plasmodium Catarrhalis LUOMONS-enia.

Diagnosis: Incontinence of . . . Speech.

Symptoms: Excessive garrulity, arising spontaneously and unprovoked. The patient becomes restless, jumps to the "pit," and a stunning eruption of *cloudy* ideas ensues. The phrases are . . . emaciated; the deli very resembles rather closely . . . vomiting; and a sickening nausea pervades in . . . the audience. The seizures last indefinitely until the . . . audience collapses. Characteristic appearance of the patient during the fit: Face, dumbfounded; eyes, confounded; hair a-bristle; and an extremely profuse word-orrhea. In general the patient resembles very closely one in Rambling Delirium.

Prognosis: Fair.

Treatment: Prophylactic: At the first sign of the developing disease administer an intra-cranial injection of Liquoris Sensis Horsis, full dose.

Surgical: In the early stages perform the brain-grafting operation of Cow&Calf. In the advanced stages the only permanent curative measure is radical and complete glossotomy by an experienced *veterinarian*.

Case No. II—Microfiguri Magnomindus ROBIN-isis.

Diagnosis: Adolescent Ehairvescent Scalp-oma.

Symptoms: Progressive thickening of the head and voice with corresponding thinning-out of the Curli Scalpae. The scalp becomes covered with bare desert-like glistening spots. The reflection of light falling upon these shiny PROMONTORIES produces an aureole around the patient's head similar to that previously attributed to saints, to which noble title the patient has neither right nor inclination. As the deciduous Curli are shed rapidly and no permanent set appears, the patient's forehead assumes dimension of great sagacity and wisdom, which is absolutely in contradiction with true state of affairs. A very outstanding symptom of this disease is extreme itching of the . . . lower extremities as evidenced by the utter inability of the patient to control their movements, resulting in a great tendency for dancingitis and shimmyosis.

Prognosis: Good, if the case is taken early.

Treatment: Daily shampoo with . . . Kitchen Kleanzer; scalp massage with pumice and scalpo-lustra. To improve the esthetic appearance of the patient, who is otherwise quite noodlewise, paint the hair-deserted Os Frontalis with a non-fading paint to match the original amber colored hairicles.

Case No. III—Actinomycosis Macroglossia KANGASoma.

Diagnosis: Acute Inter-quizzical Parrot-itis (*not* Mumps).

Symptoms: Symptoms evidence themselves only during the delicate brain analysis of the patient indulged in by the inquisitive tortures, named "Prophs." The patient's face turns immediately anemic, which is at once supplanted by a state of active and excessive hyperemia, resulting in the face assuming successfully all the delicate hues of the proverbial rainbow. There occurs a sudden stenosis of the Larynx; total paralysis of the Musculi Glossi; and a flooding effusion of Fluidi Sudorifici, descending in streams and torrents. Rales, rhonchi, and other characteristic sounds issue from the widely distended mouth. The patient soon evidences a wicked tendency to imitate his congenial and helping neighbors, repeating *slowly and aloud* what they whisper at him. Fits of coughing are very frequent and are characterized by the patient's poking his neighbor with the elbows. The cough seems to relieve the Larynx, as the patient is able then for a brief interval to articulate a few sounds resembling words. The spasm disappears as soon as the Proph begins the torturing of the next victim. Great muscular prostration follows the fit, and leaves the patient for some time in a state of mild stupor.

Prognosis: Good.

Treatment: Nerve transplantation—from Melichar; wit transfusion—from Abrahams.

Case No. IV—Jacitation Cerebri KLOBOUCNIKoma.

Diagnosis: Malignant Moustache-oma.

Symptoms: Occurs chiefly in the spring, affecting most of the Senior tribe. In the case under consideration the patient has suddenly developed an extreme barberphobia, especially as relating to the Labium Superiorum. The virus was no doubt transmitted to the patient by means of personal contact with both Labii of a certain young person of the . . . eh . . . eh . . . tender sex, who, contrary to the laws of Biology, evidenced a rather conspicuous neoplasm of hairy structure just under the nose. On the day following the incubation, a erythematous RASH appeared on the Lab. Super., resembling very much in delicacy and softness those of the . . . porcupine. The rash spread rapidly to the Alae Nasi, and due to the irritation thus set up paroxysms of . . . sneezing were induced. The general appearance of the patient is symptomatic; hypertrophy of the . . . voice (deep basso); extreme twitching of the eyes . . . at the girls; somnambulism . . . till 4 o'cl. in the morning; curseulent discharge from the oral cavity, resembling that of . . . a real man; and more or less wasting of the . . . pocketbook.

Prognosis: Doubtful.

Treatment: Resection of the Cardiae Musculi to enable the extraction of

The Dentos

1923

the Cupid-arrow; excision of the Moustacheoma from the Lab. Sup. by a skilled *chiropractor*; daily administration of Liquoris Whiski . . . by imbibing freely, and Phenolis 95% by inunction on the lip affected.

Case No. V—Trismus Tetani TRIPETenia.

Diagnosis: Acute Idea-STASIS.

Symptoms: Atrophy of the tongue (we've never seen it nor heard its vibrations); loss of powers of . . . COMPREHENSION; Prof's phobia, as evidenced by tremors of the mandible during the quizz-periods; complete sterility of the Idea-secretory apparatus, accompanied by pernicious silence-ia and hyper-timidity.

Prognosis: Will probably recover.

Treatments: Nightly excursions to . . . Dreamland; vigorous exercise of . . . lower extremities; internally—an intramuscular injection of Extracti Pepi Americani.

Case No. VI—Aphodisiacus CORN-ua.

Diagnosis: Chronic NARCOLEPSY (sleeping disease).

Symptoms: Complete muscular prostration during class hours; marked inability to keep eyes open; sonorous, high pitched nasal murmurs; occasional brief wakefulness accompanied with violent spasms of yawning.

[Note: The disease appears to be very contagious. Epidemics, especially during the late lecture hours, are very common.]

Prognosis: Favorable, if treatment be instituted early . . . in the morning.

Treatment: A jazz-band concert during all lecture hours. In incipient cases a large dose of Pulveris Capsicum administered by inhalation through the nose will clear up the case.

Case No. VII—Whoop Anastomosis LUETY-nia.

Diagnosis: Hypertrophy of Cordae Vocali.

Symptoms: Deafening roars issuing on attempting to speak; face deeply congested; eyeballs protruding; sounds are either high pitched and shrill, or low-rumbling and thundering. General appearance of the patient—that of apoplexy.

Prognosis: Grave, not for the patient, but for his hearers; cases of total deafness have been repeatedly recorded following the attempts of the patient to deliver himself of his thoughts.

Treatment: Prophylactic only; the patient should be gagged every time he attempts to speak.

Case No. VIII—Jerkitis Malignæ NOSKIN-us.

Diagnosis: Chronic Tachyphrasis (*).

Symptoms: Excessive dilation of Cavum Oris, the opened mouth extending from ear to ear; tongue in a state of rapid tremor, slightly hypertrophied, due to the great and continuous exercise of the glossal muscles; face flushed; nostrils distended; general appearance while speaking —that of Ritus Sardonicus.

Prognosis: Doubtful, often terminating fatally, by the patient talking himself and his hearers to death.

Treatment: Surgical: Suture the corners of the mouth to make the opening of normal size.

Psychotherapy: Instruction in elocution by a competent nurse (young and pretty, of course).

*Tachyphrasia—very rapid speech.

Case No. IX—Meningitis Jaculiferous PINCUSenia. ("Pinkie").

Diagnosis: Infantile Delirium Diurnum.

Symptoms: Spasmodic convulsions of the Lingum with an uncontrollable desire for babbling; the speech is of a scolding type and impregnated with malignant "cussin"; the trend of ideas is incoherent and sporadic; voice, blurring; eyes, glaring; anger, above normal; wit, below par; pulse, boiling; and, in general, progressive YELLOW degeneration.

Prognosis: Favorable, if treatment is carried on persistently.

Treatment: At the first sign of the fit, submerge the patient head downwards into a tub of icy water. Repeat from four to six times, till patient recovers a peaceful state of mind.

Case No. X—AN-HAIR-penia Filamentia GOGOLINSkoma.

Diagnosis: Total and complete alopecia.

Symptoms: Complete, permanent atrophy of the erstwhile Flagellae Crani; glossy, glazy, and glistening scalp; in general, close resemblance to a billiard ball.

Prognosis: Hair-raisingly hopeless!

Treatment: Palliative only—by perpetual WIG-GRAFTING.

Case No. XI—Jaundice Morbilli O-DONOHUemia.

Diagnosis: Acute Spring Fever.

Symptoms: Extreme girlomania; profound flirtophilia; accelerated winking; very high love-count.

Prognosis: Very unfavorable; great danger of matrimonial complications.

Treatment: Prompt isolation in a . . . pool-room; thorough drainage of . . . the pocketbook; liberal administration of Spiritus POKER-enti; and daily vigorous massage of the Musculi Glutei Maximi.

Case No. XII—Morgue Mandrel SAPOZNICoccus.

Diagnosis: General progressive Adipose-ititis.

Symptoms: Fatty degeneration of the gray matter, resulting in increase of weight to 499 lbs. Outstanding symptoms: prolapse of the abdomen, heavy breathing (onion-like), oedema of the face, elephantiasis of Limbi Superiores et Inferiores, recession of the eyes, etc.

Prognosis: Fatal within . . . the next 59 years!

Treatment: To be placed immediately on DUDLEY'S diet; to sustain the heart . . . nightly excursions to Ziegfeld's Follies.

Case No. XIII—Trombus Rachitis CAYLEYosis.

Diagnosis: Chronic Peace-ophobia.

Symptoms: Sporadic muscular convulsions accompanied by pandemonium, principally during the lecture hours.

Prognosis: May recover.

Treatment: Surgical: Resection from Sprafka's GANGlion.

Medicinal: Immediate administration of Diplome dentis, full strength.

The Dentos

1923

Case No. XIV—Maniacus Hindo-leggus SULAIMANDRA.

Diagnosis: Remittent Status Calamitus.

Symptoms: Onset is sudden; the patient while working on the erstwhile "points," evidences a voracious appetite for hugging irrespective of the age of the victim. As the victim resists, the Calamitus in his great excitement sticks the explorer in the victim's tonsils, punctures the nivula, drills in into the hard palate, attempts to stop the ensuing hemorrhage by irrigating the wound with Phenolis 95%, following this up by hugging, pleading, and other Oriental stunts. The fit terminates by a profuse effusion of the Fluidi Lachrymalis, loud nasal trumpeting, and *pro-lapse of the tongue*. Cold sweating is rather common.

Prognosis: Bad!

Treatment: Prompt and life-long seclusion in a Harem; immediate change of climate, preferably to that of Turkey.

Case No. XV—GANGlion Bulbosum SPRAFKAema.

Diagnosis: Chronic Status Bull-shootica.

Symptoms: Patient is self-deceived as to his mental state, asserting that he is perfectly SANE!! Eagerly talks on any subject, using *obsolete* phrases; or spends lecture hours in deep cogitation on vanity of . . . bluffing and the wickedness of the . . . point system. Appearance, when speaking, is very characteristic; lower extremities widely separated; head thrown upwards and backwards; eyes swiftly rolling—in all a close resemblance to . . . a FISH peddler!

Prognosis: Fatal, the patient usually succumbing to an attack of the infuriated audience!

Treatment: Similar to that of Tetanus, viz.: at the first evidence of the approaching fit put the patient into deep anaesthesia by a moderate left-hook to the Symphysis Mandibulae, or, still better, by a gentle tap on the Fontanelle with a . . . lead pipe!

Case No. XVI—Dyspnea Jekunitis McCULLOUGHemia.

Diagnosis: Stubborn Chronic BELCHitis.

Symptoms: Very distressing to the . . . neighbors! Occur abruptly and spasmodically; the patient, while indulging in his favorite occupation—sweet slumbers—is crudely awakened by threatening rumbles in the subcutaneous depths of the . . . Solar Plexus. The rumbling increases in volume and timber, assuming alarming proportions. Violent . . . abdomen-quakes follow with terrific trembling of the . . . umbilicus! The overtaxed Tractus Digesticus is in a riotous commotion, the shaking increases in intensity, and a violent BELCH-ING eruption ensues, accompanied by tornadoes of unperfumed gases, and torrents of . . . frothy saliva. The patient passes through all stages of cacophonia, starting with pianissimo, and terminating rather fortissimo with a thundering, ear-splitting W-H-O-O-P! General symptoms: pulse, pussy; face, fussy; forehead, glossy; the patient as a whole very TOSSY!!

Prognosis: Discouraging . . . to the neighbors (as the patient has great chances to survive!).

Treatment: Prophylactic: Instruct the patient to . . . belch into his sleeve! Instruct the neighbors to wear . . . gas-masks!

Medicinal: Externally: administration of BLACK-EYE salve, by Kochansky; internally: administer per aurum a daily dose of Fluidextracti Refinedi Manneri, by ETU.

Case No. XVII—Acromegalus MILLERismus.

Diagnosis: Ulcerative Cigarettitis.

Symptoms: Onset is . . . prodigious, characterized by pitiful contortions of the . . . noble (!) features, extreme dilatation of the palm of the hand in the direction of a smoking classmate, and a gentle imploring . . . neighing, best simulated by the syllables: "GIM-me! Gim-me!" As the disease progresses, the "borrowing" fits become more frequent; the sense of decorum is partially inhibited; and memory completely atrophied; the patient is obsessed with the idea that buying "smokes" is unethical, while borrowing is a virtue! In the later stages the symptoms are very aggravated; there is constipation of the . . . brain; "spicy" degeneration of the thought; complete intolerance of . . . buying "smokes"; alarmingly low temperature . . . when asked for a "cig"; great congestion of the . . . pockets with borrowed stuff; and marked incontinence of . . . anger and profanity. The pulse is puny, the face is funny, the forehead, stony; the patient as a whole, very clowny!

Prognosis: Horrible . . . as there is inevitable danger of bankruptcy of the entire Senior tribe in the hopeless effort of satiating the voracious appetite of the patient for borrowed "cigs."

Treatment: Must be instituted at the first intimation of the onset.

Prophylactic: Treat the patient with "smokes" impregnated with H₂S gas. [Note: Keep windows wide open for fear of . . . suffocation.]

Medicinal: Clean the system of the accumulated habit by:

1. A thorough piping-hot Turkish bath (externally).
2. A pint of Castor Oil (internally). Follow up by immediate marriage to a hot-baby of about 45 years of age and bony of figure! Must be strong of arm and hard of hearing!

Case No. XVIII—Ischemia Jugularis STAHLpenia.

Diagnosis: Risolepsy (laughing disease).

Symptoms: Rather unusual. The onset is sudden and unprovoked. The patient's lips suddenly contract, the cheeks distend to the size of a . . . barrel, the nostrils collapse, the eyeballs prolapse, and face is startlingly similar to that of an owl. The cyanosis is alarming and the agony of . . . suspension of the onlookers out of order. The patient soon is seized by a violent fit of swaying to and fro, imitating the notorious Hindu fakirs (in plain slang, fakers!) by looking at . . . nothing in particular, and professing seeing something ludicrous in . . . nobody! In a minute or two the lips relax, and the roaring guffaw shakes . . . the building to its foundation. There follows a great variety of facial contortions most vividly depicting the . . . Status Dementiae. The fit dies out slowly, passing through all known and many unknown stages of laughter, including the . . . wail of the babe and the giggle of the . . . fathead. The fit leaves the patient in a state of happy hallucination and perpetual . . . grin, with cheeks relaxed, the mouth widely open, and eyes suffused with eh . . . eh . . . sweet tears.

The Dentos

1923

Prognosis: Unfavorable, as there is great danger of . . . rupture of the abdomen during the side-splitting paroxysms.

Treatment: Prophylactic:

1. Compulsory attendance . . . to Luomons' discussions.

2. Daily airing of the Chamber Braini with a . . . vacuum cleaner.

Medicinal: Transfusion of Serum Gloomi . . . from Herm. Inoculation with Bacillus Worii, from Andelman.

Case No. XIX—Hiccoughia Hightonia MELICHA Roma.

Diagnosis: Pernicious NERVEmia.

Symptoms: Extensive hypertrophy of the so-called "NERVE" as evidenced by bold bluffing and loud snuffing. There is great curdling of the speech and souring of the features. The patient is ever obsessed with the idea of his great importance, which is in *direct opposition* to prevailing opinion of the tribe. The most outstanding symptoms are: Bearing, a la peacock; eyes, a la Valentino; mustache, a la Kaiser Bill; general appearance of the patient is that of Duke of Dreamland! In the late stage of the disease there is a marked tendency for spontaneous fracture of the mandible due to continuous snapping at everybody!

Prognosis: Good for nothing!

Treatment: Immediate seclusion in a female monastery. Administration of Anti-toxini Arroganci as performed by Kochansky on Curry, using a double dose.

Due to lack of space, the author is unable to enumerate the other unusual, and, so far, unrecorded cases of great pathological antics, as observed in the year of '23 among the aforementioned tribe. There is, however, no doubt in the author's *clouded* mind that some future *fellow maniac* of subtler wit and deeper insight than himself will assume the ungrateful task of being made the bull's-eye mark of the infuriated and revengeful savages—the candy-verous Seniors of '23, whose past, present, and, let's hope, future have no equals in the annals of TEETHDOM!! Amen! And may we all amend!

THE FEMININE WHEEL

At six—"Nice mans,"

At ten—"Carry my books."

At sixteen—"I'll ask Mother."

At twenty—"Don't be so slow."

At twenty-five—"Do call me up."

At forty-five—"Nice mans."

I'd rather be a Could Be if I could not be an Are,

For a Could Be is a May Be, with a chance of reaching par.

I'd rather be a Has Been than a Might Have Been by far,

For a Might Have Been has never been, but a Has was once an Are!

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business
One is that they have no mind, the other that they have no business.

The Dentos

1923

ADVICE FOR SPRING

All couples beware of cheap hammocks.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the one that cradles the rocks.

They were standing outside the front door having a final chat after his evening call.

He was leaning against the door post, talking in low, dulcet tones.

She was listening and gazing up into his eyes.

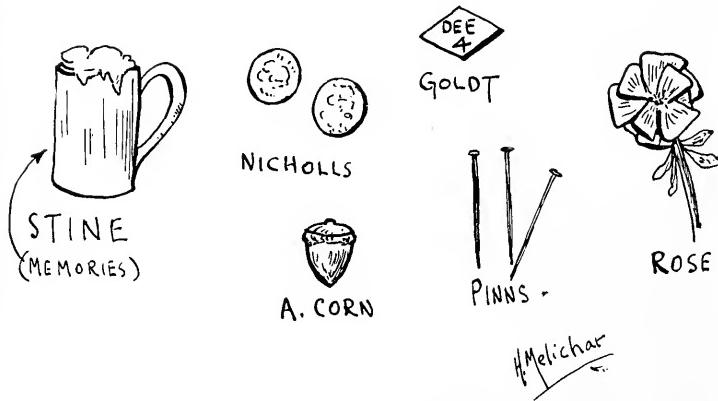
Suddenly she turned around. The door had opened, and there stood her father, clad in a dressing gown.

"My dear father," she asked. "What is the trouble?"

Her dear father ignored the question.

"Doc," he said, "you know I've never complained about your staying late, and I'm not going to start now, but for goodness sake stop leaning on the door bell. Other people want to sleep even if you don't."

→ MAKE-UP OF SENIOR CLASS ←



JUST LIKE A WOMAN

A summer's night and, yes, the moon,
A maid, impassioned fellow—
There was a softly spoken word
That showed no streak of yellow.

Again the maid, another night,
Same moon, thus far 'tis well.
Oh, but if we took another look
We'd see—another fellow.

The Dentos
1923



Chaperones



The Dentos

1923

MY KINGDOM FOR:

Little Tommy had a hobby
At the tender age of four,
And his hobby was a horsey
Which he rode upon the floor.

Tommy later came to college,
Still his hobby was a horse.
This he used to great advantage
Trotting through his dental course.

J. T. K. C.

I WONDER?

If Kaulen has dollars has George Nichols?
When Hoffman joins the K. K. K. Willie Lynch?
If Herman Nare brought a Rose would it get Mary's ire?
You can't guess how glad we shall be when the Stine comes back again.
If Needelman used Pinns would he Pincus?
Does a Robin eat Corn? Ask the Millers?
The Millers say they eat Cornwell.
If Kochanski raced would he be the Winner?
If Chicago is a Goldberg is the Hague?
If "GUS" needed a dress would Bernard Knitter one?
If Anna washed her gowns would she use Lux?
How can Ebert like Gary without a Parker a Hill?
"H. E"tu thinks Rudolph A. Mahns ideal.
It takes biG effort to insert a special test filling.
If he were out in points would Ivan Stahl?
When Carmichael takes notes does he use "Gregg?"
If Noskin had a wife would Joseph Shafer?
If we had a new infirmary floor would it be made of Tyl?
When pictures are dim Dr. Puterbaugh advises Morrey.

J. T. K. C.?

SAME OLD GAME

BY JAMES CASEY

He was a guileless college youth,
That mirrored modesty and truth.
And sometimes to his musty room
His sister called to chase the gloom.
One afternoon when she was there,
Arranging things with kindly care,
As often she had done before,

There came a knock upon the door.
Our student, sensitive to fears
Of thoughtless comrades' laughing jeers,
Had only time to make deposit
Of his dear sister in a closet,
Then haste the door to open wide;
His guest unbidden stepped inside.

The Dentos - 1923

He was a cheery faced old man,
And with apologies began
For calling, and then let him know
That more than fifty years ago,
When he was in his youthful bloom,
He'd occupied that very room;
So thought he'd take the chance, he said,
To see the changes time had made.

"The same old window, same old view,
Ha, ha, the same old pictures, too,
And then he tapped them with his cane,
And laughed his merry laugh again.
"The same old sofa, I declare,
Dear me! It must be worse for wear.
The same old shelves!" And then he came
And spied the closet door. "The same—"
Oh, my! A woman's dress peeped through.
Quick as he could he closed it to.
He shook his head. "Ah! Ah! The same
Old game, young man, the same old game."



The Dentos

1923

Seen and Heard

At Mrs. Delling's Window:

Nare—Waits for minutes, without speaking a word.

Mrs. Delling (puzzled)—“Did you want something of ME, Mr. Nare?”

Nare (in his usual scared manner)—“Eh—eh, I want to be sterilized, please!”

In Crown and Bridge Dept.:

Shafer—“Say, Sap, would you advise in this case a 3/4 crown?”

M. Sapoznik (with a knowing mien) “If I do not misapprehend your question, and taking in consideration the appalling absorption, atrophy, destruction and . . . and . . . eh, . . . well, I'd suggest the 4/4 crown!”

Junior (anxious to display his knowledge)—“What the H. . . . , make a 5/4 crown! Don't you see it is indicated here?”

Editor's Note—On post-mortem it was discovered that the deceased junior was afflicted with acute Insolence-itis, so prevalent in infants, as evidenced by the entire Junior Class.

In the Thursday morning rush:

Corn (in his great hurry steps on McDonald's favorite corn);

“Did I hurt you? Beg your pardon!”

Mac (fiercely)—“Ouch! Corn stepped on my corn! Darn the Corn!”

During Dr. Hall's Lectures:

Dr. Hall—“In taking lower impressions always instruct your patient to protrude the tongue so that”

Abrahams (interrupting)—“What if the patient has carcinoma at the base of the tongue, eh?”

Dr. Hall (lecturing on principles of denture retention)—“Don't you know physics at all?”

Abrahams (spontaneously)—“Sure, Pluto Water!!”

In Therapeutics:

Dr. Puterbaugh—“Kochanski, what is your idea of the formation of serumal calculus?”

Kochanski—“The blood is whipped up, and foams up, and precipitates, eh.”

Dr. Puterbaugh—“Casey, tell us what an expectorant is?”

Casey (after deep meditation)—“An expectorant is a thing that increases the flow of . . . saliva!”

Emeritus Officers of the '23 Class:

Emeritus Chair-Carrier—Bert MacDonald.

Emeritus Chalk-Fetcher—Matthias Hoffman.

Emeritus Class-Goat—Mohamed Sulaiman.

Emeritus Gloom-Leader—Harry Sapoznik.

Emeritus Wire-Puller—Grover Sprafka.

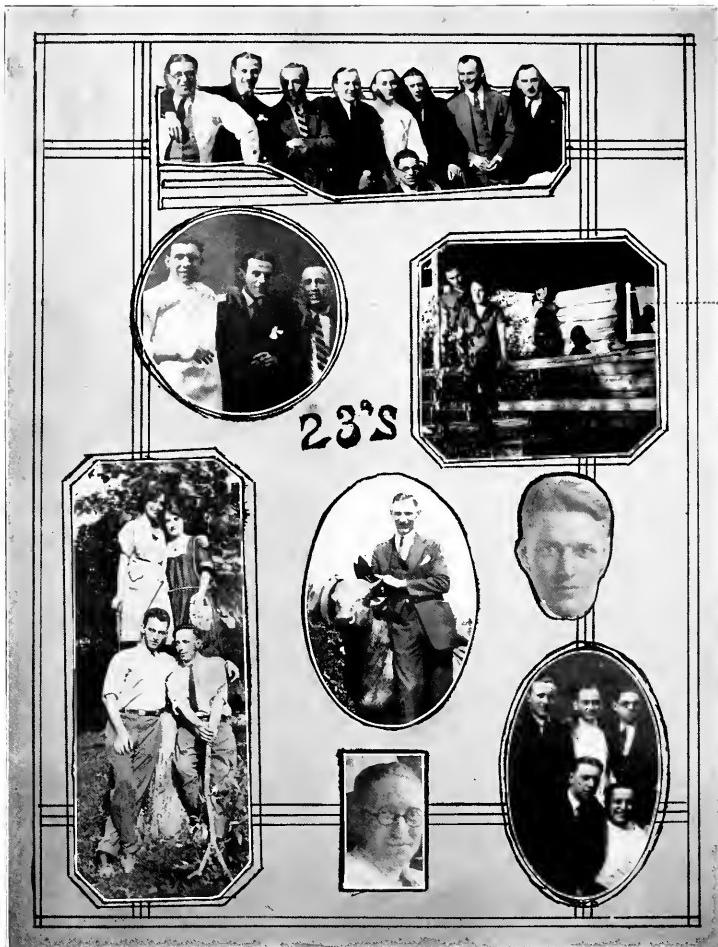
Emeritus Sheik—Henry Melichar.

Emeritus Skirt-Chaser—Bob Jaffe.

Emeritus Fuss-Maker—Tom Cayley.

The Dentos

1923



The Dentos
1923

Asepsis

A Playlet in One Act and Three Scenes.

By CECIL A. HAYES, CLASS '23.

Time—The Present.

Place—Lawn of Superior Maxilla.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Round Bur.
First Superior Bi-Cuspid.
Barbed Broach.
First Twisted Reamer.
Second Twisted Reamer.
Old Infection (Arch Villain).
Streptococcus Aureus . . . } Compatriots of Old Infection.
Streptococcus Viridans . . . }
Formo-Cresol—Avowed enemy of Old Infection.
Compound Tinc. Iodine—Friend of Formo-Cresol.
Modified Eucalyptol.
Second Superior Cuspid and Second Bi-Cuspid—Neighbors and
Sympathizers of First Bi-Cuspid.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Round Bur—"There is much work for me to do here today."
(Works away arduously for a few minutes, then suddenly enters into the pulp chamber.)

First Bi.—"Ouch! Gee Whiz! You certainly gave me a fright. I thought you were going all the way to the apex."

Round Bur—"Never fear. I am perfectly harmless. I only wanted to prepare the way for some of my co-workers and friends who should soon be here."

Enter Barbed Broach—"Well what have we here?"
(Works diligently, gives a few short twists and comes out bringing the pulp with him.)

First Bi (turning toward pulp)—"Well I am certainly glad I'll have no more trouble with you."

The Pulp—"Oh! You can't kid me. I always treated you right. It's only because I have been 'mistreated'. That's what made me act up so these last few days. I'll be the death of you."

Enter First Reamer—"Gee, but this is a tight place, I can do very well here if they only give me enough time. With the aid of Phenol-Sulphonic I know I can soon reach my destination."

(First Reamer and Phenol-Sulphonic work together and soon reach the apex.)

Second Reamer (boastfully)—"Let me try a while I am larger than you and therefore I think I can do more work. I expect some followers and I know they expect me to make room for them. Hully Gee! This is certainly a pipe. Number One certainly blazed the trail. Well, I know I am important even if I am not Number One."

(Makes a few twists then suddenly finds himself caught. Tries his best to extricate himself when suddenly he breaks at the middle.)

First Bi.—"Now see what you've done? I can't even expect to be useful with you hanging around."

Second Reamer—"Stop your crying. I am at least a friendly enemy. You had better be mighty glad Old Infection hasn't come here to dwell. He will give you fits for sure. I am at least aseptic."

The Dentos

1923

First Bi.—"Aseptic, ha! ha! that's what they all say. (Hist) Here comes Old Infection now."

(Enter Old Infection with Compatriots Streptococcus aureus and Streptococcus Viridans.)

Old Infection—"Well friends, we ought to have a good time here. Remember I am monarch of all I survey."

(They immediately set to work.)

First Bi.—"Well I'll fix you. I'll call for help."

(Sends out S. O. S. for Formo-Cresol.)

Formo Cresol (arriving post haste)—"I am very sorry, but I can't be of much help until you rid yourself of the remains of Number 2 Reamer."

First Bi. (wringing his hands)—"How can I get rid of him? I have implored him to go and he retaliated by saying there were worse things than he. I do believe he is to blame for Old Infection coming here to annoy me and Old Infection has raised such a large family since he has been here."

Formo Cresol—"Why don't you send for Comp. Tinc. Iodine? I'll bet he makes old Number Two get out. It's tedious work too, but he is a glutten for work."

First Bi.—(Sends out a call for Comp. Tinc. Iodine. He arrives shortly and silently goes to work.)

SCENE II

First Bi.—"Now, I do believe I feel better. I am certainly deeply grateful to you for suggesting Comp. Tinc. to me. That saucy old Number Two acted as if he was just determined to stay here."

Formo-Cresol—"Aha! Now here is where we go after Old Infection."

(Sets to work with a will, soon routs Old Infection and he leaves bag and baggage.)

Formo-Cresol—"Well, my work is ended."

First Bi.—"Many thanks to you. I know now I can get my house in order. I can send for Modified Eucalyptal. He will make everything sweet and clean. He is so thorough that he just racks me to pieces but that is what counts."

Second Bi. and Cuspid—(Neighbors and sympathizers of First Bi.)

Second Bi.—"Did you hear about the trouble our neighbor has been having?"

Cuspid—"Did I hear about it? I couldn't miss hearing about it. I hear Old Infection paid him a visit."

Second Bi.—"Yes, I heard the same thing, but Old Infection didn't come without an invitation. I heard that Old Number 2 Reamer invited him."

Cuspid—"Well, I guess our neighbor is getting on all right now, because I just heard that Modified Eucalyptol is there and you know any time he is on the job things must be O. K."

SCENE III—(Three Days Later)

First Bi.—(Meets his neighbors) "Did you hear about the trouble I had?"

Neighbors—"We could not help knowing of your trouble, we too have felt the effect of Old Infection and haven't had a good nights sleep in the last ten."

First Bi.—"Well this certainly should be a lesson to all of us. Infection is a persistent old cuss and if it hadn't been for my good friends Formo-Cresol and Comp. Tinc. Iodine I do believe we would all have been wrecked—a word to the wise is sufficient."

CURTAIN

Dr. Johnson—"I object to the term "pound" gold foil. What is a better word?"

Zimmer—"Sock 'em in!"

Dr. Johnson—"Mr. Tyl, what are the dangers of a rubber dam clamp?"

Tyl—"Eh—eh—it might loosen the tooth in the socket and—"

Dr. Johnson—"That's enough, that's enough!"

The Dentos

1923

Bed Time Stories

C. C. D. S.—BROADCASTING

McDonald—“Every time she smiles it reminds me of a Pullman car at eight o'clock in the evening.”

Morrey—“How's that?”

McDonald—“No lowers and very few uppers left.”

Schuyler stepped into a barber shop one morning to be shaved. After the operation was over he continued to occupy the chair, and the barber, thinking he had dozed off, gently reminded him by asking “Asleep, sir?”

Schuyler started. “Heavens no!” he exclaimed. “I'm not asleep but I am terribly shortsighted. When I took my glasses off I was no longer able to see myself in the mirror, and naturally I supposed I had gone home!”

A. Cohn placed a ladder against the side of the house, and then called his son Abie, aged twelve, and made him mount to the top. “Now jump,” commanded Cohn.

“I'm frightened,” replied Abie.

Cohn held out his arms. “Do as papa tells you—jump—papa is here.”

Finally Abie did jump. Cohn stepped aside and Abie fell with a bump.

“Let that teach you a lesson never to trust anybody,” said Cohn.

A man I know kicked up a row
That stirred the neighbors' wrath:
He walked up to a lady cow
And slyly pinched her calf.

“How did you get your mustache in this condition?” asked the barber. “Guess I'll have to take it off.”

Lux.—“All right. I tried to steal a kiss from a girl who was chewing gum.”

Dr. Logan (speaking to the Seniors)—“All my success, all my financial prestige I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck.”

Abrahams—“But how are we to find the right people to pluck?”

JAY, EX-ED.

Dr. Johnson—“Does anybody know how to prevent the slipping of a clamp rootwise?”

Kloboucnik—“Remove the bell-shaped part of the tooth!”

Dr. McBoyle—“Mr. Cayley, how do you treat a coping before running up a model?”

Cayley—“Treat 'em rough!”

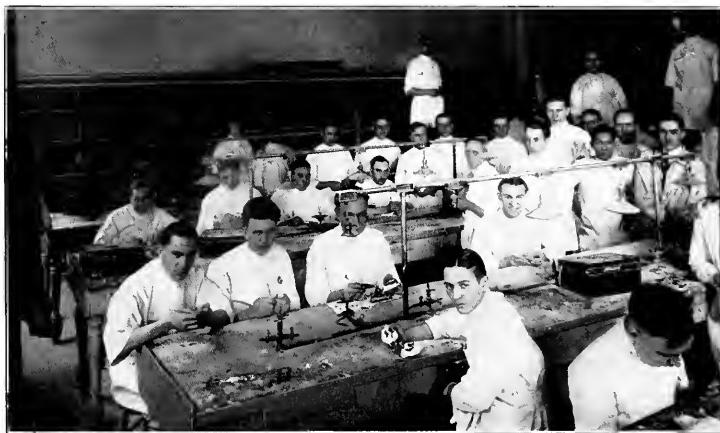
Anna Mistarz (fussing about her photo-proofs)—“Darn it! I'll have to take them over!”

Mrs. Delling (in surprise)—“Why? What's the matter with 'em?”

Miss Mistarz—“Why? Don't you see they look just like me?”

The Dentos

1923



The Dentos

1923

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE CROWN

By H. G. BAYLES

Twinkle, twinkle, little crown,
Since you came I never frown;
I smile and smile to show the gold,
Letting friend and foe behold.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

When I travel in the dark,
I light my footsteps by your spark;
I could not tell which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

'Tween my lips you slyly lurk,
As I go about my work;
Till my sudden radiant smile,
Lights the landscape for a mile.

Though your bright, unfailing spark,
Lights my pathway in the dark,
Glad I am, how'e'er he sorrow,
You my neighbor cannot borrow.

FINALE

At the apex of the root,
When the microbes bear their fruit,
Little crown, your time has come,
You put my tooth upon the bum.

The Prevailing Diseases in the '23 Class:

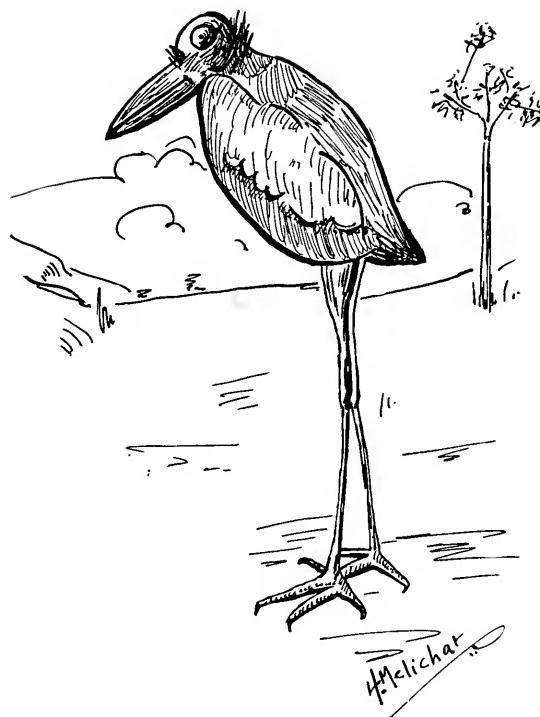
- Joe Miller*—Speak-o-fobia (in the Seminar).
Wallace Parker—Booz-o-mania.
Richard Kleiman—Noise-o-rrhea.
Clarence Rose—Burke-mania.
Joe Noskin—Cacophonia.
Jiggs O'Donoghue—Girl-o-philia.
Joe Sprafka—Bunk-o-cytosis.
-

Dr. Puterbaugh—"Kochanski, how would you proceed to stop a hemorrhage from a large artery?"
Kochanski—"Use HOT applications!"

HUMOR

Dr. Puterbaugh—"Does anybody know Dr. Skinner's method of pyorrhea treatment?"
Kloboucnik (on the side)—"Skin 'em alive!"

—Robin—The bird of the Class—



An absent minded professor was traveling in the east. When the conductor came to take his ticket, he could not find it. So the blue coated individual passed on saying that he would return. The Prof. continued searching until the conductor returned, but found no ticket.

"That will be all right, sir, just pay me in cash," said the conductor.

"That isn't troubling me, sir," replied the absent minded Prof. "I have to have that ticket to know where I'm going."

The Dentos

1923

A Brief History of Dentistry

By H. C. CORNWELL

My Dear Reader:

It is very necessary at the offset to realize, in the face of all opposition, that dentistry commenced with a toothache. This is not an astounding revelation, but an old belief handed down from the ages past and rapidly being forgotten—I might even say forsaken for more modern, more scientific conceptions on origin.

Let me reiterate—dentistry commenced with a toothache. That is the thought, the nucleus of the whole history. If you can carry this with you into your first office, your success is assured as a dentist. Beware of those who come to you with a banner of enlightenment and whisper in your ear: "My friend de dentist, dental troubles have der origin in de liver." Or another will come and say: "Unfortunate, misled man, let me cast into your eyes such a light of wisdom that you will be dazzled by the thought and tremble. Hearken unto me! I say to you—a toothache starts from a misplaced vertebra." They will even place pamphlets in your mail box upholding the origin of trouble in the appendix, or toes, or brain—it makes no difference to them except that the trouble at least isn't in the mouth.

With your resistance worn down by these arguments, you are at the point of accepting them. A burly man enters your office; he holds his face in his hand and between attempting to point out some offending tooth and hold his mouth open for you to inspect, he mutters inaudible words of pain. You look into his bloodshot eyes swollen from nights of sleeplessness and say with confidence: "Alas! Poor man! Why do you come here to deceive me thus? I can see at a glance it's your liver is upset—and if you would have your appendix out and relieve your toes of the gout, that pain would immediately disappear."

Imagine your dismay on waking up some hours later in a hospital and trying to collect your scattered thoughts and figure out just how you got in this predicament.

Now come. Let us throw off conventionalism and seek the history of this matter. That was the stimulus which started me on this history. In its brief course I have not even ridden the mountain tops but sailed in a cloud conceiving my material with a broader perspective than could otherwise be done on earth. For fear you question the authenticity of this history, I wish to set your minds immediately at ease by saying that only after years of hard study in the archives of the Houseboat on the Styx have I felt it my duty (but a pleasurable duty) to place before you the very valuable matter obtained there.

It is necessary on the start to commence with a regret. This is unfortunate, but for years I assure you I tried to eradicate the necessity for doing so. It was a controversy over Adam. Adam you know lived in Eden. During my stay on the Styx I had a long talk with Socrates one day and it was his constant storm of questions which threw the cloak of doubt over my mind regarding Adam. The trouble was this: We could not decide whether Adam had a toothache before he lost his rib or after. Following much wrangling I simply came right out and said: "Soc., I've got a headache over this question, which way will I decide it?"

Then he told me that just recently he had been perusing Solomon's ten thousand introductory volumes on 'The Lives of my Wives'—which, by the way, were only completed some few hundred years ago. Socrates said that in the five hundred and ninety-third volume, which he devoted to his eighty-first wife, he lamented over the fact that he lost weeks of sleep because she howled constantly with the toothache.

"Quoting from his own writing," said Socrates, "he speaks thus: 'My wife continues to howl. I fear I will lose my servants, for already the beasts of the

The Dentos

1923

field and the birds of the air have deserted me. At times the howl becomes a roar and the house trembles and I tremble too. I fear at times for my sanity for I cannot get her to bed, neither can the servants persuade her to eat. In all this trouble at least I have drawn one conclusion that Adam had a toothache before he lost his rib and that the condition of my wife is but a hereditary trait of the family passed down from Eve!"

While it would be interesting to tell you more of Adam—how the chemical action of the fruit juices of that forbidden tree gave origin to dental caries which today is the most widespread ravage of the human race, I must keep constantly in my mind that this is but a brief history, and pass on.

It was probably Noah that first conceived of the necessity of care of the teeth. I find in a little book written by him on: "Rules and Regulations Regarding Admission of Animals to the ARK," that he writes emphatically:

CLASS I

Rules governing the mouth Division 14

TYPE 1923

It is absolutely necessary as part of your physical examination to extract all hopeless diseased teeth. Any animal that neglects this and goes mad on the voyage from a toothache, must submit to being cast overboard.

How much like Noah that was! And how much of Noah there is inherited in us today. We are still groping with the problem which confronted him in those primal days, and the desire at times to throw overboard certain individuals is not less strong with us now than with him then.

It is a commonly accepted fact now that the human being has periods of susceptibility to caries and periods of rest; but I want to go further and state that the human race as a whole has centuries of susceptibility followed by centuries of immunity. It was a case of susceptibility to start with Adam and as I turn the first leaf in the progress of this history—leaving the days of the beginning—and enter the era commonly spoken of as the stone age, I enter the first century of the World's stage of immunity.

The question of toothache almost lapsed into oblivion during this period. How strangely these conditions came about, I will herewith attempt to tell. I recall going for a paddle in a canoe with Aristides one night on the Styx and mentioned this phenomena to him.

Very seldom had I ever heard Aristides laugh so heartily as he did upon this occasion.

"There is no phenomena to it," he said.

"NO?"

"Did you ever hear of Rodney Gunspuncher?" he continued.

"Gunspuncher? Er—Rodney Gunspuncher?" I repeated thoughtfully. "Why, yes, I have heard that name somewhere."

"Well," exclaimed Aristides, losing some of his joviality and growing more serious, "this Gunspuncher was a big man in the Stone Age. He made possible what you are pleased to call phenomena; and let me tell you right here had he not been such a coward and had the laws which he contrived persisted and been rigidly enforced down through the ages, dentistry would have died in its infancy."

I cried aloud: "Aristides, you jest with me. I cannot believe this!"

With that he nearly upset the canoe (and I want to tell you that the Styx is not a pleasant pool to fall into) and shouted: "SHUT UP! Listen to ME."

"Gunspuncher's father's name was Rodney and he said to his son one day: 'Gunny (for he enjoyed that name), when I die and you reign I want you to put some punch into my people. They have the worst set of teeth of any race which has existed before us!'

"In brief this came to pass, for Gunspuncher realized only too well that the words his father had spoken were true. As he traveled about his ten-acre kingdom and saw wretched suffering people huddled in the stony crevices their faces swollen beyond recognition, he said: 'I will act immediately and bring this condition to an end.'

"He formed a council of the strongest men in the kingdom and one day following a steak feed in Dudley's Cavern (of a rare dinosauria) Gunspuncher felt moved to speak.

"They sat there late into the night but eventually decided upon a means whereby the people could be freed of this suffering, painlessly. The next day Gunspuncher selected a suitable location and sent his council out to bring in the sufferers—originating, probably the first known dental office. There was only one type of operation; it sufficed for all; it was done in this simple manner: The sufferer was lashed to the base of a cliff. Before him hung tempting morsels of megalosaurus. The leash which supported this meat was apparently attached to the cliff above, but herein I ask you to consider the cleverness of the contrivance. The long tendon was attached to a well poised boulder and as the unsuspecting sufferer reached to draw the meat to him he dislodged the boulder, which fell upon his head rendering him immediately unconscious. I ask you, with all our modern knowledge, can we in this enlightened age render a patient unconscious with less mental agony than this? Of course I'll admit they did miss the sufferer's head sometimes and crush their fingers or toes or knock their wind out, but invariably they always fainted from the effects anyway so the result proved satisfactory in either instance. Gunspuncher's assistants would rush in following this and with a suitable stone chisel and stone mallet dislodge that portion of the jaw which was giving offense. Sometimes they would knock out the entire upper and lower jaws and what odds even though the patients didn't always recover, their suffering was ended anyway. Those that did recover thereafter were never mentally capable of understanding, much less explain to their friends how it all came about. In this manner Gunspuncher quickly rendered his country free from suffering people."

"And what was the result of such a procedure?" I remarked.

Obsessed by his own words, Aristides continued: "Gunspuncher laid down laws relative to the mouth which grew so searching that eventually anyone found with faulty contacts, faulty fissures, loose teeth or any traces of early discoloration, the mark of decay, had to submit themselves to the extractionist.

"As time progressed there was a marked improvement in the people physically. They grew larger and stronger and without difficulty conquered their neighbors, upon whom they enforced the same laws regarding the teeth. In short—everything eventually revolved about the teeth.

"But alas! In the height of his glory Gunspuncher's laws proved a boomerang. Up until this time the people had not conceived of questioning the condition of Gunspuncher's own mouth, but when the idea suddenly dawned upon them—OH! What a mighty cry was there!

Gunspuncher was found by a stony brook chewing the fins of a fish; was seized and dragged to the extractionist. Realizing it meant death (because he had not a sound tooth in his head) he said: 'Bring me the stone tablets with the laws thereon.' This was done. Then he piled them below the cliff; ran up to the top of the cliff; dislodged a large boulder which crashed down upon the tablets pulverizing them to dust, crying aloud in a mighty voice as he did so: 'The laws are no more!' "

The Dentos

1923

Aristides stopped and I stopped paddling for I had been across the Styx and back without realizing it.

"Is that all?" I remarked.

"ALL?" he replied musingly. "It was the earliest mark of cowardice the World had ever known. Had Gunspuncher sacrificed his life at that time, today a toothache would be a pain unknown to the human race. But alas! By retrieving these laws the human family has gradually grown more diseased with carious teeth."

I tell you I was overwhelmed for weeks following this story by Aristides and unable to continue my research work for months. Nevertheless my spirits were revived one afternoon as I sat in the club room of the Houseboat talking with Hippocrates. He told me many facts about early days in Italy and Greece. I noticed a small book in his hand and inquired about it, being curious. He handed it to me. It read: "The Value of Muscular Exercise."

"Who wrote this?" I asked.

"Samson," came the reply.

"Well what do you know," I exclaimed.

"Your interest in teeth might find favor in this book," said Hippocrates. "You know there is a common belief today" he continued, "that Samson was rendered weak by cutting his hair. That is a myth. Let me show you what he says in his own book. Read."

I read the following: "In my days of affliction I realize that had I not had a toothache the night Delilah came to me, I should never have granted her the wishes she asked. Now they say she cut my hair and I lost my strength. How cruel a blow is that! But I tell you, gentlemen of the Styx, that had I not neglected my teeth, had I not been all in all absorbed in physical development of my body, had I not left one weak link in the chain of my life, history would not have been written about me as it is. When that offending tooth and others were lost and the poisons were gradually driven from my body my physical condition began to immediately improve. But alas! What availed in living when all was darkness—and I perished with the Philistines at the great festival of Dagon . . ."

The story of the early history of the modern era is full of toothaches. Had I time and space I would gladly enumerate them to you. One thing at least I realized at this stage; that the World was by destiny meant to suffer from toothaches. If you could have read some of the personal letters of Alexander the Great who in one short line says: "A toothache drove me to drink." Or the lyric poems of Cleopatra, quoting:

"Hark! What is the noise I hear?
Coming as a roaring storm
Tumultuous across the sea.
Is it thunder—or could it be
That my beloved Antony
Suffers pain and agony
From a toothache."

But now I must come to a close. My perspective has grown infinite. Days moments, years but minutes and yet—if I should tell you that from Cleopatra to Napoleon no one conceived of the possibility of alleviating the toothache, you would not believe me. It is said that the great library at Alexandria was destroyed just because the conqueror not finding any information which would relieve him of a toothache cried in an angry voice: "Get rid of this bunch of junk—what good is it to me?"

At the battle of Waterloo Napoleon probably formulated the stimulus which grew into the formation of a dental institution. Before the battle he gave utterance

to a small expression which has grown to have greater significance than he ever dreamed it would have. Standing by his white charger with a woolen sock wrapped around a swollen jaw he said to his faithful officers: "Gentlemen, it would be greater to say that you could conquer a toothache, than to boast that you could conquer all the nations upon the earth." Following the defeat of this battle a large majority of the officers founded a research club for the purpose of trying to solve a means to alleviate the toothache.

To go further I would ingress upon your own knowledge of the toothache. But who now amongst you will question the origin of the toothache? If in this short essay I have stimulated a kindlier feeling towards my elucidation, my research will not have been in vain. If now when that burly man with bloodshot eyes comes to your office, you fall on his neck and weep at his misfortune, this work will be justified. Oh! graduating student, there is a duty faces you truly. May you have the convictions of an open mind to meet it honestly, squarely.

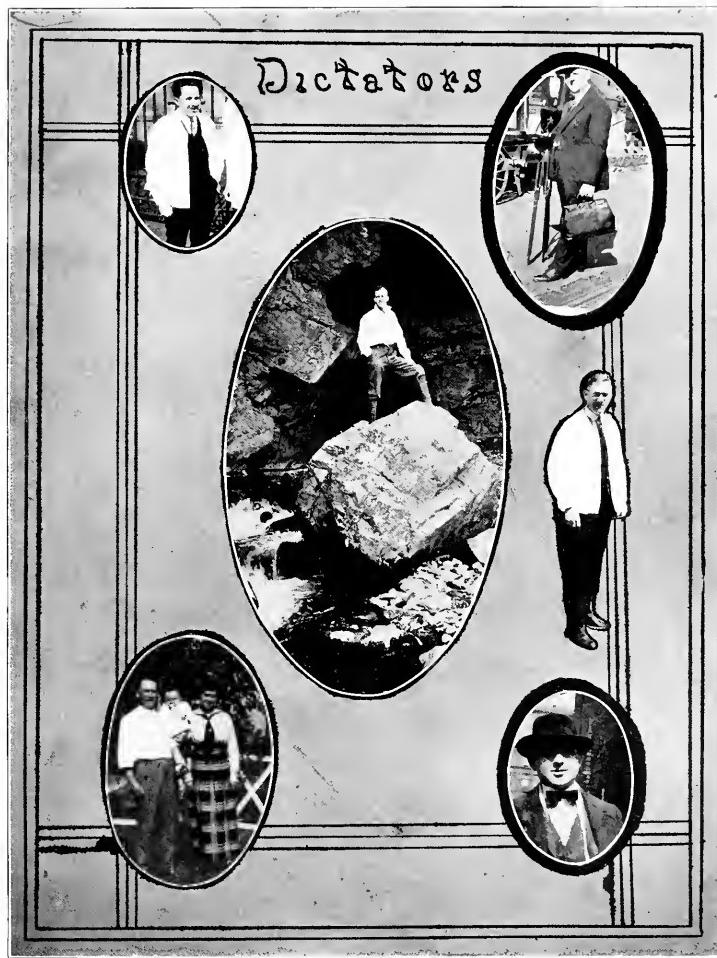
The Germ of a Tragedy

(Magnified 10,000 diameters)

A protoplasmic parasite
Loved a little lady germ;
And he expressed his love for her
By wiggle, twist, and squirm.
But each of his contortionings
The maid misconstrued,
And each time that he sought her side
She'd cleverly elude.
He tried in all the manners known
His burning love to tell;
But always as he'd float her way
She'd duck behind a cell.
One day, in fury at her acts,
He chased her down a vein,
And, at each pulsing of the heart,
This parasite would gain,
From Vena cava, through the heart
And to the lungs she sped,
But he was always close behind
On a corpuscle (red).
Through every tubule known to man,
And some we must discover,
She fled upon the serum fluid
Her nucleated lover.
Worn out, eventually, she sought
A little leucocyte;
And slapped it with her funny tale,
Enraging it to bite.
Then as the parasite approached,
She drew her final breath,
And suffered for her loveliness
Phagocytic death.

M. J. H.

The Dentos



The Dentos
1923

Our Own Steam Roller

The Senior Class election of this year was indeed an hectic affair. Keen campaigning was indulged in by both sides. The following ticket will serve to illustrate the subtle means of political manipulation which the victorious party circulated as a master stroke in successful culmination of a zealous vote roundup. We all know now who was victorious but from this pamphlet we will be able to see that many were called while but few were chosen. Read 'em and weep or rejoice, as far as your affiliation will allow you to:

Below are the two main tickets in the field for Senior Class election 1922-23. We appeal to all fair-minded, clear-thinking members of the class to give these two tickets due consideration. The Committee which drew up the independent Ticket has tried to the best of its ability to pick men of the highest calibre from each fraternity and the class at large. The Committee which picked the Political Ticket did so, not with the interest of the Class at heart, but from ulterior motives only.

If you wish to vote a Straight Ticket place an X at the head of the column of your choice.

If other nominations are made, which you prefer to vote for, scratch out the name on the ticket and write in the name of your choice.

INDEPENDENT TICKET

President—Bert McDonald.
1st Vice-President—S. Kleiman.
2nd Vice-President—D. McCullough.
Secretary—B. Baygood.
Treasurer—C. Ackerman.
Valedictorian—Joe Sherman.
Historian—Miss Mistarz.
Chairman Ex. Com.—G. Sprafka.
Members Ex. Com.:

1. C. Geffert.
2. J. O'Donoghue.
3. S. Goldberg.
4. A. Miller.

Song Leader—Smith.
Cheer Leader—Jack Stahl.
Sergeant-at-Arms—F. DeWeiss.
Associate Dentos Editor—G. Nicholls.
Associate Dentos Bus. Mgr.—
S. Simon.

POLITICAL TICKET

President—Joe Sherman.
1st Vice-President—A. Miller.
2nd Vice-President—L. Wessel.
Secretary—A. Handelman.
Treasurer—S. Needelman.
Sergeant-at-Arms—C. Geffert.
Valedictorian—D. McCullough.
Historian—B. Baygood.
Prophet—Miss Mistarz.
Class Editor—J. Stahl.

The Dentos

1927

Business Mgr. Dentos—M. Schlocker
Chairman Ex. Com.—R. Jaffe.
Members Ex. Com.:

1. D. Gregg.
2. A. Corn.
3. S. Kleiman.
4. J. Kochanski.

THE SHEIK OF FOILS

By A. J. C.

Our knees are weak, our heads they creak,
The day is drear and dank;
The morn's forlorn, your wits are shorn,
The patient's very rank;
You adjust the dam, with fervid cram,
Your patience at an end;
"Lay back your head, play you are dead,
A quiet moment spend."
According to Hoyle, I'll pound this foil,
I'll boil and boil, I'll push this foil;
I'll moil and toil, the foil may spoil—
Cement, you are my friend.

In days of old, when knights were bold,
Who heard of the isle of Yap?
Your heart grows cold, as you pound the gold
In the head of some poor sap.
It says in the contract, "Have one point contact,"
No matter if you tire;
Your recompense, the foil condense,
Or feel CN's righteous ire.

Dear old dummy state board foil!
How many Senior tears are shed
While pounding on some luckless head.
Adjust the ligature and dam, my man,
Draw back your nose, as best you can;
Adjust the chair, tie back her hair;
Then get the air—it's essential.
First attempt the cavity to prepare;
Then despair;
Stop! Gulp!
Horrors! Decay's to the pulp!
Start anew; this day you'll rue;
Demonstrator's got you spotted;
Your share of trouble's allotted.
Make the step;
Watch your pep;
Open her wide to every side;
(Extension for prevention).

The Dentos

1923

The bur does slip; you cut the lip;
The dam you tear, and then your hair;
You start once more, mad as a boar;
Demonstrator's back of you, ready to crack at you;
The dam's now in place,
You're again in the race;
The cavity's O K,
The gold's on your tray;
Use mallet and elbow oil,
Pound, slave, the foil.

Clickety, click, clack,
There's a hump on your back;
Cohesion's not hard,
Condense it my pard;
Contact, it's here,
Contour is near;
Soon we'll pay, what the pipers play,
For well we know, and 'twas ever so,
We can't do as well as the mallet's click,
That held envious eyes at our clinic.

But we take a chance,
We shiver and prance,
We polish, we toil,
We finish the foil . . .
Ye Gods! 'Tis loose!
What the deuce . . .
Is this the end?
Sh! Cement's my friend. . . .

L'envoi:
"Well done, my boy,
I'm proud, my boy,
My boy. Hem! ! ! !"

A SENIOR'S DREAM

BY SAM. NEEDELMAN

It's Thursday night! I'm almost dead:
I murdered a D. O.!
So, reaching home, I rush to bed
To sleep away my woe!

And dreams, sweet dreams envelop me
As soon as I lay down,
Wherein I march a Dentist free
In graduation gown!

A-capped, a-gowned, well dressed
I reach the Gates of Heaven—
The Gates that guard the Valleys Blest,
By God to dentists given.

The Dentos

1923

And there, aloof, with perfect right,
The weal of dentists guarding,
I see . . . I see the olden sight
That sets my heart bombarding!

I see Dean Johnson, eagle-eyed,
A-piercing thru my soul;
I see Dean Logan at his side,
P. G., McBoyle and all!

They stare at me with grim delight,
They look and look me over;
They ask me questions left and right
Until I wish for cover!

How darest thou come up here—
To the very gard. of Eden?
Speak ye out, bold and clear!
For what might you be pleadin'?

"My service to the human race
Is great, I do not doubt . . .!"
I try to say, with flushing face,
With shaking knees, yet loud.

I've pounded foils, I've inlays cast,
I've root-fills made by score!
In bridgework, dentures, and the rest
I've done my share, and more!

Pyorrhœas (that's some rot!)
I've treated quite a number;
In prophs, amalgams, and what not
I surely did not slumber!

I worked with zeal, I toiled with will,
To please you, Honored Teachers!
I've studied hard, and got the skill
To help all ailing creatures.

I've struggled hard to reach my goal—
From it you should not budge me!
. . . I've said enough, you heard me all,
And now, sirs, you may judge me! . . ."

Those stern eyes then turn kind,
Those faces burst with smiles;
They say, like one: "He now will find
Reward for all his trials!"

"To enter here a right has HE—
He'll make a dentist grand!
For he's of the Class of '23,
The Class that 'beat the band'!

"So swing the Gates, and let him pass!
My boy—there lies the WORLD!
Pass on! Uphold your zealous class,
March on, with flags unfurled!"

And therewith ends the sweetest dream—
The dream I dream, and YOU!
So let us work with will supreme
That this, OUR DREAM, COMES TRUE!



A'LEAVING THE NEST

At last the day has come when we scrawny little creatures
Have been nursed at length to strength by our never-tiring teachers
To be able of our will to fly ourselves from nest to hill,
And wing our way around the world from bough to bough and tree to tree
Till we've gathered strength and courage to fly across the sea.

So here we are, we brave and meek, we proud and prudent sons and daughters,
A'leaving the nest to fly across the waters and disperse in all directions of the globe.
But e're we leave let's take our heed—our tutors' tender care—
"Now mark ye children whither ye fare, nor overrate thy sinew;
Take courage along, have confidence strong in the power that is in you."

—Anna Mistarz.

JUNIORS



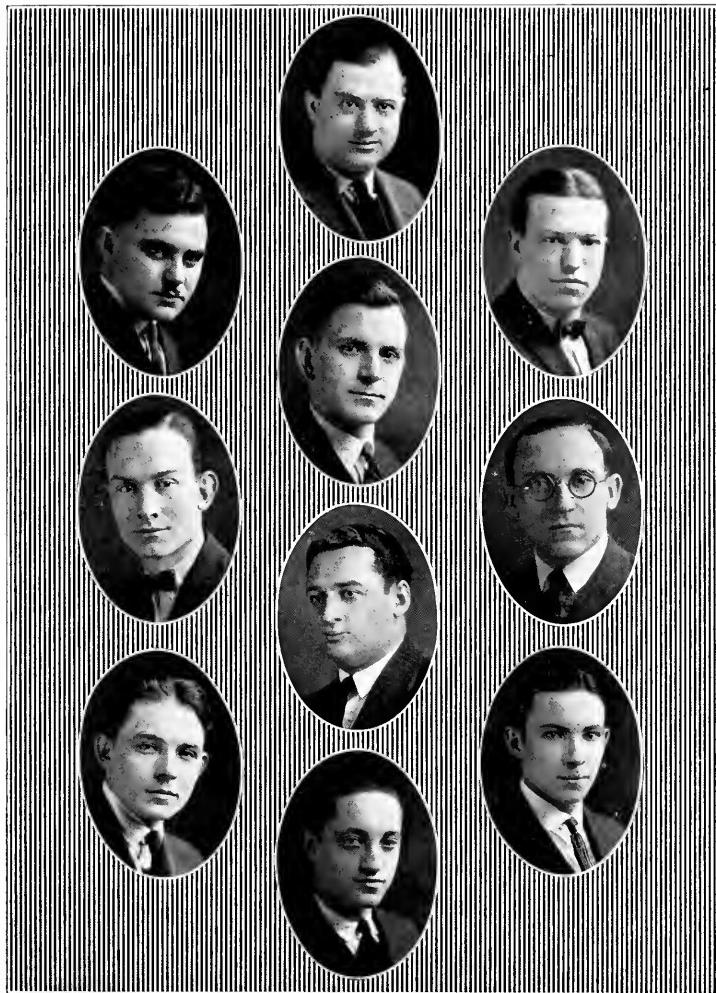
The Dentos

1923



The Dentos
1923

Junior Officers



W. Lowy, Treas.
W. Hartford, Editor
J. C. Brady, Ass't Editor

H. Solomon, Pres.
E. B. Penn, Vice-Pres.
S. Goldstein, Sgt.-at-Arms
H. Asher, Bns. Mgr.

E. Karst, Sec'y
F. H. Spickerman, Ass't Editor
G. A. Silhan, Cartoonist

The Dentos

1923

Justice to Juniors

ABRAMS, MICHAEL H., Chicago.

He doesn't dare be late—he's the first on the roll.

AGRESS, DAVID, Chicago.

He's the joy of the honest "woiking goils" at the Brilliant.

ANTHONY, ROBERT, Calumet, Mich.

Psi Omega.

"Bob" is popular without trying to be more than that.

ARNSTEIN, ALVIN L., Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma.

Al's stockyards step is now famous.

ART, RUBIN L., Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma.

Tall, robust and handsome. Need we say more?

ASHER, HAROLD, Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma. Class Business Manager—Dentos.

A quiet, dependable lad.

BIRKETT, HARRY H., St. Joseph, Mich.

Psi Omega., Student Council.

"Sis" is always looking for his blow-pipe.

BIEDKA, F. G., Chicago.

Psi Omega.

The life of a party—plays just as hard as he works.

BRENNAN, J. E., Chicago.

John gave the boys a party this year they won't forget.

BLAIR, JAMES DANA, Manhattan, Kan.

Delta Sigma Delta, Class Treasurer.

Dana knows how to mix with men—and dentistry.

BLIVICE, HARRY, Chicago.

"Darwin" is an even tempered fellow, at that.

BONA, C. A., Chicago.

How does he keep his perpetual smile?

BOWYER, GLENN A., Logansport, Ind.

Delta Sigma Delta.

"Sloppy" is a "wiz" in every branch of dentistry.

BOYD, PHILIP, Rockford, Ill.

Xi Psi Phi.

A good lad is Phil. He works for what he gets.

BRADY, JOHN CHARLES, Amboy, Ill.

Delta Sigma Delta, Asst. Class Editor.

"Cooney" is our Galahad. He is good without being a bore.

BROWN, WILLIAM, Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma.

Bill always knows which vaudeville has a good show.

CHRISTIE, EARL F., Elgin, Ill.

Xi Psi Phi.

Earl makes up for his size by the quality of his work.

CLARK, GLENN E., Wilmington, Ill.

He has a spirit like old George Rogers.

CHRISTOLODIDES, GEORGE, Debtera, Nicona, Cyprus.

Talking to George is like reading "Omar Khayam."

The Dentos

1923

CODY, WILLIAM F., Humboldt, Iowa.

Delta Sigma Delta, Student Council.

Trowel Fraternity.

"Buff" doesn't suffer from toothache—it's Climax.

COUGHLIN, WILLIAM J., Chicago.

"Bill" is one of our Swedish boys, but he's learning English very quickly.

CUTLER, BERNARD D., Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma.

"Does he dance, does he strut? That's what he doesn't do nothin' else but!"

DE KOVEN, EDWARD, Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma.

Ed is one of our sages.

DESENIS, NEIL G., Chicago.

Trowel Fraternity.

"Des" tells us how they do it down at Armours.

DILLON, JAMES P., Chicago.

Jim will get by anywhere with his personality and good looks.

DOHNER, EARL C., Chappell, Neb.

Delta Sigma Delta.

"Spider Boy" makes them with his slick hair and clothes.

DRURY, ROBERT J., Chicago.

Bob is the discoverer and inventor of a new abutment piece—the Drury Attachment. Of course, we're proud of him.

ENCK, FRANK J., Naperville, Ill.

Xi Psi Phi.

His ideal girl is "Zoftik."

FITZHENRY, DALE, Bloomington, Ill.

Xi Psi Phi.

Fitz used to get razzed about his clothes. His would-be razzers now watch him make bridges.

FRALEIGH, JAMES HENRY, Newberry, Ill.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Jim's a hard working boy, if not at school—at Cunningham's.

FRAME, VICTOR C., Madison, Wis.

Xi Psi Phi.

Vic is a man who seeks unquenchable vigor and untiring efforts toward a perfect understanding of the finer things of dentistry.

GALBRAITH, DELTON C., Burnettsville, Ind.

Delta Sigma Delta.

"Bus" is an expert on soldering. He bothers no one and is always silent.

GEFFERT, ALLAN, Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma.

"Gefkowitz" is a man of few words.

GILLOGLY, HAROLD, Mount Carroll, Ill.

Psi Omega.

With Shippee, "Gil" is called "The Psi Omega twin."

GRIFFIN, JOHN, North Carolina.

Xi Psi Phi.

"Griff" came to us this year but is very popular.

GRANATH, RALPH, Berwyn, Ill.

Psi Omega.

Ralph is always in possession of interesting news or stories.

The Dentos

1923

GOLDSTEIN, SAMUEL, Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma.

"Lovin' Sam" knows the ham "wot 'am."

GRINDY, ADOLPH, St. Paul, Minn.

"Grindelia," our little geranium, is an expert on Oral Hygiene and Laceration.

HARTFORD, WINFIELD, Gibson City, Ill.

Delta Sigma Delta, Class Editor, Dentos.

Oh well, let's have "Ox" out of this as he *may* be sleeping.

HOATSON, ALLEN J., Calumet, Michigan.

Psi Omega.

Al's disposition doesn't suffer if he does work night and day.

HYNOUS, FRANK R., Chicago.

Psi Omega.

Short on words, long on action.

IBBOTSON, ELLIS H., Robinson, Ill.

Psi Omega (pledge).

Can't get an argument, he's just a good fellow.

JOHNSON, LEVI, Superior, Wis.

Xi Psi Phi.

He's an adept at all forms of indoor sports; albeit a very good student.

KARST, EDWARD N., Fond du Lac, Wis.

Class Secretary.

Eddie is our athlete and brings home the bacon, whatever he does.

KESLING, HAROLD D., Onward, Ind.

Delta Sigma Delta.

I consider it an honor to write-up the future president of Posie County (Ind.) Dental Association.

KNOSPE, LAWRENCE, So. Chicago.

"Brophy" is accused of things which I am sure she wouldn't do.

KOKOT, EDMUND, Chicago.

Ed storms the 'phone booth six noons a week (maybe seven).

KREGER, DANIEL M., Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma.

Dan ought to be in Mexico, in the arena.

KAREL, SAMUEL, Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma, Student Council.

He hasn't been late yet, bless his heart.

KWARTA, HENRY A., Joliet, Ill.

An honest cab driver; call Diogenes!

LAVIN, CHARLES, Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma.

The boy with tears in his voice.

LEAVITT, HAROLD, Chicago.

It's prepsterous, the way the boys insult "Don Juan's" dignity.

LEMASTER, WILLIAM, Kankakee, Ill.

Delta Sigma Delta.

If you want to be cool on a hot summer day, take a swim in the pool at the Y. M. C. A.

LEINER, FRANK, Chicago.

Psi Omega.

Frank has lots of ability and is a very active member of the class.

The Dentos

1923

LERNER, SYDNEY A., Chicago.

"Syd" doesn't eat peas with a knife—he drinks them.

LOWY, WILLIAM, Chicago.

Trowel Fraternity, Class Treasurer.

Alpha Zeta Gamma.

Bill's just a good guy, that's all.

LOISELLE, GUY L., Lowville, N. Y.

Trowel Fraternity.

Sam sits up at night figuring new crushes for his hat.

MC ELROY, ROBERT, Oak Park, Ill.

Psi Omega.

Mac bothers no one, which doesn't mean he can't be bothered.

MCLAUGHLIN, G. R., Chicago.

Delta Sigma Delta, Editor-in-Chief, Dentos.

Jerry's "facetious frivolities" are due to his peculiar and versatile idiosyncrasies.

MC PHERSON, CECIL ALONZO, Jamaica, B. W. I.

"Alonzo," our pugilist, stands straightest when they play "God Save the King."

MALAWSKY, ALEXANDER, Chicago.

We're sure of one thing about him—he'll never run amuck.

MARTIN, JOSEPH A., Taylorville, Ill.

Joe never tells all he knows.

MAUER, IRVING H., Milwaukee, Wis.

Ni Psi Phi, Student Council.

"Irv," unlike most married men, is optimistic.

MEDER, LELAND G., Joliet, Ill.

Psi Omega.

"Jeff" is a Beau Brummel and plays the big stuff. In his "tux" he's a "wow."

MILLER, ROBERT B., Chicago.

Psi Omega.

We ask, where does he get all the good looking patients?

MURPHY, RICHARD T., British West Indies.

He says he's not Irish.

OTTEN, FRANK, Milwaukee, Wis.

Delta Sigma Delta.

He's a boxer, wrestler, basket ball player and a general indoor sport.

OAF, IRWIN, Knox, Ind.

How could we razz this guy?

OPPENHEIM, MEYER, Chicago.

He doesn't look like Ben Turpin—not much.

ORENDORFF, ALLAN, Bloomington, Ill.

Delta Sigma Delta.

"Al" is always reading: "Bringing Up Father." He understands it now.

PALESTRANT, CHARLES, Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma.

Always has an extra umbrella for a friend.

PAVLICEK, LOUIS G., Chicago.

Psi Omega.

"Pav" is one of the best students in the class.

PAULE, HARRY, Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma.

I should tell about his wrestling but haven't the space, folks.

The Dentos

1923

- PEKONEN, LOUIS, Chisholm, Minn.
"Peck" is ex-officio note taker for the class.
- PENN, ERNEST B., St. Cloud, Fla.
Delta Sigma Delta, Class Vice-President.
Bill isn't a Quaker. He's a good fellow and an excellent student.
- PIKE, G. C., Chicago.
Delta Sigma Delta.
George's technic is in a class by itself. A regular bearcat in theory, too.
- QUANT, OWEN, Chicago.
Psi Omega.
Gee, what I could tell about this guy!
- RAMOS, AURELIO, Manila, P. I.
He'll be the "Man of the Hour" in Manila when he gets his diploma.
His clever hands turn out masterpieces in bridgework.
- REA, RICHARD, Elgin, Ill.
Delta Sigma Delta.
We can't let him off by saying, "He's a good fellow." Dick is more than that.
- REID, ROBERT S., Chicago.
"The Possum" has trouble keeping his instruments, we hear. More power to you! This from those who are similarly afflicted.
- REDLICH, WILLIAM, Chicago.
Psi Omega.
Bill is a skater of tried merit. We envy him his medals.
- REYNOLDS, PAUL LESLIE, Elkhart, Ind.
Delta Sigma Delta, Assistant Business Manager.
His only worry is whether he got an *A* or a *D* in Crown and Bridge.
- ROSEN, EUGENE, Chicago.
Alpha Zeta Gamma.
Another good fellow with a "Mary Garden" complexion.
- RUTTENBERG, SAMUEL, Chicago.
Alpha Zeta Gamma.
Can't find anyone who doesn't like him.
- ROTHENBERG, ISADORE, Chicago.
Alpha Zeta Gamma.
One darned good little man.
- RYBACEK, CLEMENT F., Howells, Neb.
Psi Omega.
"Ryb" learned some more anatomy this year.
- SACHS, SAMUEL, Chicago, Assistant Editor, Dentos.
Alpha Zeta Gamma, Asst. Editor, Dentos.
You know, the guy who knows every word there ever was.
- SCHNEIDER, MORRIS, Chicago.
Alpha Zeta Gamma.
He's too busy to talk, these days.
- SCHWARTZ, HAROLD, Chicago.
Alpha Zeta Gamma.
"Hal" always entertains at the smokers. He does a mean "sax."
- SHARP, LOUIS, Chicago.
Sober, unobtrusive and industrious, that's Louie.
- SHANNON, CHARLES L., Athens, W. Va.
Xi Psi Phi.
"Chick" says he just can't get along without his coffee spoon.

The Dentos

1923

SHAPIRO, ISADORE H., Chicago.

He knows his stuff.

SHIPPEE, WILLIAM E., Wis.

Psi Omega.

With Gillogly, he's "runnin' wild."

SCHUR, IRVING C., Kenilworth, Ill.

Delta Sigma Delta.

"Pinky" manages to keep it down.

SILHAN, GEORGE A., Chicago.

Class Cartoonist.

George is a cartoonist of unusual ability.

SLATER, BERT, Seattle, Wash.

Delta Sigma Delta, Cartoonist, Dentos.

"Papa" is a plate expert and a good friend and counsellor.

SLAVIN IRWIN, Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma, Business Manager, Dentos.

Ever since Betty's prophylaxis he's been singing, "When My Baby Smiles At Me."

SLAD, GEORGE, Chicago.

George is a transfer from Illinois. He's making good.

SMITH, R. R., Ashland, Wis.

Smith is modest, considering that he is the best looking man in school.

SOLOMON, H. D., Chicago.

Alpha Zeta Gamma, Class President.

He never worries—he works.

SOLFRONK, GUSTAV N., Chicago.

No one else accuses him, why should I?

SPICKERMAN, FRANCIS A., Sandwich, Ill.

Delta Sigma Delta, Asst. Class Editor.

"Spick is no longer the village cut-up and has almost settled down. We expect to hear of his marriage soon."

STARK, BOYD E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Delta Sigma Delta.

You'd never think that he came to us from North Dakota.

STEARNS, ALFRED H., Chicago.

He likes to surprise us occasionally (very occasionally) by offering us a "Home Run."

STRATTON, HARRY, Sandwich, Ill.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Harry is the leader and tenor of the "Laboratory Quartet."

STRYKER, JOHN R., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Xi Psi Phi.

John's doing big things with that left hand.

THESEN, ROY, Quincy, Ill.

Delta Sigma Delta.

The "Po Valley Giant" certainly has a way with the women.

TILKA, MICHAEL, E. Chicago, Ind.

Psi Omega.

I can't tell you anything new about Mike.

TOTH, JULIUS, E. Chicago, Ind.

Psi Omega.

He has lots of time to help his classmates and he does it.

The Dentos

1923

TRACY, JAMES, Randall, Minn.

Jim is the kind of man that has to succeed.

VAN NOTE, LEROY, Fertile, Iowa.

Xi Psi Phi.

Van will surely receive an ovation when he goes back to Fertile.

VANOUSEK, EDWIN H., Chicago.

He never tells us anything so how can we judge him?

WAGNER, J. ARNOLD, Selbyo, S. Dak.

Wag is a snappy dresser; a good student, and a well liked man.

WAGNER, LOUIS, Los Angeles, Cal.

He doesn't deserve the notoriety he has acquired—he deserves more.

WATSON, FRANK, Bloomington, Ill.

Wattie's always ready to help a fellow which means he's a good fellow.

WARREN, GEORGE B., Americus, Ga.

The gentleman from Georgia is quiet and unanimously liked.

WEISMULLER, MERRILL J., Chicago.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Johnny is clever without being cynical.

WESTLAND, GEORGE, Mayville, N. Dak.

Psi Omega.

George's friends speak for him.

WIDMEYER, ELMER L., Chicago.

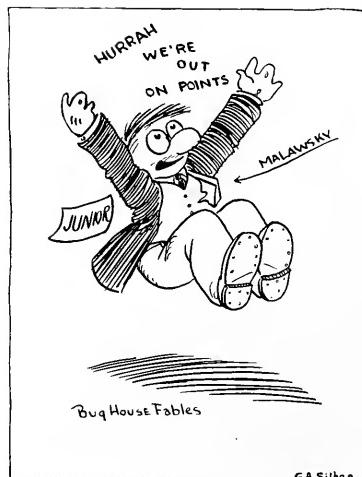
Psi Omega.

Here's a good Indian—we know and vouch for him.

WILMOTH, ELMER L., Milford, Ill.

He's an excellent man—maybe too sarcastic to be popular with the mass, but, none the less, his friends are real friends.

—W. S. Hartford.



The Dentos
1923



WITH APOLOGIES TO BARON MUNCHAUSEN

"Yes, boys," Doctor Fish said as he lazily puffed his fragrant stogie, "when I was a student at the Chicago Dental College, I was the fastest man on the floor. Let me relate a few of the feats I accomplished. In the first place I had sixty-four good patients who never missed an appointment and who came three times a week. I always averaged twenty-five patients a day. I would work from five to twenty minutes on each patient. I would prepare a cavity in a second or two—frequently less—and insert and finish a foil in less than three minutes. This included the final polish. I would carve an inlay in less time than I am taking to tell you of it. I would adjust my rubber dam, get my tray from the root fill nurse, ream out my canals and fill them in two or three minutes. I frequently worked on two patients at one time, using two engines. You see, I am ambidextrous. I would hold a hand-piece in each of my hands and prepare cavities in two patients or in several teeth in the same mouth. I could take an impression for a full upper and lower or partial, and finish the whole plate in one sitting while the patient waited in the chair. I usually did this in fifteen or twenty minutes. Once, however, my patient wanted to catch a train in ten minutes so I hurried and finished the plate in 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ minutes. Needless to say, I was highly complimented by my instructor and demonstrator. I would start preparing the abutment teeth for a large fixed bridge, finish the abutments, set up my dummies, take a bite, solder and do everything else in connection with a bridge in fifteen minutes. Once, however, my right arm was incapacitated so I had to work with my left hand only. Naturally this took me five or ten minutes longer. In extracting teeth, I would use two, three and four forceps at a time. I would extract upper and lower teeth at the same time. I extracted the full thirty-two teeth from a patient having pyorrhea in seven seconds. A student with a stop watch timed me. I would remove impacted molars in from two to four seconds. Why, my dear fellows, I was out in Junior points at the first posting. At the end of the year I had the modest sum of 4,732 points, and I accomplished this feat despite the fact that I frequently rested in the basement. If I had put my full time in and worked just a little harder I could easily have made eight or nine thousand points. Upon graduating I was offered the position of superintendent of the infirmary at a salary of \$75,000 per annum. I refused this as I knew that if I opened an office I could easily average \$200,000 a year. Anyway, boys——"

At this juncture a man in a hospital uniform entered the grocery store where Doctor Fish was recounting his miraculous feats in dentistry to a crowd of country hicks, and in a soothing voice, said: "Now, Abner, you must come right back to your home around the corner. We have put new padding in your cell and you can insert lots of cavities in it with your fork. You see, boys," he said, turning to the awe-stricken bumpkins, "Abner used to be a student at a dental college. He was stricken with pointitis, an incurable mental malady." He took Abner gently by the arm and slowly escorted him away from the dumbfounded hangers-on.

—S. C. S.

Upon a Slad owned by Anthony
I coasted to Westland Widmeyer and Rea,
A Kwarta Gordin we drank from the sink
And we painted that Rottenberg with Red Ink.

The Dentos

1923

Another Disappointment

ED DEKOVEN

I had a severe toothache one night in the vicinity of my upper right first molar. I had been hit on the head when a child. I had been beaten up by a gang of ruffians when a freshman at college, I had had both legs shot from under me, my head cut off by a sword and had been otherwise generally insulted, but all this bad treatment, I vowed in doubtful but eloquent terms, did not hold a 60-watt Mazda to that awful night of torture. That molar jumped so at indefinite intervals that I thought all the power of Vesuvius were stored away in my maxillary sinus and were seeking a mode of exit. Thoughts of removing all my thirty-two teeth and wearing a full upper and lower denture flashed through my mind in its semi-conscious state. I dreamed of a herculean dentist in a blood-stained white gown standing over me with a pair of giant sterilized ice tongs. My wife covered me with hot water bottles, sympathized with me, and made a regular nuisance of her good hearted self, but to no avail. My pre-war stuff was all gone, and, as I had neglected my last two payments on my insurance policy, I refused to take the moonshine offered in self defense by the neighbor next door, who was unable to sleep due to my vociferous wailings.

Eventually, after 3 convulsions, 6 nightmares, 4 fits, 7 spasms with hysterics in between attacks, morning came and I decided to visit the dentist.

Dr. Black had not arrived yet and would not be down before 10:30.

Dr. White, next block, was away at a Dental Society clinic.

Dr. Green was busy, and there were six other swollen cheeked sufferers ahead of me.

In despair I hailed a taxicab and was taken to the dental college clinic. I asked the girl at the information desk where I could get a tooth extracted and she indicated the general direction. I sat down on a bench with a number of other patients, in evident distress, and waited. In the next room I heard a man yell and I felt faint and weak. From the adjacent students' laboratory came the noise of a number of college boys singing a selection from Pagliacci, accompanied by some others singing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" and still others cat-calling and barking.

This didn't make me feel any better. After waiting a while, I was accosted by a bespectacled doctor. I opened my mouth and pointed to the tooth. He asked me if it hurt me! With my cheek swollen, tears in my eyes, I smiled and said yes. He said he would not advise me to have it pulled, as it could be saved. I was directed to the second floor, where I again waited fully three hours. At twelve o'clock I was turned over to a young dumb looking student who told me to "step this way." I followed him and sank exhausted into a chair. He then went away and returned in half an hour with a toothpick in his mouth. It took him five minutes to sterilize his instruments, and fifteen minutes to wash his hands and manicure his nails. Then he adjusted the napkin about my neck and went away. He returned in half an hour, reeking from Camels.

Finally he took an examination blank, and wrote down my name, address and age.

He then said, "Open, please."

I opened.

"Open wider," sweetly.

I did so.

"What is it you want to have done?" he asked.

I thought a moment. Somehow the pain had magically disappeared.

I told him about the toothache, and that the pain was gone. He took an explorer and jammed it into the hilt into my mysteriously pacified molar.

The Dentos

1923

"Wow!" I roared in gentle disapproval. "That hurts!"

"Have you ever had your tonsils removed?" he asked.

"Oh! Oh! it hurts!" I moaned.

He drilled into the tooth while I squirmed, yelled, capsized and protested, and he cemented in some medicine. He then continued exploring the depths of my oral cavity. Suddenly he ejaculated, "Gosh! A swell state board foil!" I thought so myself. When he finally let me go, after I promised to come back on Thursday, I ran to the nearest phone, called up Dr. Brown and made an appointment for the next day.



A TRIBUTE TO OUR FRIEND THE DENTIST

Our relation to the dentist is an interesting one. He relieves our ills, repairs our negligence and blunders, usually with sympathy and skill. With friendly insight he tells us the story of our misconduct. With plain, direct wisdom he counsels us as to daily conduct and practice. His warnings are based on facts with little of theory.

The skill of an able dentist is a matter of mystery and admiration. His craftsmanship runs into delicate surgery, or is akin to that of the artisan in jewelry. One remarked to us with modesty: "A dentist is a super-tinker." From that array of tiny instruments he must select just the right one for use in a minute, often obscure, spot. He must apply force with amazing nicety. Behind the infinitesimal though hard wall is the nerve. With only experience and judgment to guide him, the dentist measures its thickness as with an instrument of precision; he determines its degree of resistance to his gnawing tool. A miscalculation and his work is lost; the plan of restoration destroyed—and, important to us, shrill pain and maybe the loss of a tooth. Yet we seldom hear of such mishaps. Our own experience reports no such happening, and suggests only admiration for the skill, gentleness, and wisdom of the dentist.

We like them, too, on their personal side. Those we know have an amusing knowledge of human nature, seen in miniature crises that display it brazenly. With exhibits of weakness, cowardice, even, they are very tolerant. We like their testimony to the nerve and courage of women. They seem to have a tireless interest in their patients as cases and as persons.

Because of the skill of its practitioners, and of their public and individual service in matters of health, dentistry stands high among the benign professions. Happy the man, and happy the family, that has a good dentist!

Dr. Kendall—"Enck, how many minimis in an apothecary's grain?"

Enck (after the customary diplomatic pause, answered)—"Three."

Dr. Kendall—"Who told you?"

Enck—"Frame did."

Dr. Kendall—"Very well, I'll give Frame zero and you five for your recitation."

Dr. Kendall—"What rare metal is used in card games?"

McLaughlin—"Antimony."

The Dentos

1923



The Dentos

1923

DO YOU REMEMBER WAY BACK WHEN:

You were getting ready to sever the old home ties for the first time and take up life anew at C. C. D. S.

It was a great week, that last one at home, wasn't it?

Your mother bought new socks and pajamas and undies and everything and you had to have a trunk and a handbag and a box of stationery and a little Bible and then you went down to see your best girl for the last time before going to the city. And your girl, how proud she was that you were going and how she liked to have you say that she was the cause of it all, the big inspiration. Sure you do because Dr. Kendall says it happened to the best of us and you're no exception. And then when the train whistled in and you were ready to whistle out how kinda funny you felt and as you leaned out of the train window and looked down at the old bridge over Inlet creek, where you carved your initials, and how you just couldn't hold back no longer and after a good cry you began to sit up and take notice of a good looking girl across the aisle and you felt yourself slipping and wished you hadn't told your girl what you did, but you finally lived down that episode until you arrived at C. C. D. S. And then, wotta life. You forgot where you put the Bible. You gave away all the stationery. Your socks were the only (holy) thing you possessed. The pajamas were torn off when you got your first tubbing, and your undies—well, they aren't as good as when you left home; and your girl—three letters the first week, then two for a couple of weeks, and finally one when you thought of her, and just the other day she wanted to know what's got into you. And you be blamed if you could think until all at once you remembered that you went to Dreamland with Luke Hartford one night and what you saw would make the boys at home green with envy and then you remembered that it was love at first sight and surely your Dreamland girl was a dream and how could the boys at home be satisfied with just the common, unsophisticated country girls and then you woke up one morning dead broke, and got a letter from your Dad asking if you purchased the college and another from your girl saying she was done, and discovered you had two flunks and right then and there you wished you had studied, and read the Bible and written to your girl and saved your money and was genuinely depressed until some wise Soph said this was all a part of your education and you started all over again.

I thank you.

—J. C. Brady.

It has been learned that Louis Pavlicek has invented a new way of applying the rubber dam, and is to give a lecture on same in the near future. The feature of his new method is chiefly because of its economical value, as only a piece of rubber an inch square is required.

In a Thursday Exodontia Clinic recently, there was no running water and the patients had no place to expectorate after having had their teeth extracted; but Cody and Martin came through with some helpful suggestions, and saved the day.

Of all the sad, heart-breaking words
That come from tongue or pen,
The saddest are those of Salazer's
"Make this plate over again."

The Dentos

1928

AESOP'S LATEST FABLE

Once upon a time there was a handsome youth, full of ambition, honest, courageous and industrious. His folks and friends were mighty proud of him. He had a wonderful future. He was destined to become wealthy and famous. His name would become as famous as King Tut's and would grace the best social registers and appear in "Who's Who." For was not our hero studying dentistry? Already indications pointed to his becoming a second Brophy, Logan or Johnson. But alas and alack, gentle reader. A remarkable change had overtaken our hero. While in his Junior year he was stricken with a peculiar malady, lazitis, caused by the bacillus "lounge around." Our hero developed a love for Dudley's hashery, C. L. Frame's and S. S. White's. The basement was frequently massaged by his slow-moving feet. At 5 minute intervals, he would run downstairs and, lighting a fragrant Camel, would ensconce himself comfortably on one of the benches and drift away in a reverie of girls, dances and theatres. He often held his patients in the chair while he did this. Returning to the infirmary he would hastily insert a piece of temporary stopping into his patient's teeth and dismiss him even though he had an hour or two more at his disposal. He would neglect to sign up for patients. He often navigated to Jack and Denny's emporium nearby and when the baseball season opened he was among the first in the bleachers. Following the final examinations, our hero received a letter stating that on account of three conditions and almost no points, his services were no longer required. Enclosed was a timetable for Indianapolis, Louisville and Kansas City. Moral—draw your own.

—S. C. S.



A Desperate Trip.

Most of us have been wondering where our instruments are disappearing to. At a recent dinner dance great commotion was caused when Harold G. Kessling lost considerable silverware from his pockets, which evidently had been pocketed during the course of the dinner. Judge for yourself.

CONSIDER THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE THING

I

He wedges two sound teeth apart,
Of my pale face disdainful;
I hear him, with a sinking heart
Declare: "This can't be painful!"
He rudely pokes an agile nerve
And pours hot acid in it;
And stops second to observe:
"This only takes a minute."
And I, who sit there, gagged and bound,
Am powerless to make a sound.

II

He now and then assumes an air
Of stern and stoic virtue,
While I am panting in his chair,
And mutters: "This may hurt you;
One wouldn't think to look at you
That you were temperamental.
Don't dodge me, I will soon be through,
And I will be quite gentle."
And I, who writhe upon the rack
Am impotent to answer back.

III

I think of what I'm going to say,
Grim, bitter, and sarcastic;
When from my gums he takes away
That gag of damp elastic.
But when the torturing is past,
With gratitude a-flutter;
To feel that I am free at last,
I shake his hand and mutter:
"It wasn't I that asked to quit—
You dentists never hurt a bit!"

WOULD YOU?

A pretty girl leaned back in a big chair—a man bent questioningly over her. All was quiet. The oyster-gray walls of the room, with their pale mauve fringes, seemed to soothe the rush of feeling that his presence aroused in her, and she lifted her eyes confidingly to his.

There was a moment of tenseness. She was waiting—waiting in eager anticipation. There was something she wanted to say—yet she could not speak. Everything was so still, she could almost hear his heart beating. Suddenly a sigh fluttered from her lips. She lifted her eyes to his again; but this time pain lay deep in their depths.

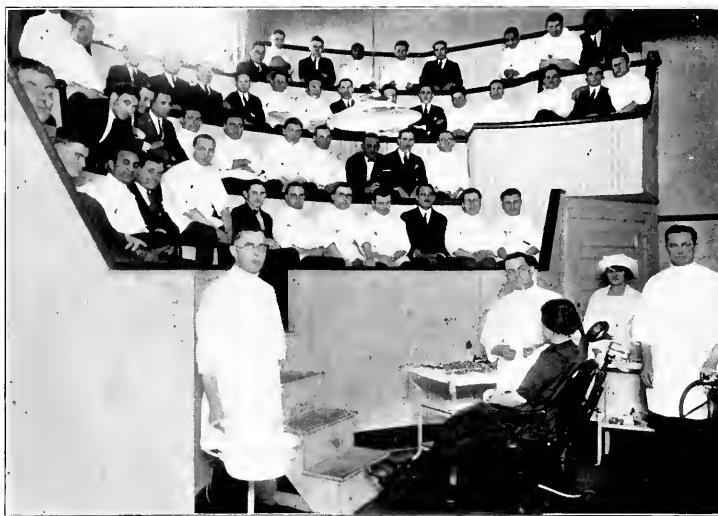
"You hurt me," she quavered, timidously.

"No, no," he said softly. "Just once more," and his head bent closer to hers. A moment or two only, and he drew himself erect.

"Yes, I think I can save that tooth. There is no need of extracting it," he said.

The Dentos

1923



The Dentos

1923

INSEPARABLE PALS

A free copy of the "Dentos" will be given to anyone presenting authentic and reliable proof that the following students were seen apart for as long as 5 seconds.—*The Editor.*

Toth, Quant and Tilka.
Malawsky and Scharf.
Boyer and Kesling.
Desenis and Clark.
Art and Arnestin.
McElroy and Westland.
Shippy and Gillogly.
Asher and Karel.
Lowry and Kreger.
Enck and Frame.
Palestrant and Lavin.
Pekonen and Martin.
Rea and Spickerman.
Redlick, Paule and Schwartz.
Pavlicek and Rybacek.
Rossen and Schneider.
Reid and Warren.
Brennan and Griffin.
Dillon and Coughlin.
Pike and Stratton.

THE PRICE OF SOPHISTICATION

When you take a freshman to entertain don't you start him out over the campus? To the hospital, around through the morgue and up Ashland to Baker's. "This is the Psi O house," you explain. Two nurses come in that you know and you give the freshman a thrill as he meets his first Chicago girl (who is probably from Farmer City, S. Dak.). You talk to the girls awhile. Then suddenly think that you should sit down, you do and order for the crowd. After spending fifty cents and a half hour sipping chocolate malted milk you suggest walking with the air of a man who knows. At the training school you shock the freshmen by the finesse with which you batter down the nurse's feminine barrier and kiss her. You suggest stopping at Felix Tomei's on the way back, but the freshman says, "I'd rather not." You go on home. You're not sure but that the freshman has been bored—you have been.

The freshman says to himself, as he undresses, "Gee! I think I'll get my hair cut that way. I like that shirt he had on. Think I'll buy one like it tomorrow. Let's see, what was that girl's name? Oh yes, Helen. Say, boy, I think I'm going to like it here!"

See what you miss by being a Junior!

—Ox.

BILL

If you've left your outfit out and can't find it, don't you ask Bill for it?

When the patient wants the plate the next day and you want it vulcanized properly, you ask Bill to do it, of course.

When your plate comes out distorted or full of holes, or you miscast an inlay, who is more sympathetic than Bill?

Listen, men! Bill smokes!

—Ox.

The Dentos
1923

GUILTY?

The future dentist slowly raised his head, straightened his shoulders and gave a sigh of relief. He had just put the finishing touches on a gold foil. The polish on it was so mirror-like that the happy student could see his own reflection in it. Unconsciously, his chest swelled with pride and satisfaction. Here, indeed, was a filling that could not be beaten. He would surely get a 9 and 7 or 8 points for it. In a somewhat haughty and supercilious voice he called the demonstrator over and asked him to look at his masterpiece. The heartless demonstrator took the explorer, sank it into the foil up to the hilt, gracefully removed the filling and held it before the eyes of the thunderstruck student. The latter's eyelids flickered uncertainly for a moment, his face a deathly white, and cold beads of perspiration on his forehead. The puzzled expression on his face was so ludicrous it would be laughable were not the situation so tragic and heartrending. A slight flush now superseded the whiteness of his countenance, black dancing specks appeared before his eyes and the disillusioned student sank to the floor in utter oblivion.

—S. C. S.

After Solomon had announced that there would be no class in Materia Medica, Solfrong politely informed him that his voice was too soft for the "Enuncifier." I suppose he's the bird whose sister was afflicted with "Peoria."

Biedka Pulls Another One



The Dentos

1923

ALIAS THE ORAL ORIFICE

Col. John L. Sheppard says:

The mouth is one of the most important organs of the human body. It is located in the lower part of the face for the purpose of talking, laughing, singing, eating, drinking, kissing, and is a place where whiskers meet and part.

It smokes, drinks, swears, lies, prays, and tells the truth—sometimes.

Some mouths look like Cupid's bow, and remind you of heaven. Others look like a Frankfurter sandwich, and remind you of the other place.

Some have an odor of roses and others smell like limberger cheese.

It's a corn sheller, meat chopper, potato masher, nut cracker, bone polisher and hash machine.

It's a receptacle for peanuts, popcorn, chestnuts and a tango hall for chewing gum.

It's a cavern for ice cream, candy, soda and a garbage can for chocolate.

It's a palace for lobsters, oysters, clams, salads and a pantry for pie.

It's a cuspidor for chewing tobacco, snuff, pipes, cigars and a woodshed for toothpicks.

It's the old maid's reservoir for tea and cocoa and the coffee fiend's fore-taste of heaven.

It's the grocer's friend, the butcher's vault for the dead, the rumseller's sewer and the dentist's safe deposit for gold.

It's the druggist's medicine chest for pills, castor oil, and other delicacies and the undertaker's funeral director.

It's the rich man's buffet for wines, cocktails and champagne, and the poor man's rumshop for whiskey, rum and beer.

It's the widow's lament, the bachelor's rejoicer, the lover's persuader and the stenographer's charmer.



The Dentos
1923



The Dentos

1923

CAN YOU RECALL WHEN:

We thought "John" was a prof when he first took the roll?

Professor Kendall explained the molecular theory and we all listened in awed silence?

We thought the elevator would be run the entire year?

We had our first "collarless" day, with a battle royal in the large amphitheatre, and Leland G. Meder put up a game fight against a few hundred seniors?

"Smiddie" used to take the attendance in freshman Prosthetics?

We were told in Operative that we were a little behind, boys?

We had to pay a "breakage fee," and we must have broken about \$1500 worth, for we were returned \$2.00 per capita?

We thought "Comparative Dental Anatomy" would be terribly hard, so everybody except Leavitt, Gawg, L. Wagner and Pekonen studied to beat the band?

The class of 1924 was a model class?

The fellows would all hang out at the student's "Y"?

We'd play checkers in Consolidated's old supply house?

Stark pulled the one about feeding the fishes peas at the Soph. Smoker?

Hoatson and Grindelia had a friendly little argument in the large amph?

We thought if we'd ever be sophomore, life would be worth living?

We thought if we'd ever be juniors, life would be worth living?

We'd all listen with close attention to Dr. Watt's lectures?

After every final exam we'd resolve that the next semester we'd study hard-ly throughout the course so that we would not have to cram at the last moment? Leavitt and Goldstein did?

The late lamented Kolinsky would attend the races the day before the exams and buy the winning horse?

Clevedent gave us a free feed, and the cigarettes mysteriously disappeared?

Eckstein and Cutler had a little encounter in the freshman lab.?

The fellows lined up on the north and south walls of the physiology lab. and gently tossed frogs at each other?

Dr. Smith started practicing chiropody, but he worked his way up to a gynecologist?

Knospe bought a flivver and the first day he went out with it his engine got hot, he stripped his gears, slipped in his clutch and blew his horn?

TID BITS

How can you tell a bad egg? If you have anything to tell a bad egg, break it gently.

Pretty Maid—"You tickle me, Duke."

Duke—"My word, what a bally peculiar request!"

Brady enters a restaurant on Friday:

"Waiter, have you any whale?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any shark?"

"No, sir."

"Then give me a T-bone steak. God knows I asked for fish!"

He—"Is there much food value in dates?"

She—"It all depends on whom you make them with."

The Dentos

1923

OH, DADDY!

He took her in his big, strong arms,
He kissed her fevered cheek,
And as he pressed her to his breast
She felt herself grow weak.
He kissed her once and twice and thrice.
And caressed her golden head,
Just as any father would
When he put his kid to bed.

HEARD ON THE INFIRMARY FLOOR

Solfronk presents smooth occlusal surface carving to Dr. Cattell.
Dr. Cattell—"You have a nice smooth skating rink for microorganisms."
Solfronk—"Thank you, Dr."

Arnstein to *Dr. Puterbaugh*—"Doctor, have deciduous teeth roots?"

Dr. Puterbaugh—"You will kindly matriculate in next year's freshman class."

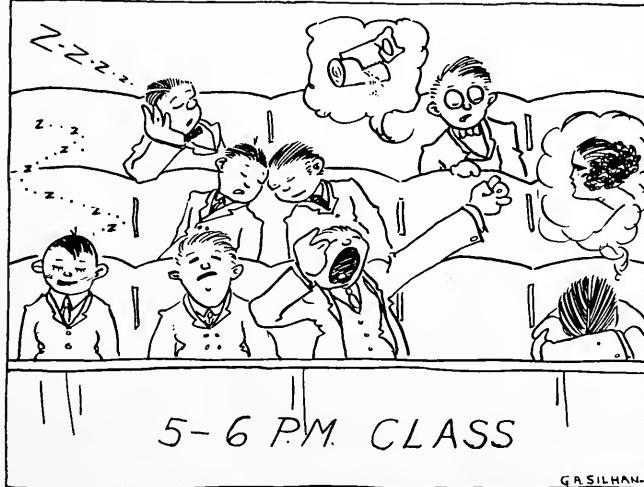
I would like to know why "Izzy" Slavin plays Forest Park, the Land of Planks. Maybe that's where Florence flourishes. Or is it Highland Park, home of the heels?

—B. C.

PICKED AT RANDOM

"I've got a fellow who owns a swell car. Do you love any one who owns a car?"

"Anyone."—*Sin Dodger*.



The Dentos
1923

ON THE RETURN OF A FOUNTAIN PEN LOANED TO A FRIEND

I now give thanks for the safe return of this fountain pen which, having endured the perils of my friend's pocket and the pockets of my friend's friends, is returned to me in a reasonably good condition.

I am glad that my friend did not see fit to give it to the baby as a plaything or a teething ring, nor use it as a screw driver nor as an initial carver.

This pen I had given up as lost. When I loaned it it was with a feeling of final parting. I never thought to look again at the unintelligible scrawl it created.

But now that my pen is back to me I give thanks. I am exceedingly thankful! Bring forth the Carters—we shall fill it up and write once more the familiar scrawl characteristic of us.

Presently I shall return my friends' Goslees and Flasks.—O.r.

WE WONDER:

If Blair and Galbraith made a wish would it be for a Goldstein?

Since Agress and Abrams live in Chicago, is it a Rothenburg?

If Warren and Drury were robbing hens' roosts, would they use Sachs?

If Orendorff and Reynolds were fishing would they catch Pike?

If Grindy and Sharf answered the same matrimonial ad, would they know her if they'd Meder?

If Knospe asked Thesen for a date would he Stryker?

If Quart and Pavlicek will ever be as wise as Solomon?

Does McLaughlin express his idiosyncrasies with a Penn? To be Schur! To be Schur!

When Slater goes to bed are the pictures turned to the wall before his nakedness is Stark?

If Weismiller discovered another furuncle, would he give forth blessings or an Oaf?

—O.r.

FAMOUS SAYINGS

By Juniors

1. How many points have you got?
2. Another disappointment. Blankety-bank, etc.
3. Got a key to the elevator?
4. Lemme take, have you got, just for a second.
5. Was it you that borrowed my Bunsen burner?
6. Think he'll give us an exam in that stuff?
7. Did you go to the Track last night?
8. Let's go down to Dudley's.

Dr. Kendall—"Grindy, what is belladonna?"

Grindy—"Spanish fly."

McLaughlin should make a good second story man because he never fails to come to an 8 o'clock on time, and say, can he walk quietly? Just watch him coming in at 8:30 on Monday a. m.

Dr. Grismore—"What causes exfoliation of the teeth?"

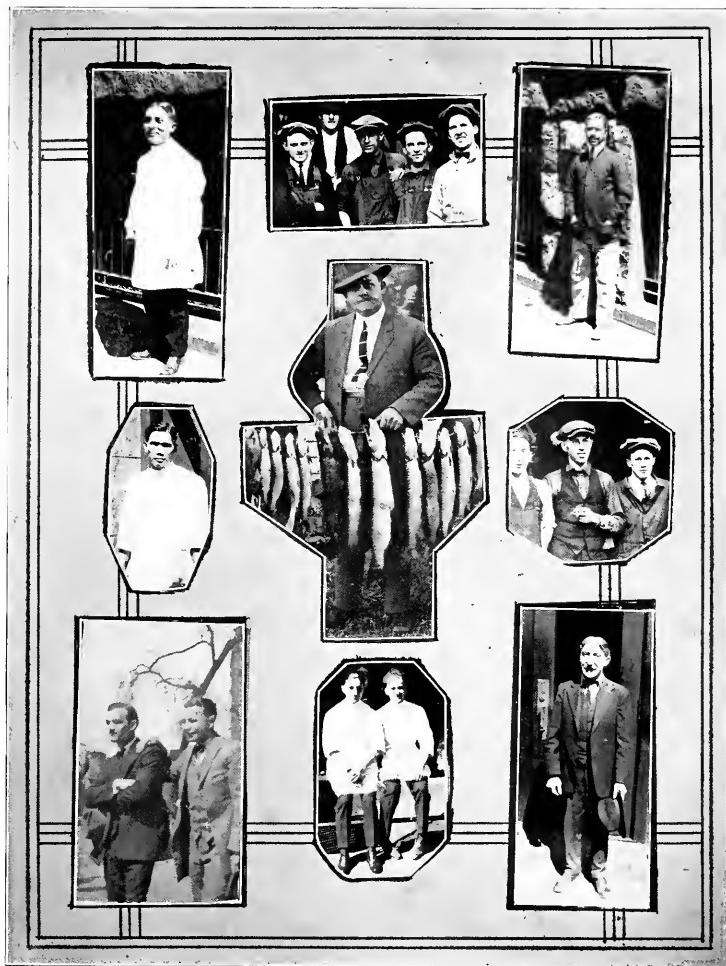
Cody—"Malpractice."

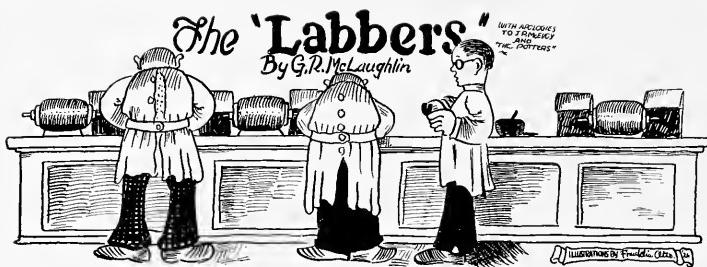
Phyllis—"When I dance with Algy I think I'm going to heaven."

Gladys—"And when I watch you I think you're going to hell.—*Scalper*.

The Dentos

1923





PROLOGUE.

It is any day of the week, say Wednesday. We find a heterogeneous conglomeration of embryo dentists, of the junior and senior species, scattered at random in the senior laboratory, each one filling the role of a diligent "labber."

One cannot appreciate this unless he has at sometime or other been in the predicament of the characters to be. Hence ye of the upper classes, see yourselves as others see you.

SCENE I.

Enter a wild-eyed Junior with an impression tray in one hand, a plaster bowl and an insufficient allotment of impression compound in the other.

The Junior, alias Bill Coughlin:

"Who's got some vaseline?"—(is greeted by an ominous silence)—"Don't all speak at once, just little bit of vaseline" (more ominous silence). Business of "labbers" appearing diligently occupied. Bill makes the rounds hurriedly, receiving the fish eye from everyone and vaseline from no one.

Exalted Senior, Jocka Lynch:

"Mine's in my case upstairs, Bill, sorry." (This one is very popular and is used more than most others of the alibi family.)

Fellow Junior, Jim Dillon:

"Look in my box, Bill. I think you'll find it on top." (He knows darn well there's none there, but wants to appear generous. This one also gets a big play by the alibiers, and so on. Down the line, no vaseline.)

Shorty Abrahams:

"Rudy's is still open, Coughlin. They still sell it for a dime!"

One more appealing glance at the assembled prosthetists and Bill rambles out to charge it at Rudy's. Impression tray still dangling from one hand, p. b. and impression compound from the other.

From out of the midst of the rabble comes a raucous shout from Radio Spick Spickerman, lungiest of a loud lunny lot:

"Ta-de-de-da-Da!—Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the——," the rest is lost in the screeching of the lathes, both of 'em!

SCENE II.

Enters a meek Freshman, present only in the line of duty, the salvaging of an underpacked plate from the vulcanizer. Said infant is spied by Bernie Cutler and immediately razzing is in order.

Cutler: "Freshman out! Freshman out!"

Cry is immediately taken up by fellow hecklers, Peruna Cody, Jake Stahl, Bill Lemaster and Swede Kangas:

"Outside, outside, take the air, take the air, Freshman out!"

The Dentos
1923

The victim gives an excellent imitation of active hyperemia, hesitates—stops—forges ahead, stops again—slowly marches toward the vulcanizer and as cries and whoopings redouble in fervor, thinks better of it and flees out the side door in consternation. He didn't need the flask anyhow. It can wait 'til noon when there's not so many in the lab.—anyhow, he should be working on that partial for Dr. Hambleton this morning! He'd show these cocky upper classmen!

Mrs. Prestley, from the doorway:

"Who wants a partial plate?"

She makes herself heard after the fourth attempt and immediately—gets no response. After canvassing the lab, she finds that Bill Loewy hasn't got "three partials on hand now," "a plate to pack and a Richmond to solder" or "a patient in the chair now," and leads him off to uphold the reputation of the college. Little does Bill reck that this case is another "turnover" Oh "turnovers" what crimes have been committed in thy name, how often have the lives of earnest students been sacrificed on the block of somebody else's hard luck!

A comparative lull—Spick takes advantage and vocally describes the fineness of Carolina in the morning for the benefit of those who didn't hear it the first time. He has two assistants now, Stratton and Valentino Smith, sitting in to say:

"Strolling with my girlie where the dew is pearly early in the morning!"

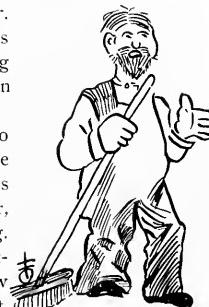
Dark Horse Lux: "Hey—who took my plaster bowl? I just laid it here on the table and went to get my spatula! Who got it, huh?" (After the jam of the restitution is over and two have been badly injured in the earnest rush of restitution, Lux contents himself with picking up the bowl nearest at hand and strolling off to the plaster jar, mumbling to himself acidly—not about the Dentos.)

Joe Sherman tears into the line at the lathe, a pale, pink, full lower in his hand: "Say, Geffert, let me take this down right here on the periphery. I won't be a minute and I've got a patient waiting in the chair." (A half hour later Joe decides to use a knife and the lathe rips merrily on under Charlie's careful guidance.)

The announcer nasally pipes out: "Mr. Rosin, Mr. E. Rosin, West telephone, Mr. Rosin." (This always gets a big laugh.) Gene stops in the midst of packing a plate and warns Irv Rothenberg to "Keep an eye on this stuff, Irv," while he goes to answer the phone.

His warning is a cue for Rothenberg to go down to Dudley's for another chocolate malted so he can more easily watch Rosin's stuff. Gene returns and finds his spatula and two flask bolts missing. Morrie Schneider, being nearest at hand, gets the blame for not watching.

Schneider: "How do you get that way? I been waiting to get at that lathe for an hour, and didn't even know you'd gone. One lathe for 200 students! Some joint,



The Dentos
1923

this is! It's a wonder C. N. doesn't snap out of it and give us some equipment. Hey, Bill, when are they gonna get some new lathes around here?" Bill, the vulcanizingest bird old C. C. D. S. has ever known, with an injured air of self defense: (Why make him the goat?)

"I don't know, my boy, I'm not supposed to look after everything around this place. Why don't you see Esterbrooks?"

So that's that, try and get 'em! In the meantime, Rosin being unable to borrow any bolts from those who know him, beats it to White's to purchase *three* bolts, one for his remaining one which will, no doubt, have been "borrowed" when he returns.

SCENE III.

"Lordy me, what a great delight, when I get a familiar sight," Spick's quartet is still at it; McLaughlin having rounded out the mourners' quota and the gang cuts loose with "Tomorrow" to the zealous accompaniment of divers and sundry plaster bouquets, not such soft plaster either. Sheik Sulaimen innocently intercepts one of the agile projectiles with his classic brow and immediately the fighting light of the far east flashes from his coal black optics:

"All right, fellows, that's enough. You very nearly made me drop this model."

The Sheik's invitation is accepted with alacrity and he becomes the recipient of numerous kindly offered wet towels, broken models, empty plaster boxes, etc. The fire in his eyes redoubles its brightness.

"Come on now, cut it out, that's too much." (He means it this time and as a result the bombardment ceases—for fully a minute.) After the next barrage he accuses Luety in angry reprimand while the obliging quartet wails an appropriate funeral dirge. After he and Luety both win the verbal debate, although the Sheik is really ahead by two rigid forefinger shakes, he settles down grimly, not to work, but to a policy of watchful waiting, his black mustachio abristle, his deep brown complexion deepened considerably by the anger coursing through his veins—a minute passes—the badgered one is sorely smitten atop his raven locks and a coffee colored tornado breaks loose, heaping imprecations upon whoever it is who persists in throwing plaster.

He rants and tears,
His teeth he bares,
He flingeth casts
He flingeth chairs—

and still the culprit has not been apprehended. After futilely extolling the evils of pegging pests in general, he calls on Allah for aid and then, reinspired as it were, puts all the blame on Luety, who really only threw about seven times. The act gets a big hand and numerous guffaws from the audience, Luety profanely protests his innocence and the Sheik is routed.

"Dr. Puterbaugh will hear of this at once," he fumes. "I've had too much and besides I have a patient in the infirmary." (This last is said to himself alone as he hastily picks up his instruments, folds his tent silently and as silently steals away.)

SCENE IV.

Dr. Salazar, the George Washington of denture workers, enters the lab.: "Who can speak Jewish?"

Jiggs O'Donahue volunteers to do the honors and bedlam is re-established when Sally disappears.

Red Kleiman is helping Izzy Slavin to solder a Richmond. After futilely coaxing the solder to become more intimately acquainted with the backings for an hour and a half the task is done and Slavin immediately immerses the in-

The Dentos

1923

vestment containing Richmond in water, the result being a beautiful, concentrically arranged, checked facing. Kleiman roundly balls out Izzy. Izzy cusses fervently and copiously. The bible is referred to often by both debaters and still the facing remains checked.

Izzy: "Oy, the patient is in the chair, too. What to do, Red, what to do?"

Red: "Dumbbell, you're the one to blame,
I should worry, douse that flame,
Give me back my blow-pipe, too,
Stall 'em off, it's up to you."

Red piles his blow-pipe, soldering block, box of flux, tweezers, Bunson burner and tin instrument box into a pile, the while berating Izzy roundly for each of the fifty-seven varieties of dumbbell on the map. He reaches for the wire gauze which was atop his burner during the process of soldering. Slavin did not dip *that* into water.



The mob: "Whur-r-r, Whur Whuu-u-u-u-u-r-r—WHU—U—U—U—U—R-R-R!"

And so it goes until the bunch is out of gas. I really can't spell that siren-like whistle at all like it sounds, so if you wish to get the straight dope on it, drop around some day, any day, and you'll be able to give your ears a treat.

SCENE V.

It's almost noon hour. The line at the lathe is twice as long now as it was. Kangaroo Leavitt is polishing a plate. His patient is due the following Saturday. The bunch sticks around, panning C. N., panning Logan, panning John, the chief broom chaperone, panning the school, panning everything and everybody about the shortage of lathes. Sam Goldstein freightes himself into the waiting crew.

Sam: "Hey, Unconscious, you been on there an hour now and ain't got anything done yet. Come to and let a good man work."

Voice from announcer:

"Mr. Leavitt, Mr. Harold Leavitt, Plate room, Mr. Leavitt." A worried frown shoots up in front of Leavitt's pompadour. The eager half dozen waiters leap forward expectantly like wolves to a hamburger steak. An expectant, avaricious light shines brightly in the eyes of Goldstein. His chance for the lathe! Leavitt polishes a mere 75 minutes longer and reluctantly goes to answer his summons, inquiring plaintively:

"You'll let me finish, won't you, boys,
If this plate needs a polished poise?"

The Dentos

1923

The gang (anxious to speed him on his way):

"Oh yes, sure, you can come back and finish any time,
We'll let you have it 'til that plate's sublime."

(Oh ye-s, let him have it, sure! Let him try and get it!)

Leavitt kangaroos plate-room-ward and immediately there's a wild, scrimmaging, sedate attack on the lathe. When the smoke clears up Butch Goldstein is serenely at work removing surplus rubber from a partial lower. The unsuccessful contestants view him with hopeless chagrin and silently curse his avor-dupois—except Rubitz Art, who mildly protests:

"Come, Sam, we're all ahead of you, been waiting for two hours,
So let me on, I'll soon be through, or must 'be said with flowers?"

Sam stops long enough to donate a deep equine chuckle. (Better not rile that box of T. N. T., Butch, or he's liable to explode!)

Art: (With firmer, deeper mein and tone, doth acquiesce contention's bone.)

"All right, bum, outside, gangway, I crave action
Unless you'd join the has-been faction."

Butch Goldstein says:

"Begone, thou wart, or I shall sneeze
And you'll vacate your B. V. D.'s."

Now the wart don't believe in snappy come-backs, so he carefully lays down his upper partial, urgently applies a foot where it'll do the most good, perceptuates a few rapid vanishing passes in the geography of a florid Hebraic face and Goldstein passes the door at a helter-skelter tangent, in the general direction of *out*. (For the answer, see page 947.)

"Toot, Toot, Tootsie, good-bye, Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Don't cry."

They're in again. The mourners' bench is more densely populated with Schlocker and Charlie Ackerman doing their best to distribute crepe.

Lucretia Knospie has witnessed Sam's forced exodus from the lab and stops work on a MacBoyle long enough to drawl, with the melodious voice of a lawn mower with the diphtheria:

Your physique staunch and trim,

Your Pluto-cratic attitude.

(Oh, Beatrice Fairfax, did I do right in telling him?")

Enter a dashing Philipino lounge lizard, mouth agape, tongue lolling out and eyes representing the well known sangers.

Ramos: "Bike, Bike, oh where is Bike?

My patient, he is come—

He has a inlay I doon't like,

Where's Bike, I'll make a new one."

Pike appears and great is Aurelio's rejoicing. Now they can work on his inlay. ("You tal 'em, keedo.")

SCENE VI

Heine Otten is telling another story. Hoatsen, Bill Shippee and Lige Reynolds paused in mid-air.

Heine: "And then the chorus girl said to the blind macaroni winder: 'If you use your noodle we'll be——'" Voice from the horn:



The Dentos

1923

"Mr. Otten, West telephone, Mr. Otten."
(Gr-r-r- ain't that the sweetest thing? To happen just then—another reason why brains leave home.)

Stearns, the irrepressible, pussyfoots in:
"Gimmee a cigaret; hey, who's got a smoke?"
He receives but little attention, not little enough. Cadging is not so good today. He greets only a flock of stony fronts and one offer—of advice.
Lemaster (Sheik of the far south side):
"Dave's downstairs, Stearns. Or maybe Dudley'd give you one." (Wise cracks from a broken dish.)

Brief commotion in the plaster mill. Oaf's in the investment again. He jars into Weissmiller's hot-water-wax-cleaning elbow, knocks a perfectly good flask seven ways from its bolts, and wildly flees a spontaneous outburst of lurid, highly colored expletives, *climated* with a mellow brown stream of fly destroying cut plug.

Weissmiller: "Xyz !! (% \$ * * ? \$ % — & “ ! — \$ & () * * * ! ! ? ? ? — Why in h— don't you bring a shoe horn with you, you blundering plow-jockey?"

"Sweet Rosie O'Grady" rises in strain serene above the din of the lathe, the scraping of chairs and the dropping of instruments, as the latest offering in grand uproar.

SCENE VII.

Turmoil off stage as of two skeletons putting on a mean toddle on a tin roof and a boiler-maker playing the xylophone at a wake. Noskin then brings the riot into the lab:

Noskin: "Well, what could I do, I ask you? She wouldn't bring any dough, so I applied the rubber dam and dismissed her for three days. Now she shows up and asks me for postage money for the clamps and the ligatures, which she's sold to a dentist in Kokomo. I—quack—quack—quack—quack."

His silent partner, Solomon, don't even get a chance to get his hands warm too. Since Noskin has been on his feet the ground has been pretty well covered. He talks poor Harry into one door and out the other. Business of prosthesis is still uninterrupted.

Bill Redlich offers his contribution to the "worst joke I ever heard" column. Socrates Schwartz, who manipulates a mean oesophagus at the pipe stem end of an epileptic saxaphone, inquires of Bill in decorous effort of gaining information:

"Bill, can you tell me what nationality Napoleon was?"

Redlich replies: "Cors-i-can" (not realizing that he is pulling the Bon y parte!)

The angry choristers are now engaged in rendering "In the sweet bye and bye" to the latest jazzy accompaniment. (Some people have absolutely no respect for the dead whatever.)

Why look at that—of course, I'm right—even as I glance hither and yon, in search of a "borrowed" flask-wrench, Little Eva Desenis rudely socks Brodie Williams in the Sta-Comb with a castoff Weinstein box. Highly cullud Southern adjectives accompany the socking, suh!

SCENE VIII.

Dick Murphy and George Christoloides (this last is not malignant, merely acquired) are observed in a corner giving Hall, Roubert and Salazar a few minutes of personal instruction on "the soldering of aluminum plates and why."

The Dentos
1923



Roubert:

"Some of these patients kick a lot
And crab about the new plate's size;
Please tell me how to solve the plot
And bring relief into their eyes."

Salazar:

"If they say Mississippi twice
And don't regurgitate,
I'd 'open,' 'close,' then 'vulcanize'
Say, have I got that straight?"

Christoloidides (revered and respected for his knowledge, the veritable Jack Dempsey of the plate repair work):

"My judges all, plate work for me
Is quite a set-up, as you see—
I'd answer each one of you three
But my time's up, time sure does flee.
I'll come next week and talk again;
I hope you'll all improve by then."

Thereupon he of the quarantined name ambles out, gets into his car and walks home. The trio of knowledge seekers are sadly disgruntled at still being left in the dark as to plate work. They make themselves solemn promises to study up and surprise their venerable instructor at the next meeting. Meanwhile Murphy has been called out on a house case, an osteopathic treatment being required on a badly rumpled set of spats at Leland G. Meder's palatial residence.

Palestrant enters:

"Somebody give me a polishing outfit, or what have you?" (no luck, his reputation has preceded him and Charley goes to join Sterns in rating all dental students as a bunch of premeditated tightwads, with two exceptions).

Scene closes with Cecil Alonzo McPherson and Adolphus Grindy, in competition with the regular entertainers, soulfully rendering "My Little Gray Home in the West," in two flats. The gang unanimously favors their execution.

SCENE IX.

"Tis now 5:45 and a mere handful of "Labbers" remain, zealously putting in the finishing touches to a perfect day.

Maurer has just obtained the lathe after four hours of patient waiting. He puts on a sand paper cone, starts to remove superfluous rubber from a two tooth

The Dentos

1923

repair, gets fairly well started when the lathe coughs spasmodically, gives a few rumbling revolutions, emits a rasping death rattle, and—dies. The juice is off!

Maurer:

"? * ! \$ % — (+ = & \$ % ? ? ? ? * one lathe for 200 students and that lays down on you when you've put in half the day waiting. Wotta life, wotta life!" (Gathers up his cigar box and other incidentals and prepares to vacate the premises.)

Kokot: (Putting the finishing touches to an overpacked plate.)

"How many points you got, Frame? Will you spend your summer vacation with the boys in the infirmary this summer? Do you think Kendall will give us an exam. in Materia Medica tomorrow?"

Frame: "Now I'll tell one—Yeh—Naw, we had one last semester."

McElroy is having a quiet chew to end the day as he cleans up an inlay ring. He can carve it up again tomorrow, if the patient doesn't disappoint him again.

McElroy: "What time is it, Biedka?"

John answers as he enters:

"All right, boys, it's 6 o'clock,
Right here the names of lingers flock,
Please sign your name to my roll call
You'll see P. G. if you must stall."

Biedka, McElroy, Leavitt, Asher and Silhane joyfully affix their John Henry's to John's swindle sheet.

Lights snap out one by one—Here and there a locker door snaps shut—locks click their farewell notices—a hurried step of homeward trend echoes from the empty plate room as the swan song is sung for the day.

From the front exit comes a final echo as Spickerman and his yodelers whimper in a grand vocal finale, "Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the MORN-ING!"

G. R. McLAUGHLIN,



P. G.'s Thursday afternoon
clinic

The Dentos

STEREOTYPED PHRASES

How many points you got?
Are you out in plate yet?
I wonder how many points I got for that inlay?
I only got a 7 and 2 points for that foil.
I turned in a root fill and a foil today.
Where's the demonstrator?
That's the second time that patient ditched me.
I got a rotten patient off the bench.
Who's that good looking patient of yours?
I'll have to be here all summer.
Let's sign up.
Any chairs vacant, Doctor?
Two towels, please.

CURSES, BR-R-R

With a fiendish and demoniacal expression, his face distorted with rage and malevolence, his body quivering with relentless fury and hate, his eyes ahlaze with wrath and loathing, he tightly grasped the long, glistening steel weapon with its razor-like edge and without the slightest hesitation he plunged it into the mouth of his unsuspecting victim and * * * * scaled a piece of calculus from one of his teeth.

—S. C. S.

Malawsky—"Say, Louie, do you know my father has Tut's sword that he used thousands of years ago?"

Scharf—"That's nothing. My father's got Adam's apple."

Schneider—"Say, Gene, do you know, some of our instructors remind me of the French at Verdun when their general made that immortal remark."

Rosser—"Why, how's that, Morris?"

Schneider—"They are also using that famous expression, 'They shall not pass.'"

Schur (walking up to Dr. Radell and tapping him lightly on the shoulder)—"Will you please o.k. this slip?"

Dr. Radell—"Now listen, Schur, you wouldn't go up to Dr. Logan and tap him on the shoulder, would you?"

It was stated at a recent faculty meeting that if the riots before classes in the Junior class continue, it would be necessary to hire a platoon of police to keep order, with a consequent raise in tuition.

Help Wanted:

I have an excellent position for a jack-of-all-trades to act as my assistant. See Mr. Estabrooks.

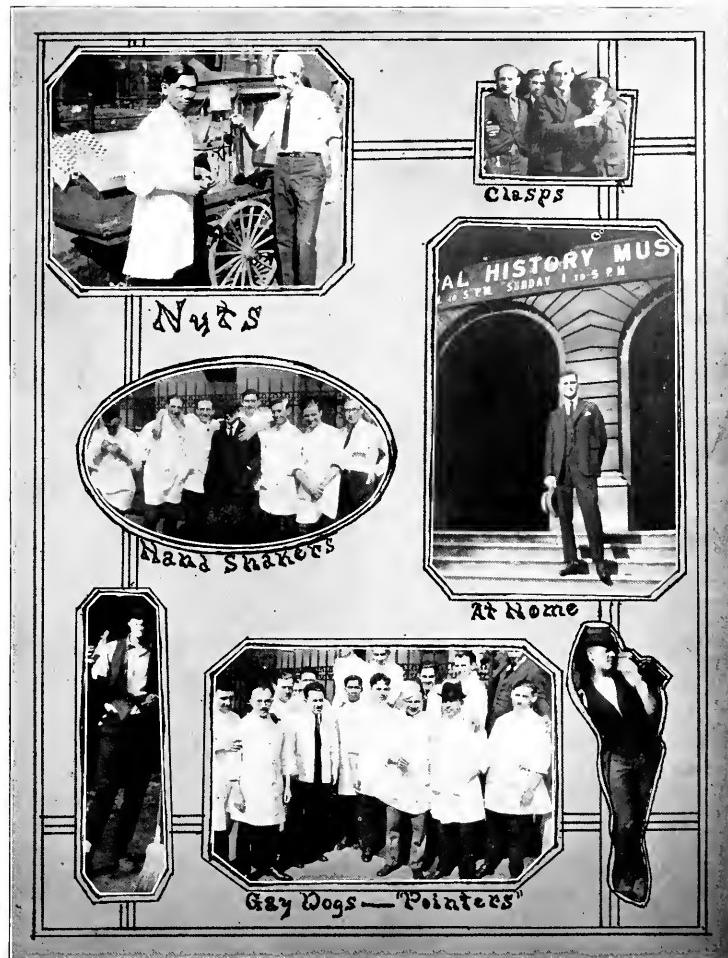
Jim Tracy informs us that the next time he goes to see what a Soph-Frosh riot is like he will wear a bathing suit and an umbrella. So say we all, James.

Dr. Puterbaugh—"When do the bicuspids erupt?"

Wilmot—"Do you mean the permanent bicuspids?"

The Dentos

1923



The Dentos

1923

MALLET MUSINGS

When you've finished a foil
After many hours' toil
And you think the result is quite fine,
 And the doctor inspects it,
 With explorers he pecks it,
And says, "See if you can't make it shine!"
 Don't think him unfair
 Or give him a stare
Or think of bricks in large amounts.
 Put a shine on to stay
 If it takes you all day,
For it's "pleasing the doctor" that counts.

WANTED TO KNOW:

We want to know—

- Why McLaughlin leaves all of his work until 4 P. M.?
Why Leavitt sticks around whether he has work to do or not?
Why Pike always makes such difficult inlays?
How so many Juniors developed the "gimme, lemme take, and have you got" habit?
Why Shannon takes so much pains to make his work neat?
Why Stryker was so glad to see Spencer leave?
How Knospe gets all his points?
Why Thesen is growing so many whiskers?
Who blackens McLaughlin's mustache each morning?
Why Malowsky is always looking for Ramos?
Why anyone should want to know the answers to these queries?

—H. S. S

Dr. Puterbaugh—"Agress, do you think you will ever become a dentist?"

Agress—"Yes, sir, all the faculty has to do is to take me for what I think I am and I'll make 'em all look sick."

DeKoven and Sam Goldstein staged a novel gastronomic feat last week. DeKoven bet Goldstein he could eat more of Dudley's pork sandwiches in 5 minutes than Sam could. DeKoven won by a hair, (that Sam found in his second sandwich).

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

A man's ambitions are very small
Who lends his knife to a friend at all.

It may be nice to seek advice
 From a Senior great and tall.
But you just notice the things they told us
 And let the other fellow fall.

"I know mine and mine know me" does not apply to your instruments after you've loaned them.

The Dentos

1923

They tell us that it is necessary to be a good salesman in dentistry. After listening to the twaddle and idle claptrap that some of the students hand out we are inclined to the belief that dentistry is really a selling game. Here in the college, we must induce the patients to have gold fillings instead of amalgams; gold plates instead of vulcanite; gold removable bridges instead of vulcanite, etc. Several students are even guilty of advising their patients to have extracted a tooth that might possibly be saved in order to insert a fixed bridge. And other students, sad to state, are guilty of deliberately * * * *. In our mad rush for points some fellows would sell their souls for a few fillings or bridges.

Dr. Grisamore—"Of what material is the alignment wire constructed?"
Agress—"It's made out of wire."

Dr. Puterbaugh—"What force would you use in extracting an upper lateral?"

Rossen—"A lateral force."

Sachs—"Say, Knospe, you'll have to give a conductive in extracting that lower molar."

Knospe—"Oh, I don't know. I think novocain will work just as well."

Young Leavitt, our precocious equestrian, was busily engaged in preparing a cavity in the mouth of a patient. After drilling away for several minutes, he withdrew his handpiece and poked his ruddy proboscis into his patient's mouth to observe the condition of the cavity. He noticed that there was considerable debris and dust so pursing his lips and filling his cheeks with air, he blew as hard as he could into the patient's mouth. Upon being informed that a chip-blower is used for this purpose, he earnestly protested that he had never seen one.

Knospe, alias Brophy, was expounding some dental information to three women in the infirmary. In a solemn and almost tearful voice he said, "No, I don't like gold in front."

Just before an exam. in crown and bridge several students were reviewing the subject. "Now, what is another disadvantage of the steel facing?" one fellow asked. Whereupon our jovial Lerner promptly replied, "Well, since it is made of steel, we cannot burnish it very well to the facing."

Dr. Kendall—"Considered chemically, what is CH_2O ?"
Knospe—"It's an alcohol; no, it's a secondary alcohol; I mean it's an aldehyde."

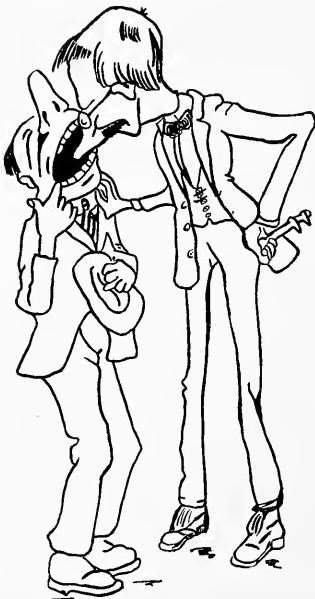
There is only one thing that Goldstein can't eat for breakfast, and that's supper.

"You don't love me any more," she sobbed and bowed her head,
"Wotaels the difference!" the dirty rascal said.
She crept up to the scales, like an Arab, and silently stole a weigh.

WILL THIS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

He passed the state board with flying colors. As soon as he received his license he opened an office and began waiting for patients. His first patient was an attractive young lady whom he thought looked familiar but couldn't recall her name or where he had seen her. After she was seated in the chair he examined her mouth and started to sell her a few fillings. "Doctor," said the fair one slyly, "look at this gold filling. Do you think I need a new one there? It looks as though it were about to fall out." Glancing at the cavity, the young doc exclaimed, "Why, that's an awful filling. Who put it in? The margins are rotten and it isn't carved at all. I would advise you to have a new one put in as it is beginning to decay around the margins." "Well," replied the girl mischievously, "your memory has certainly failed you. Don't you remember you put that filling in at the Dental College less than a year ago and assured me that it was a wonderful filling and would last a lifetime?" The Doc was thunderstruck! He blushed to the roots of his hair and stammered some unintelligible excuses. The prospective patient thoroughly enjoyed his discomfiture and slipping out of the chair put her coat and hat on and vanished, never to return.

—S. C. S.



MacPherson in Action

The Dentos

1923



The Dentos

1923

Leavitt was staring at a prospective patient seated on the bench. Upon being asked what was the matter, our sheik and athlete replied gravely, "That fellow thinks he's me, but he aint. I am."

A JUNIOR'S DREAM

Last night I had a wonderful dream. I dreamed that I was all out in points, according to the April posting. Now I would have plenty of time to run down to the State and Lake, to the ball game, to the beach or park. I would gaze contemptuously at the poor fish who had to slave away during the hot days in an effort to make up their points. Needless to say, my rosy dream was ruthlessly shattered when I awoke. Hastily dressing and scarcely eating anything I hurried to the college, ran up to the second floor and breathlessly searched my card. All I could see was a blurred aggregation of figures that seemed to point their fingers in scorn and mockery at me. With a sickening, sinking sensation at my stomach I added up the stupendous total of 127 points!

Oppenheim, our swarthy purveyor of brooches, burs, trays, spatulas and contact points, was examining the mouth of a patient. Upon observing that the patient had his lower right molars missing, he said confidently, "Yes, I can make you a one-tooth removable bridge here."

COME BACKS, ETC.

Dr. Kendall—"What is a counter-irritant?"

Cutler—"A woman shopping."

The inhabitants of the town that Brady comes from don't bury their dead. They just let them walk around.

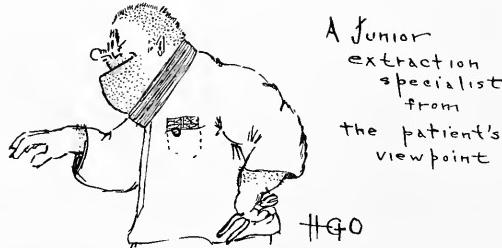
Keep her picture in your watch. You'll love her in time.

"Santa Claus played a dirty trick on the bow-legged girls."

"Why?"

"See what he put in their stockings!"

Leland Meder has discovered a new technic in the filling of tortuous roots of third molars, and is to lecture on same before the next meeting of the American Dental Association.



The Dentos
1923

Day by Day in Every Way—

OCTOBER

- 3—Repetition of last year's shekel-donating process. The coffers of the institution assume a decidedly obese appearance.
- 4—More brisk exodus of lucre observed.
- 5—Stearns starts bumming cigarettes.
- 7—Seven Juniors get their outfits, *not* including Levitt.
- 9—Arnstein and Art matriculate at the State and Lake for the coming semester.
- 11—Bob Anthony fills out his first examination chart.
- 12—Blivice and Bona decide to buy engines—and "borrow" their burs.
- 13—Nothing of consequence transpires.
- 14—Biedka gets the credit for ditching the first patient.
- 17—Bill Brown arrives in consternation. He just learned that the fall term has opened at C. C. D. S.
- 18—Philip Boyd registers as first contestant in the "Oral Eye-lash" Club.
- 19—"Sis" Birkett admits he has acquired a frau.
- 21—Piper Heidseik Club members chews their motto for the ensuing year. Many pledged.
- 23—Diamond No. 1 falls by the wayside. He just couldn't eliminate his pet fingernail garden plots.
- 24—Clark puts in a silicate, removes the rubber dam and—Clark puts in another silicate in the same cavity.
- 25—Bowyer turns in his first prophylaxis.
- 26—Jim Dillon acquires a waiting list of "frail" patients.
- 27—"Professor" White explains the why of Seminar. Pavlicek and DeKoven promise papers for the next meeting.
- 30—DeKoven starts telling the boys how good DeKoven is.

NOVEMBER

- 2—Diamond No. 2 gives up the ghost. The strain is beginning to tell.
- 3—Bob Drury's appliance is presented before the Student Dental Society in Seminar. Drs. MacBoyle and Tinker are put to shame by this new abutment piece. Much "centsible" criticism is in order—but not at Drury's expense.
- 4—Dohner makes his first two points. An amalgam is accountable.
- 7—It is reported, but not authentically, that only 47 Juniors were disappointed by patients during the morning session.
- 9—Enck learns how to put on a rubber dam.
- 10—Politics occupies the limelight. Slates are formulated behind locked doors.
- 11—Elitzik announces a change of personal nomenclature. He'll be responsible for "Elliot" hereafter.
- 13—Dale FitzHenry sends his spats to the cleaners for a prophylaxis. Mrs. Dale begins to get acquainted with her mate who cannot attend school spatless and consequently stays home to enjoy a spat-less (?) vacation.
- 14—Vic Frame gets personal with a stick of foil and comes out second best.
- 15—Galbreath has a collapsible pillow installed in the large "amph" at the distal, osnoral margin of his seat.
- 17—James Henry Fraleigh entertains in oratory at Seminar. Professor White learns much as to mellifluous, illustrated rhetoric.
- 18—Gefkowitz becomes indebted to the college. He becomes "Geffert" for obvious reasons.

The Dentos

1923

- 21—H. Gillogly set up a full upper this afternoon.
22—General Pathology leaves a terrible flock of casualties in its wake as the first of the quarterly exams terminate.
23—Thanksgiving (*not* for points acquired).
27—Class Election Returns—Solomon, pres.; Penn, vice-president; Karst, secretary; Lowry, treasurer; Goldstein, sergeant-at-arms; McLaughlin, editor of the '23 Dentos; Sachs, associate editor; Slavin, business manager; Reynolds, assistant business manager; Slater, cartoonist; Hartford, class editor; Brady and Spickerman, assistant class editors; Asher, class business manager, and Silhan, class cartoonist.
28—Members of the rival factions begin to re-establish friendly relations. Talk of a class smoker.
30—Hoatsen, Ruttenberg and McLaughlin are made the Committee for the Junior Smoker.

DECEMBER

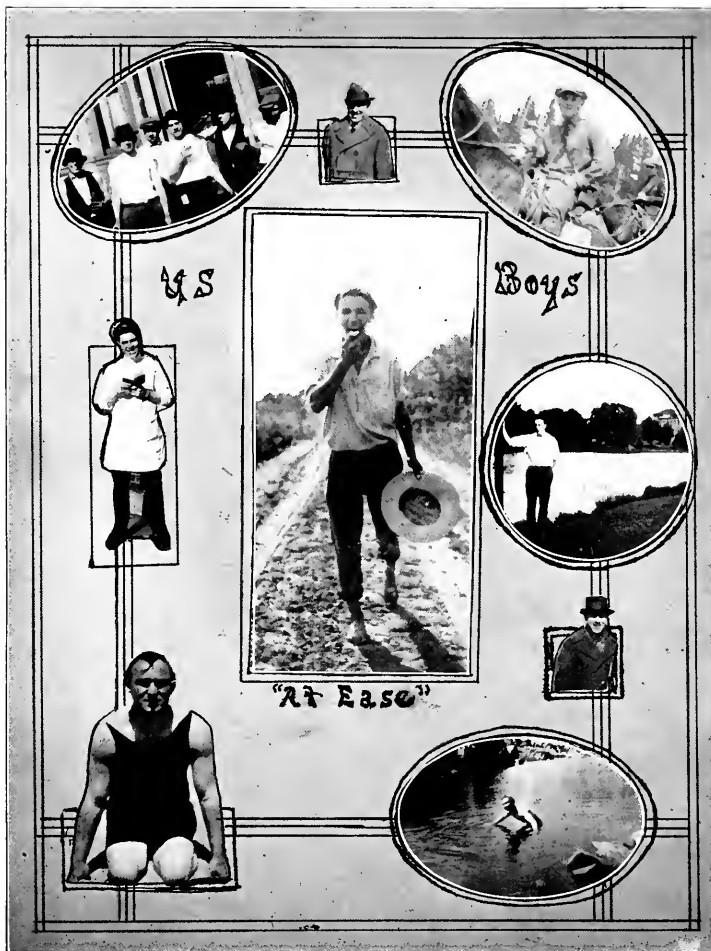
- 2—At second posting of points Grindy finds he is in the hole about 18. He was “found out” with a flock of fellow towel retainers.
4—Smoker is arranged for at the La Salle Hotel on Dec. 16. Collectors begin to try and get it.
5—Hynous arrives at Miss Flyn’s window just too late to get a contact point for an inlay.
6—Eddie Karst gives the Harvard Marvels a lesson in basketball.
7—Hand-Shakers hold their weekly meeting with Louie Wagner in the chair.
9—Ibbotson gets his first amalgam O. K.’d.
11—Arnstein learns from P. G. that deciduous teeth have roots.
12—Granath attends an Exodontia Clinic.
13—Abrams has a superfluity of hair follicles removed at student rates. “Cherchez la femme.”
14—Cody, Karel, Bickett and Mauer are elected to the student council.
16—The Junior Smoker is held with the proper spirit much in evidence. Many “new” stories are rejuvenated for the occasion.
18—Knospe introduces the east-clasp-arm-waist method for chaperoning blonde patients of the fraailer type about the infirmary.
19—Miss Wyneken is at the cage window for 15 minutes straight. Twelve injured in the rush.
21—Kesling tries plate work. He is also unsuccessful at first.
22—Kreger gets a patient off the bench who does not require an extraction.
23—All out for the holidays.

JANUARY

- 2—Charley Lavin starts the “Blues” on a prosperous New Year’s sojourn. The boy with the tears in his voice has a bad case of “Pointlessness.”
3—Kokot learns from Mrs. Delling that “Asepsis” is not a vaudeville act.
5—Kwarta discovers that points may be made by repairing plates. He’s not very original.
6—Kangaroo Leavitt reports that he has found out just how he looks when asleep by standing in front of a looking glass with his eyes closed.
9—Dick Murphy reluctantly admits that Dr. Hall is a pretty fair plate man.
10—Bill Lemaster introduces a couple of shebas into the mysteries of root filling. Both of his points were well earned.
12—Leiner keeps quiet for two hours. He was handicapped with a rubber dam.
13—Pavlicek broadcasts from station D. U. M. B. on “Prophylaxis after the Proper Adjustment of the Rubber Dam.”

The Dentos

1923



The Dentos

1923

- 15—Sidneh Lerner extracts a tooth to insert a root fill by the apical-end-first-process and, misplacing it, is forced to compromise with a one-tooth removable bridge.
- 16—Loiselle learns to adopt the pay-as-you-enter system with both of his patients. The other one cost him a four-buck inlay.
- 18—Eliot goes away from here. "Ask Daddy (Watt). He knows."
- 19—White objects to promiscuous generous penny ante-ings to and by Junior Seminarists. The minutes of Aurelio Ramos are highly commended.
- 20—Malawsky finishes his first prophylaxis in three hours, having recklessly refused all assistance from his corps of drafted aide-de-camps.
- 22—John nails down all the seats of the amph, depriving Cutler and Toth of their daily game of catch. Gloom and silence reign supreme.
- 24—Joe Martin has a wild dream about passing in Radiography.
- 25—Meder asserts that one of his X-rays came out good and maintains his assertion even after his root fill has been marked "Refill."
- 26—Oaf and exams begin their semi-annual tussle.
- 29—Pike proves that he is crazy—like a fox—when it comes to carving inlays.
- 30—The Dentos staff begins to worry.
- 31—A Junior furnishes gossip by paying his initial \$2 payment on the Dentos.

FEBRUARY

- 1—The halfway mark. Puzzle solving reigns supreme for the next week.
- 2—Orendorff sports a clean gown.
- 3—The crown and bridge exam proves a great hair grower—gray ones.
- 5—Five fountain pens are put on exhibition at Rudy's as having survived the Radiography exam.
- 7—Dr. Kendall and Materia Medica prove blessings in disguise.
- 8—An optimist reports that three students passed the Radiography exam.
- 10—Pekonen gets an injunction against Palestrant to save a few smokes for himself.
- 12—Paule handed in a 12-sheet foil for an unheard-of, magnanimous reward of four points.
- 13—Penn is out in points.
- 15—Quant has a nervous breakdown. He got a "B" in Pathology.
- 16—Ramos is appointed as co-assistant in Radiography. Spickerman is the other Co.
- 17—Dick Rea puts Elgin on the map with two partials and an upper in one week.
- 19—Reid is out in silicates.
- 21—Dr. Karl Meyer give a curt dissertation on shingle hanging.
- 23—Redlich springs the Paul Revere joke for the first time.
- 26—Reynolds gives a personal illustration on Orthodontia for buck teeth.
- 27—Rossen is seen without Schneider.
- 28—Schneider is seen without Rossen.

MARCH

- 2—Ruttenberg returns a pair of Goslees.
- 3—Ryback smokes another of Shippee's cigars.
- 5—Sachs forgets to visit Jack and Dinny's. He was laid up.
- 7—Morrie Schneider goes out in partial repairs.
- 9—Shapiro is still trying to complete a root fill.
- 10—Another roughneck day, a repetition of October 13th, the Van Heusen-less occasion.
- 12—Fully 15 Juniors answer roll call at Dr. Eppel's 8 o'clock Therapeutics class.

The Dentos

1923

- 14—Charlie Shannon is asked by P. G. to give a short talk on "Neatness in Dress and Technic."
- 15—Stearns moves back into the Boston Dental Parlors.
- 17—Bill Shippee is expelled from the Oral Eyelash Club because he lost his badge. Irv Ruttenberg had a close shave, too. He was standing in front of an open window.
- 19—Operative Dentistry, under C. N., presents the fatigued with another hour of enlightenment.
- 20—Silhan decides to draw a cartoon for the Dentos.
- 21—Slavin gets an ad for the Dentos.
- 22—McLaughlin gets a headache over the Dentos.
- 24—The sinful syncopations in the lab were not so good today. Spickerman was absent.
- 26—Three students got on the lathe today. A record.
- 27—McPherson is out in Hand-Shaking.
- 28—Christie turns over a swell partial case to Dr. Salazar.
- 30—Brady's seat was broken so he stayed awake during a full lecture period.

APRIL

- 1—Otten has a field day.
- 2—The "point" cards have touching messages for many.
- 3—Agress learns, from his card, that a shave may cost either 25 cents or 25 points.
- 4—Levi Johnson has no luck obtaining Number 5 points for root canal work.
- 7—Many must "improve the quality of their work." Quantity? Oh, a mere trifle!
- 9—J. A. Wagner set a record for points in one month. He snared 175.
- 10—George Christoloides finishes his first plate after five diligent weeks of earnest endeavor. He was lucky enough to obtain plenty of valuable experience by making it over three times.
- 12—Bill Coughlin found his long-lost plaster bowl. Leavitt was using it for a water glass.
- 13—Friday, too. Just for that Cody's girl was in town.
- 16—Slater succeeds in patenting his uvula attachment for additional relief in full plate repair work.
- 17—Irv Slavin temporarily enters the lumber business in Forest Park.
- 18—Rubitz Art got a suit of long pants.
- 20—Bargain day at Dudley's. He's giving seven cups of water to one spoonful of coffee instead of the usual five cups.
- 21—It is reported, but not verified, that Stearns bought a small package of Home Run cigarettes.
- 23—Georgie Slad has a flock of "L" guards waiting on the bench half a day for attention.
- 25—Valentino Smith, fast-traveling sheik from the wilds of Wisconsin, is seen stepping fast and furious along West Madison Street with a petite female biscuit shooter from the Copper Kettle Ranch.
- 26—Harry Solomon chaperons a few snappy kibitzers to and from the examination room on a still hunt for root fill points.
- 27—Solfronk admits for publication that he's just about as good a dentist as ever will be.
- 30—"Radio Spick" Spickerman gets the Sandwich town hall on the ether waves and is proud to announce that the old home burg will hold a Quaker Oats Social in the basement of the fire house on April 31.

The Dentos

1923
MAY

- 1—Stark and "Pinky" Schurr spent a week at the track last night. Dorothy must have been out of town.
- 3—Alfred H. Stearns shows up with two black lamps as a result of a hard night at the Bird Cage. He claims he won first prize for toddleing.
- 4—Harry Stratton to Stryker: "John, how many cigarettes do you smoke a day?" John: "Any given number."
- 5—Roustabout Roy Thesen ended up his nightly tour on Throop Street last evening. As a result six patients spent a day's vacation on the bench, indulging in a game of watchful waiting. "This" holidays occasionally, you know.
- 7—Mike Tilka and Dudley have an argument about the number of wrinkles in a prune. If Dudley charges by the wrinkle and wrinkles signify age, we must have been partaking of prunes from King Tut's pantry for quite some time.
- 8—Julius Toth was observed standing in front of the X-ray department, wishing for points in root fill. He is still wishing.
- 9—Jim Treacy got three pink letters and one telegram today. His alibi was a frail one, too.
- 11—Leroy Van Note laughed out loud unwittingly and suffered a severe nervous shock.
- 12—Vanousek, who never says, but does, lots, finds that he has already obtained 300 points of his senior requirements.
- 14—Frank Watson pals around with Dr. Boulger all day at Boulger's urgent request. These two sure do hook up well, ain't it?
- 15—Mrs. Delling is reported to have smiled today.
- 16—G. B. Warren cops a few more "9's" in foil. His superiority is surely monotonous.
- 18—Spring training on the Wood Street campus opened up today. Little Bo-Peep Reed and Spider Weismiller unlimbered their respective upper extremities.
- 19—McElroy and Mrs. Delling have a pleasant chat as to the relative value of "Mister" as applied to students.
- 21—George Westland packs up his outfit and starts studying for exams.
- 22—Shannon puts on his second clean gown for the year. Laundried extravagance, as it were, made Charley come clean.
- 23—Exams begin. The last ordeal is about to be undergone. From out of this will emerge several sad wrecks who were formerly identified as dental students.
- 25—Widmeyer and Wilmoth go out on points. They write mean exams meanwhile.
- 27—Juniors begin to worry about their remaining 300 points.
- 28—Fraleigh goes out in prophylaxis. Frame carves up an inlay and gets it O. K.'d, too.
- 29—Griffin, Brennan and Dick Murphy joined the Ancient Order of Hibernians. It was a dark night and Murphy got by fine.
- 31—So that's that. Junior students leave en masse for their summer vacation, to be spent on the second floor, at 1747 West Harrison Street.
G. R. McLaughlin, '24 (if possible).

Bernie Cutler seems to be quite a connoisseur of liquid stimulants as evinced by his imbibing freely of the wood alcohol which Dr. Morris had saved for preserving extracted teeth. Sure, it happened. He found out after gargling said fluid for one sweet half hour, reveling in his new-found moonshine.

The Dentos

1923



The Denots
1923

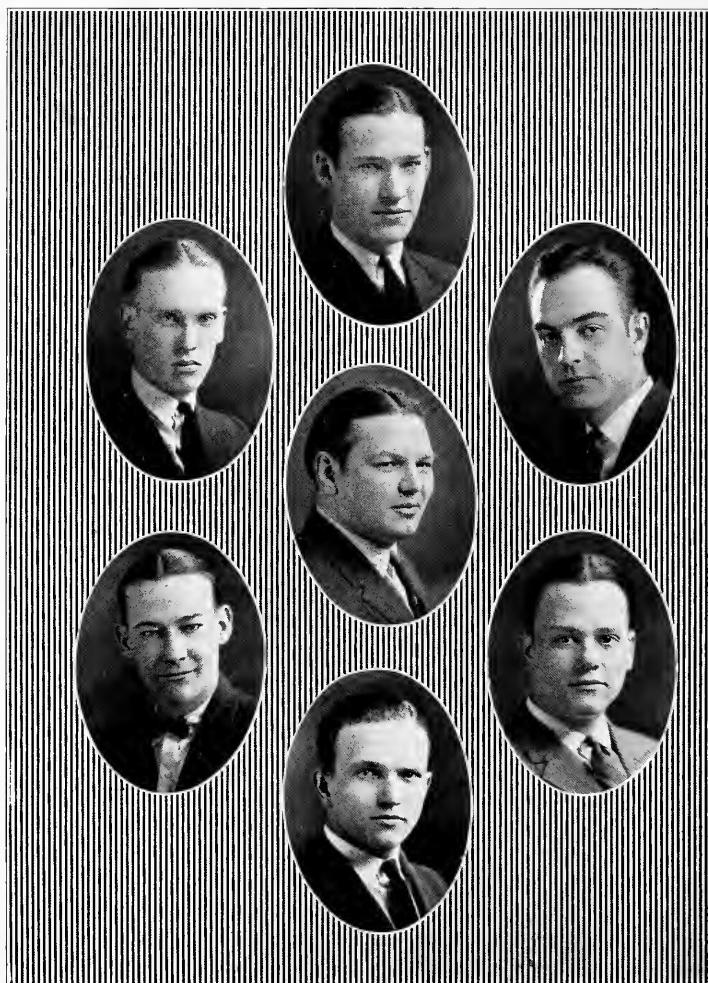


SOPHOMORES



The Dentos
1923

Sophomore Officers



R. C. Tallant, Editor
R. G. Williams, Cartoonist

J. T. Moran, Pres.
R. F. Algers, Vice-Pres.
R. B. Pittman, Bus. Mgr.

A. C. Ryan, Ass't Editor
F. Yager, Sec'y

Sophomore Class Chronicle

That class of "25" may it work, play and prosper in the future as it has in the past. The past; it is well worth reviewing perhaps just what that past represents. Our first year, although that does seem to be a terribly remote period, was filled with the trials and tribulations confronting any "stranger in a strange land." These were overcome with a doggedness and perseverance which have placed their stamp upon our class as one of the best in scholarship as well as in fellowship.

The officers for our first year, elected shortly after school convened, showed that no mistake was made in our choice. Walla Tate served us well as president, Helmey's efficiency as vice-president was surprising. Ryan was a faithful treasurer. Smith did well with the pen and Dietz made a worthy sergeant-at-arms. The staff of the Dentos was headed by J. O. Flood, with A. W. Kellner and G. M. Quinn as assistants. Buyer was the cartoonist and McIntosh the business manager. The product of their diligent work is surely their greatest praise. F. Yager, R. Claffin, I. Helmey and J. Schwartz were later elected to represent the class in the students' council.

Our second year began auspiciously with the return of the boys, enthusiastic, eager for the resumption of the work and determined to make this a banner year in our history. At our first meeting in the amphitheater we noted a few new faces. These men were warmly welcomed into the make-up of our class as in accordance with our usual sociability.

Except for those provided by the several fraternities the year closed devoid of social activities unless "roughneck day" could be considered as such. On this noteworthy occasion the freshmen suffered at the hands of the sophomores and vice versa. In comparison to this dearth of social functions our class work was of a high quality, proving the time well spent.

In spite of the fact that no mud slinging campaign preceded the election of class officers there was rioting and slugging at the polls. Lacking the Australian ballot system the voting was accomplished under the supervision of a member of the faculty with the following results: J. T. Moran, president; R. Alger, vice-president; F. M. Yager, secretary; D. H. Le Blanc, treasurer; H. L. Hefty, sergeant-at-arms. Shortly afterwards the Dentos staff, consisting of the following men, was elected: G. C. Tallant, class editor; A. C. Ryan, assistant class editor; I. Helmey, assistant class editor; R. Pittman, business manager; R. Williams, cartoonist. Members appointed to the student council were: G. Quinn, W. Tate, P. Quinn.

In passing we might mention that some bright and shining students have a "Little Fairy in their homes"; others attempt to have a little "castile" in their lockers.

As our first year set a high standard so our second year has maintained it. Our third year we hope will advance us to the unique position of the best class in the history of the college.

G. T.

The Dentos

1923

Sophomore Class Roll

- AKERS, THERON.—*Xi Psi Phi.*
Our Virgin.
- ALGER, RALPH.—*Psi Omega.*
If only weight were gold.
- ALLAN, CHARLES M.
The daddy of the class and a right good fellow.
- ANDERSON, ELMER L.—*Psi Omega.*
A mighty good student; has a passion for wild women.
- BELL, GEORGE E.—*Delta Sigma Delta.*
Dr. M.; "Ah! I see Mr. Bell is with us again."
- BETTE, JOSEPH M.—*Trowel Fraternity.*
He has an abundance of wit.
- BORG, ALFRED L.
He consistently saws wood.
- BRATT, LEONARD A.
Leonard has a keen appreciation of the arts as well as being a consistent student.
- BUCKLEY, HAROLD W.
We expect great things of "Buck."
- BUKY, OSCAR.
Without a doubt we have the honor of associating with a future member of the Hall of Fame.
- BUSHEY, ALBERT J.
We had hopes for him as a Freshman but he associates with Glupker now.
- BUYER, WARREN E.—*Delta Sigma Delta.*
"I'm so bright I just naturally radiate."
- BRAZDA, ETIMER S.
Really, you know, they expect quite a lot from me.
- BONAR, JACK H.—*Alpha Zeta Gamma.*
The Arabian Kid. Pipe his Egyptian mustache.
- BEAM, MAURICE JOSHUA.—*Pledged Delta Sigma Delta.*
Handsome? Just ask the girls. They all know him.
- CARLSON, ELMER E.
Ole meets Gladys at frequent intervals.
- CLAFLIN, ROLAND S.—*Delta Sigma Delta.*
"Where there's a will there's a way."
- CUMBACK, OLIVER S.—*Delta Sigma Delta (Pledge).*
The women keep him guessing all the while.
- DAVIS, JOHN M.—*Delta Sigma Delta.*
He is noted for his fondness for Philadelphia school teachers.
- DELBRIDGE, HOWARD N.—*Psi Omega.*
"The girls are just wild about me."
- DE ROME, LESTER L.
"Don't get fresh with me. I'll call me gang."
- ELLISON, EDWIN S.
The protuberance of the osseafiloris is gesundheit.
- FANNING, EARL G.
A consistent sleeper in Zoethout's class although aggravated by Feeney and Ellison.
- FEENEY, MYRON R.
"Shure, and the Fatyher is only hearin' murther cases this mornin'."

The Dentos

1923

FERDINAND, LOUIS A.—*Alpha Zeta Gamma.*
The boy with the million dollar laugh.

FETRIDGE, MATTHEW H.
Turn Matt loose in a toy shop to make him happy.

FALOTICA, GEORGE A.—*Xi Psi Phi.*

King of Italy.

FLOOD, JAMES O.—*Delta Sigma Delta.*

Jim and his work are great friends, so it will only be a matter of time until he wins success.

FUNG, JAMES

The modest possessor of many well-earned A's.

GUFFY, BYRL.

He wields a wicked line. We miss his smiling face too often.

GRISETO, VICTOR LOUIS—*Xi Psi* pledge.

He can make more noise than anyone else in the class.

GROETZINGER, ROBERT—*Xi Psi Phi.*

A fighting Dutchman.

GUTWIRTH, SAM W.

Sam is in the movies this year.

HALLER, JOSEPH, JR.

Joe works his typewriter to death.

FRONEY, BURT B.—*Delta Sigma Delta.*

Always a bright smile for everyone. When he isn't so busy we would all like to become better acquainted.

GILLMAN, JOSEPH M.—*alpha Zeta Gamma.*

Ben is a good student and his friends are many.

GORDO, BENJAMIN—*Alpha Zeta Gamma.*

"Come out from under the Juniper-Busch."

GOTT, FRANK R.—*Trowel Fraternity. Xi Psi Phi.*

Frank is always up to mischief.

GLUPKER, HENRY—*Delta Sigma Delta.*

An authority, beyond reproach, about whom it is impossible to write any dirt.

GREGERSON, ORRIN A.—*Delta Sigma Delta.*

Really a winter student, golf claiming his time in spring and fall.

LANDIS, GERALD T.

Judge has been looking over baby carriages lately.

LE BLANC, DAVID H.—*Xi Psi Phi. Trowel Fraternity.*

Dave has a Kosher girl from the South side.

LE FEBVRE, LEO J.—*Xi Psi Phi.*

Leo spends his summer vacations in the Thousand Islands.

LEVIN, CARL S.—*Alpha Zeta Gamma.*

Carl knows his "oil."

LEVITT, DAVE—*Alpha Zeta Gamma.*

Where Levin is found there may Levitt be found.

LIND, ARTHUR E.—*Delta Sigma Delta.*

Art is a rare personality. To know him is to like him.

LONG, MERLE E.—*Trowel Fraternity.*

Work is his middle name.

WILLIAMS, RALPH C.—*Psi Omega.*

Bring her back Tuesday.

JONES, ROBERT G.—*Trowel Fraternity. Pledge Psi Omega.*

Jones belongs to the royalty of good fellows.

The Denots
1923

JOHNSON, ERNEST R.—*Trowel Fraternity. Delta Sigma Delta.*

Nice, but if you only knew.

KAMIN, EMIL Z.—*Alpha Zeta Gamma.*

I-I-I'm h-h-h-here.

KELLNER, ARTHUR W.—*Trowel Fraternity. Delta Sigma Delta.*

The boys are planning to get a sand pile for Art.

KESSLER, WALTER B.—*Psi Omega.*

River Forest is his headquarters.

KIMBLE, CHARLES E.

Owls a controlling interest in White City.

KNIZE, EDWARD P.

Ed has been instrumental in Kimble's downfall.

KRASNOWSKI, BENJAMIN M.—*Alpha Zeta Gamma.*

A bootlegger of the first water.

HELMY, ISAAC M.—*Trowel Fraternity. Pledged Psi Omega.*

HIGHGATE, ARTHUR G.—*Delta Sigma Delta.*

"Time to go down for a smoke." Art never stops at size.

HILL, IVAN S.—*Xi Psi Phi.*

Our sheik.

HEURLIN, ROBERT J.

A power in anatomy; he is a butcher by trade.

ISENSON, SAM M.—*Alpha Zeta Gamma.*

Jockey for Morivich.

JACOBSON, EMANUEL E.—*Alpha Zeta Gamma.*

Jake is a quiet, hard-working student. Soccer player.

HAYDEN, HUGH C.—*Delta Sigma Delta.*

Hugh is always good for a half dozen Frosh.

HAYDEN, LEROY BURDETTE—*Delta Sigma Delta. Trowel Fraternity.*

Leroy.

HEFTY, HENRY L.—*Delta Sigma Delta.*

Staunch, true blue, his friendship is to be coveted.

MANUSOVICH, MOSES—From Chicago but far from windy.

MARSCHAK, SAM—Just one of those happy-go-lucky lads that breaks up the monotony. Alpha Zeta Gamma.

MATSKIN, SIMON—He's the salesmen of the class. Home is Chicago.

McGAHEY, L.—Zion City is his home and he works like a deacon. Xi Psi Phi.

MCINTOSH, STUART—This Scotch humorist has a golden smile.

McKELL, LENARD E.—It takes a long time to know him; a longer time to forget him. Psi Omega.

MICHENER, HOWARD I.—An excellent student and as nice a fellow. Chicago is his home.

MINICH, CHARLES J.—A quiet chap with a pleasing personality.

MICHLER, JAMES M.—He's our boss now; naught else need be said.

MONTGOMERY, EARL—Xi Psi Phi. Our Earl does make a lot of noise but you can't help liking him.

MOLYNEAUX, PATRICK—Comes to us from Marquette and has made a favorable impression.

MORAN, JAMES T.—Our class president. Needless to say what a well-liked fellow he is.

MORONEY, EMMETT—One of those witty Irish. Chicago is his home.

MOWER, DONALD—Psi Omega. 100 per cent good sport from Black River Falls.

MYERS, HARRY E.—And now "Pop" deserves his nickname. Psi Omega.

The Dentos

1923

MYERS, JOHN S.—Psi Omega. Sherman hails from Geneseo, Ill., and is a rare student.

NEWMAN, ISADORE—Izzy gallantly stumbles and stutters through the year.

NOSEK, OTTO E.—A real comedian. Chicago is his home.

PACK, LAMBERT A.—One of our A-1 men. Psi Omega.

PETERS, GEO. A.—An artist but all in bunk. Lives in the sticks of Maywood.

PETERSON, HARRY.—The "Swede" is always handing someone the "razz."

PETTY, RUSSELL—His home is Ogden, Utah, but his heart and soul are here with his work.

PITTMAN, RALPH—Being business manager nearly proved his downfall. Psi Omega. From Eldorado, Ark.

POUPA, HENRY—Sheik Hank has written his own books on all Sophomore subjects.

POTTS, LESLIE E.—A good natured fellow and well liked.

QUINN, GEO. M.—A Chicago man and one of our main defenses on "roughneck day."

QUINN, JOHN P.—Pat is sure a kidder and furnishes much amusement to everyone but the goat.

RABISHAW, SAMUEL B.—To be heard, whether seen or not, is his motto. Chicago.

REIF, LOUIS F.—Alpha Zeta Gamma. He should have been a politician.

RICE, RAYMOND—Reading meters is his hobby. Xi Psi Phi. Home in Laporte, Ind.

RINGSDORF, WARREN M.—"Ring" is well named as bells are the means of his livelihood. He's a dandy. Muskogee, Okla., is his home.

RODDA, MELVIN T.—This boy is from Oak Park and has a way of his own.

ROSENBERG, ISADORE—"Rosie" has a pleasing smile and is handsome "to be sure." Bloomington, Ill., is his home. Alpha Zeta Gamma.

ROSS, CHESTER J.—A different type, an addition to any intellectual group. Chicago product.

RUSHING, SHADE P.—A real star and pacemaker. Deta Sigma Deta. Home, Eldorado, Ark.

RYAN, ALPHONSE C.—Psi Omega. A magnetic personality makes him popular indeed.

RYBSTAT, EDWARD L.—Seldom does he answer his name but "pep" is recorded when he does. Xi Psi Phi.

SARNOT, JACOB H.—Reif's playmate and opponent in many a heated argument. Alpha Zeta Gamma.

SCHMIDT, THEO. M.—We're all for Ted. He doesn't give a d—.

SCHWARTZ, J. J.—Jake works all night and smiles all day.

SCHWARTZ, MAX I.—Here's a good student. Chicago boy.

SLAKIS, LAWRENCE P.—Quiet, but quality predominates.

SMITH, DUDLEY G.—Recently married but still going strong. Peoria is proud of him.

SOBECKI, CLEMENT, T. P.—The South Bend lad just can't understand the boys somehow.

SOWLE, STUART O.—Delta Sigma Delta. There is no one we like better. Is he proud of Rockford?

SPENCER, RAYMOND T.—Butch is surely the "sheik" of our class. Wolcott, Ind.

STAIN, DAVID—All bull dogs aren't vicious; neither is Dave. Resident of Chicago.

SVOBODA, BEN J.—"Steve himself." Lives in Oak Park.

TALLANT, G. C.—Psi Omega. A dearth of noise and commotion quickly proves his absence. Home, Chicago.

The Dentos
1923

TARNOWSKI, EDWARD A.—Getting quite well acquainted with the city is this Duluth lad.

TATE, WALLA—"And a jolly old soul was he."

THORSDEN, ARTHUR—Plugging, struggling, rising. That's Tommy.

TOERNE, ALFRED E.—It takes a true heart to carry a man to Valpo. so often. Delta Sigma Delta.

TREICK, WALTER—Judge is one of those big men from the mountains. Lives in South Dakota.

UNSEITIG, JOHN—An industrious teammate for White.

VISOKY, ROBERT—A Chicago boy who lives up to his city's motto.

VOLTZ, LAWRENCE—110 is a highly charged radio bug. Xi Psi Phi.

WALDEN, WILLIAM D.—A cartoonist of no mean skill. Canada gives us this lad.

WALKER, MYERS E.—You've heard of the man who would give his eye. This is he. Delta Sigma Delta.

WARCZAK, FRANK J.—Psi Omega. A slicker from Minot, N. D.

WARSHAW, JACK—He never troubles trouble; trouble never troubles him. Alpha Zeta Gamma.

WEBER, WAYNE H.—Draws beautiful pictures and grades as well. Atlanta, Ill., awaits him.

WENGER, FRANCIS E.—Psi Omega. Easy to get along with; hard to get along without.

WHITE, THURLOW A.—We caught him asleep twice and heard him swear once this year. Xi Psi Phi.

WILLIAMS, RALPH C.—Lately of Tulane. Our dancing fool. Psi Omega. Also from Arkansas.

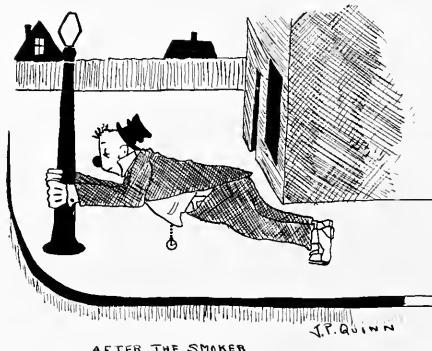
YAGER, FRANCIS M.—Delta Sigma Delta. Famous for personality, clothes and voice.

ZABLOTNEY, ARTHUR—An industrious lad appreciated by all who know him. Chicago is his home.

ZIMMERMAN, HENRY—Xi Psi Phi. A whirl in Bacteriology, but then you can't keep a good man down.

O'CONNELL, ROACH—This man is the "nuts." Chicago.

ROSSEAU, E. B.—That silence is golden is proved by this lad's standing.



AFTER THE SMOKER

The Dentos

1923

A WISDOM TOOTH

Pat Quinn went out a-huntin' to find a lower third.
That they are scarce as petticoats we've always heard.
He came in grumbling that none could he find.
Prof. says "Get out, Quinn, at hunting you are blind."
So, worried and troubled, he started out the door,
Vouched he'd get the bloomin' thing, and, oh, how he swore.
Back he came at four that day, smile upon his face,
Saying, "Dr. Watt, please; can't a 'Bi' take its place?"
What Doctor said to Pat that day we've never heard,
But he held the tooth o'er our heads and said, "Quinn, that's a third."

It's not the original cost but the upkeep—Pathology

Moroney in *L. O.*—"Hey, O'Connell, close that window up there!"
O'Connell—"Close it yourself! I'm no draftsman."

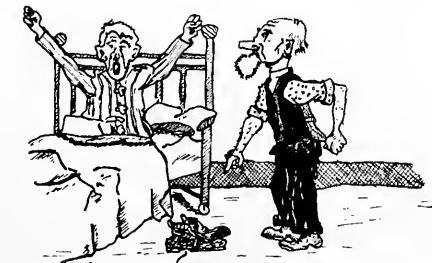
Smith—"Say, Tate, do you know anything about Oquaka, Ill.?"
Tate—"I ought to. My uncle's the police force there."

George Quinn is the original cake eater of our class—stole all of Ryan's while the latter was handcuffed with a tray in Dudley's looking for a place to light.

They've never found out who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder, but Landis says he knows who socked the coffee pot in the mashed potatoes.

There's a guy in our class who likes spuds so well that on Washington's birthday he bought a whole peck, took them to a friend's house and had the whole mess cooked. Not mentioning any names, but he hangs out with Peterson and is always singing "She's the Fairest of Ireland's Fair Daughters."

Yager has just signed a contract with the Famous Players, to take effect June 1st. He will play the lead in "Why girls leave home." Oh, yes, he'll be with us again in the fall. It is rumored Henry Poupa may accompany him. Swoboda was with the same company last year.



Rincsdorf AT ANY 832 Ross

The Dentos

1923

LOVE

To love is sweet
But, oh, 'tis bitter
To love a girl
And then not git 'er.

A feeling that is restless,
A longing that is pain,
A yearning for caresses,
Hell—I'm in love again.

My love is like a horse
Hitched up to a cart
It follows where the road goes
Because it isn't smart.

My love is like a cow
Going down to drink.
It only knows it's thirsty
It doesn't stop to think.

My love is like a sheep
Jumping over a fence
It goes the way of others
Because it has no sense.

Mary had a little lamb,
I don't see how she did.
Cause how could Mary have a lamb
When she was but a kid?

LIFE

Life was dull at Princeton
And worse yet at Cornell
And then I joined the C. C. D. S.
And since then it's been H---appy.

The other night
I took my girl
For a walk.
She said she was tired,
So we sat down
In the park.
Then she said
Her hands were cold,
So I held them for her.
And then
She said
She was cold all over,
So I gave her my overcoat.
She hasn't spoken to me since.

The Dentos

1923

Lock, on the way down to the Psi Omega banquet during the period of probation, asks Matson and O'Grady, "How long does this period of probation last?" A few days later, after serving probation orders, one evening he came home about 12 o'clock P. M. and sidestepped around the room for a while and finally landed on Matson, who was sound asleep. This wakes Matson out of his beloved slumber and he hears Lock mumbling to himself or some imaginary person. He says, "What time is it? Hic! The 26th? Hic!" The time is now nearing when Lock's probation period is over which will relieve his mind and hungering thirst."

Prosecutor—"What passes through the greater palatine foramen?"
Sarnot—"Solar plexus."

Matskin (referring to class)—"They're not so smart, doctor."

Now, if you want a homely illustration, there's Flood.

Toerne—"Gee, that rubber smells awful!"
Zablonitey—"You don't expect it to smell v'illets, do you?"
Tallant—"Well, it's vile."

Dr. Zoethout—"How much blood is there in your body?"
Rybstat—"Oh, about one-fifteenth of your weight."
Dr. Z.—"How many pounds?"
Rybstat—"About 150."

Highgate (in Bact. Class)—"Then you inoculate a 250-lb. guinea pig."

Don Mower, in reference to chemistry and saponification, proclaims that John's keys are the best known test for soap.

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men that moil for knowledge
And the ballroom lights have seen strange sights
Of the men from this old college.

Dr. Platts (speaking of lower animals)—"Hello, Buky! I didn't see you."
Buky—"You ought to know all about the fishes."

THINGS NEVER HEARD ABOUT C. C. D. S. STUDENTS

"Oh, George, please, kiss me just once."
"No, no, I will not, Alma, and if you don't take your arms from about my neck I won't go with you again and besides I'll tell the dean of women about you."

The Dentos

1923

Brotherly Advice to Freshman

(Faculty please do not read.)

Inasmuch as we have been "through the mill," we deem it no more than proper that we should take this opportunity to advise and warn our fellow students who have not as yet experienced the exceeding joy of the Sophomore year. And so, if this little article helps you in any way to better equip yourselves to wage the supreme battle of the Second year, we have achieved our purpose. If not, read it and weep.

The following "tips" are held very dear to us; in fact, they are the most cherished secrets of the Sophomore class, and it is only because we feel that it is our solemn duty to do so, we pass them on to a seemingly unappreciating class. And we further recommend that these secrets should be held sacred—regarded as an heirloom—to be handed down from one class to another—from generation to generation.

Perhaps one of the most valuable bits of advice to the average Freshman is that on the various methods of getting by without previous preparation of the lesson. One of the best ways to get by this is that of "derailing" the Professor, more commonly spoken of as getting off the subject. Professors, like all other human beings, have their weaknesses. Remember that. The Anatomy professor, who has traveled quite extensively in his day, may be approached by a question in regard to how they dissect over in Germany. He will undoubtedly take particular delight in telling you—the untraveled—about the wonders of some German medical university.

The best and one of the most common ways to avoid unfavorable notice in the Bacteriology class is to resort to the discussion of some strain of bacteria which you are studying. For example, start an argument as to whether the *bacillus lactic aerogenes* is responsible for the butter in butter milk or not. Then calmly sit by and wait for the clock to reach the even hour.

Far be it from us to be personal, but we wish to advise (with all respect to him mentioned) that the reader shall not detail Dr. Zoethout, as this derailing may prove very disastrous to the student.

In Comparative Dental Anatomy, the method endorsed by us is to take up the wrong side of some theory (for instance the Tritubercular Theory) and refused to be convinced that you are wrong. Sit up in your seat, lean over your desk, try to look as though you are thinking real hard but cannot see it. But be sure to go up to the professor after class and, after a few minutes of conversation with him, allow the light to dawn. He then will get the impression that you had wrestled with just that part of the lesson at home the night before, and that after you could not decipher it, you had sought him for advice.

In Pathology, the approved method is to open all of the windows in the amphitheatre between the lecture hours, just previous to the Pathology lecture. Then when the Professor comes in, complain of its being too cold. But be sure to close the windows before the Prof enters, because if he should find them open he may get wise and then the results will be far less desirable. "Follow directions carefully to obtain best results."

But some Professors are immune to all forms of bluff and for these a special line of attack must be laid. Go up to the Prof before class (a good method is to speak to him in the Registrar's office) and tell him of your headache, toothache, important engagement, sickness, etc., and promise him that you will make up the work. This method is unusually successful in P. Chemistry, especially when you have formulas to write, balance and hand in. Anyway, it is usually easy to make up after it had been done by the class.

The Dentos

1923

All these are methods of getting by without previous preparation of lessons. Another still more important art for a Freshman to learn is that of ditching. If Webster had wanted to be at all sociable he might just as well have included this word in his dictionary; but since he saw fit not to, we will define it ourselves. DITCHING is that process by which we rid ourselves of certain undesirable subjects.

The first and most advisable way is not to appear for class at all, but get some other student who has no class that hour to sit in your seat for you. In practicing this, be sure to tell the student specifically where your seat is situated (don't only tell him the number), so that if he should come a little late he can go direct to the seat and not cause any unnecessary notice. It may be wise to tie a green ribbon on the back of your seat so that the sitter (as they are commonly called) can find the seat without delay. This last part, however, is optional.

Another method which has caused widespread joy is that of walking out when the Professor turns around to write something on the board. This, however, is not near as successful for those sitting in the two front rows (commonly known as Handshakers' Row) and therefore we wish to advise that anyone who ditches a class using the last described method, who sits in the aforementioned rows, will do so at his own risk and the author will not be responsible for any embarrassment which might arise from this source. Those sitting in the rear who use this method in getting out will be backed by the entire class—while they're going out. Before leaving, be sure that John has been in and taken the roll for without him all would be in vain.

The third and last method of making a success out of a failure student is that of "talking it into a professor." This is more commonly spoken of as handshaking. But why go into this subject? We have a few perfect examples in the Sophomore class and these may be seen in the registrar's office after any lecture. And then to quote one of our bright Sophomore students, we'll say "Thus endeth the lesson."

—R. J. H.

HANDSHAKING

There is a time, and we know when;
A place, and we know where;
That marks the destinies of men
Twixt passing and despair.

There is a grip, by some unseen,
That banishes all wrath;
The hidden boundary between
A "D" or "E" in Path.

—R. J. H.

Ike Helmy (back in November)—"Say, Sparkplug, I'm trying to raise a mustache. What color do you think it will be when it comes out?"

Myron—"At the rate it's coming, I think it will be gray."

HEARD AT A FRAT DANCE

He (trying to get his bearings)—"How do we get to your home from here?"

She (very nonchalantly)—"Oh, any taxi driver knows the way!"

He (grimly)—"That's all right, I'll ask a conductor."

Personality and Success

Personality is a much talked of subject and one of vital interest to all of us inasmuch as some of the biggest men of our time consider it a pre-eminent factor of success. The technical side of the question I shall leave to psychologists, the personal side which enters into our daily professional and business relations I shall attempt to discuss. Because the human element is one of the most interesting parts of our work, I wish to express some ideas on how to develop and enrich the human relations of our daily life. We have a moral, spiritual and intellectual influence and an obligation to every man and woman who enters our life. This being so let us study our personalities that each one gets the utmost from the other.

To me personality has two aspects—how a man looks and how he thinks—reflected in his actions. The first is more superficial, yet it is important. Neatness in dress, good manners and a genial attitude go a long way toward a good impression. There are a few, notably careless in dress, who have become great men, but you will find the average successful man has paid attention to the niceties of dress and manner. Did you ever notice how much good a smile will do? Even in face of discouragement a smile heartens us, even, perhaps, turns dissatisfaction to satisfaction.

Let us now consider the deeper things that constitute personality and character. These are many and volumes could be written upon each, but with limited experience and knowledge, I can go into each but briefly.

Co-operation is the life of trade. The same applies to successful personal relations which are controlled by our personalities. Therefore it becomes imperative that we understand something of personality and its relation to success. And who of us does not desire to be a success? By success I do not necessarily mean rising to a high position or amassing a fortune, but I do mean filling your present position to the best of your ability, being a credit to your school, to your community and an inspiration to others. Man's intercourse with his fellows is based upon his understanding of character. When considering a new man the employer asks, "Is he competent?" The merchant asks, "Is he honest?" The teacher asks, "Is he earnest?" and so on, ad infinitum. Character alone plays an important part in business transactions. Morgan is said to have remarked that he preferred character to collateral and that he had actually loaned a million dollars on character alone.

Enthusiasm is equivalent to success, provided a man thinks.

Clara Tru Major says, "There is all the difference in the world between the man who goes to his office with the feeling that there is another day to drag through, another lot of work to be ploughed over and the man who feels that this is his opportunity to prove his value, to make a step up to the higher place in sight. The first man's eyes are dull, his step lagging, his whole deportment a weary protest against the monotony of life. The second man doesn't know that life is monotonous. He never has time to find out. To him each day is an opportunity for achievement, perhaps the guardian of the moment that shall work another milestone in his career." Which man shall we pattern after?

Let us consider those characteristics which produce a successful personality. Integrity is a prime requisite. Industry itself never gets anybody anywhere. Most animals are industrious, but they are not honest. They steal, they deceive, they refuse to respect the rights and property of others. Civilization dates from the time that people began to respect the rights and property of others. Industry and integrity are the basis of prosperity.

With an open mind and broad viewpoint much can be accomplished. If you can see the other fellow's point of view, if you can give consideration to his feelings, hopes, fears and abilities, you have gone far toward settling his difficulties. Keep an unbiased mind. Mr. Schwab said that men have failed because they did not see the importance of kindness and courtesy. Yet we all know that kindness to another gives one real pleasure and should be indulged in whenever possible.

It has been said that without faith in one's self there can be no progress. Dr. Wishart says, "Keep on the sunny side of doubt and believe in life through hope and faith." To be self-confident one must be prepared, never quite studying, reading and thinking. Ask questions, learn by the other fellow's mistakes as well as his successes. Do not fear to plead ignorance in order to gain knowledge. Again I quote Mr. Schwab: "The man who fails to give fair service during the hours for which he is paid is dishonest. The man who is not willing to give more than this is foolish. Bare hands grip success better than kid gloves. The man who kicks about the hours and his income is a self-elected failure." Leslie Shaw says: "If you can't do what you like, like what you do."

A personality that has a deep seated sincerity, clean in thought and action, tactful and pleasant, will command respect in all associations.

Above all, to have a forceful personality one must have vision, initiative and decision to make good, backed by concentration which is the first essential of mental power. "There is no job too commonplace to express the individuality of an uncommon man."

These, then, are a few characteristics necessary to a magnetic personality which brings success. Success does not necessarily mean money, but rather maintaining a standard to reach a goal. Whether we arrive at that goal or not depends entirely upon ourselves. Psychologists tell us that every man is born with a certain amount of intellect which can be developed unlimitedly. Success hangs upon this development and upon a man's belief in himself. "Success comes in cans, failure in can'ts." From the Boston University News we get the following poem which expresses it so well.

"If you think you're beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win but you think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.

"If you think you'll lose, you're lost;
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
It's all the state of mind.

"If you think your outclassed, you are;
You've got to think big to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.

"Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the one who thinks he can."

"How did you get that black eye?"

"Well, Clea's dad came into the front room the other evening when we were dancing and he is deaf and can't hear the Victrola."

The Dentos

1923

LOCAL NEWS OF INTEREST TO SKEPTICAL SCHOLARS

John Sherman Meyers wore his rubbers during the months of October, November, December, January, February and March. In addition to the health protection, John says they also serve as rubber heels. Many soles have been saved by the same keen insight.

Jake Schwartz, commonly known as "J. J." had the misfortune to split his lip during the cold spell in February, which prevented his puffing in the cornet with the rest of his crew at the Blackstone Hotel. Too bad, as Jake's daily bread depends partially on his nightly efforts.

Simeon Matskin has originated a new V-shaped neck gown for the infirmary next year. It is rumored that he will sell the Vs to Dudley for napkins. Matskin says the gowns will sell in the neighborhood of—12th street—or perhaps a little less.

Walla Tate had occasion to be absent from dissecting once this year.

Pat Quinn says he thinks it foolish of Spencer to buy spats when he needs a hair cut. Nonsense, Pat, you're way behind the times. Spencer gets his hair cut every month—that Clark street style he wears.

"Call up 33rd and Wallace. They know me." Who said that?

A PLEA

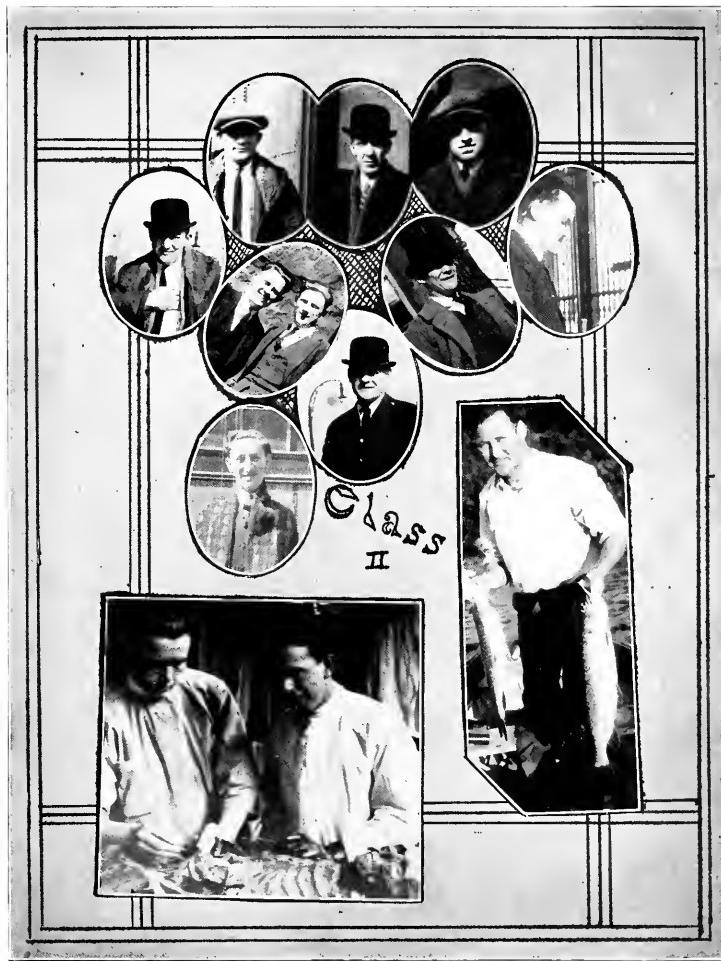
I hate the old alarm clock that resides in my room
And every morn goes A-Rickety Zoom,
Saying "Get up, Montgomery, you lazy bum!
Sleeping so late makes you dumb."
Oh, how I hate to roll out of the hay,
Dress in a cold room, 'un start a new day!
School hours should be from One A. M. until Five,
For these are the hours I'm really alive.

With the Theatres-



Petty's Conception of "Sally"

The Dentos
1923



The Dentos

1923

ANSWER WANTED

Who was the student that waited three hours at the Marshfield L station for a girl on the 1st of April and did not succeed?

Professor—"How do the lower animals breathe?"

Student (Andrew)—"Some of them breathe by 'jill'."

Prosecutor—"Where is the — foramen?"

Student (Canoola) pointing to the magnum foramen—"Here it is, which convey the spinal cord from the brain."

COULD YOU BELIEVE THIS?

Akers is not counting on Algers.
Anderson got kicked out of a saloon.
Buky made someone understand him.
Delbridge didn't have a story on Spencer.
Ellison weighs 130 pounds.
Flood doesn't know a story.
Fung has quit smiling.
Groetzingen has discarded those pants.
Newman can talk straight.
Peters told the truth.
Peterson has quit kidding.
Ringsdorf keeps awake.
Roddas keeps away from the "Profs."
Smith has given up pool.
Rosenberg has lost his beauty.
Sowle hasn't a thing to kick about.
Yager doesn't wear "College Toggery."

—G. C. T.

Backward, turn backward, kind sir, in your flight,
Please lecture more slowly so I'll get it right.
What was that last word? Pray tell
Does it start with an "A" or does it start with an "L"?
Upon your irrididimus, hyperplasia and such
You can rest assured that I don't know much.
Consult the text book but I get nothing there
Delafield may know it but I'm up in the air.
So what can I do but hold my breath and pray
That I'll get by Pathology on Judgment Day.

—J. O. F.

After another year of work and play, study and indifference, grumbling and laughing, the Sophomores wish to say a word in appreciation for their instructors of this year.

Of Dr. Kendall little needs to be said. He was our most staunch friend and adviser during our Freshman year and has continued in this capacity in our second year.

Dr. Platts is also known to us from past experience and is well remembered as the man who took the "temp" out of temper.

The Dentos

1923

Who could forget jolly Dr. Borland and his exacting colleague, Dr. Salazar? Our most recent instructor in anatomy, Dr. Yirka, always has a ready smile and perhaps excuses our boisterousness a little too much.

Dr. Mueller and Dr. Watt are famous for making technique with their able assistants, Drs. Gilruth and Osterle.

Our new instructor in Bacteriology and Pathology has presented two difficult subjects in such a manner that they are much easier and interesting. Dr. Epple is a great helper.

Of Dr. Zoethout we may say that without his proficient methods and the efficient example he has set us we would indeed be at loss with the complex subject of Physiology.

—G. T.

Dear Editor:

I have often wondered since taking up the subject of Pathology about the so-called bonehead. Is this a condition of metaplasia or hypertroph? And then I have heard of people whose brains were elsewhere. Pray tell what condition could this be? An intelligent answer would be greatly appreciated.

Respectfully,

A. SOPHOMORE.

Friend Soph:

I must reproach you. It is needless to ask for an intelligent answer. What else could we give you?

Now, before we have a condition of boneheadedness we always speak of the patient as being dead from the neck up. This is a condition of necrosis. Fatty degeneration may follow this and then we have a fathead or albuminous degeneration may ensue. The condition is then a swelled head. Of course if a bonehead is the result, then hyperplasia is usually the cause. As to brains being located elsewhere, I would suggest that this is caused by purely mechanical means such as trauma. Of course there are monstrosities with which I am not familiar.

Knowingly your

ED.

—G. C. T.



Mower Doing His Stuff

The Dentos

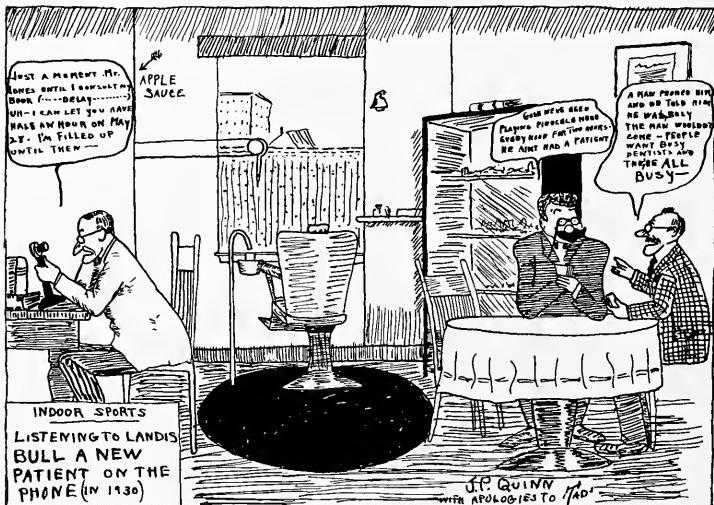
1923

WHO SAID:

"Are you with me—boys?"
 "Ah!—to be sure, gentlemen."
 "Spread out."
 "Don't have it shanty shaped."
 "Who can identify the organism?"
 "Now, boys, you've got to get the stuff."
 "Mr. Bucky, what can you say regarding the teeth of the Wougbunkus?"
 "No two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time."

AND WHO SAID:

"Troop Street."
 "Don't sell your soul for a mess of pottage."
 "If there's a giant cell there I'm cockeyed."
 "Story! Story!"
 "Who hid me wid dat liver?"
 "Wanna buy a good gown cheap—Oh, it's a good one, I tell you—cheap."
 "Had a scrap with my girl last nite, Regan."
 "Don't cry little girl, I'll buy your—violets."
 "Over there! Over there!"
 "Bring 'er back Tuesday."
 "Yau—well—yau—that's what I mean."
 "Put your hand down, don't be a mitt glommer."
 "Well, livah, smothered with onions, I recon I like about 'good as anythin'."
 "Now, listen, fellahs—He!—Ha! Ha!"
 "I just wanted to ask—Do we always find lymphangioendothelioma originatin' ing inside the vessel?"



The Dentos

1923

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Pack getting a condition.
Reif being the last one to turn in his blue book.
Peterson getting a 10 in Physiology.
Rushing behind in Crown and Bridge.
Gott avoiding the Profs.
Rhoda and White scuffling around.
Spencer not talking about women.
Rybstat getting all A's.
J. J. Schwartz coming to school every day.
J. P. Quinn coming to school on time.
Groetzinger not raising his hand.
Poupa not raising his hand.
Isonson only seldom called on.
Fanning without a smile.
Tate never borrowing anything.
Ringsdorf not sounding off.
Helmy not knowing his stuff.
Levin keeping awake in class.
Ferdinand, Unseitig and Marschak avoiding the Freshmen, you know when.
Yager with a frown on his face.
Tallant not going against his religion.
Daddy Watts talking only on the work.
No line when you are in a hurry in Crown and Bridge.
Michener without Ross or Nosek.



Infections and Extractions

Ever since old man Schneider had contracted rheumatism his daughter Loretta had suffered dequally as much as had her father. His was of an eccentric nature even when he was well, and the ailment which now afflicted him made him more than eccentric. He was unreasonable and irritable as well. Perhaps his most peculiar and unreasonable idiosyncrasy was a peculiar aversion to dentists. Loretta had been receiving the attentions of a young dentist named

The Dentos

1923

Dr. John Larry, and had been encouraged, if indeed she needed encouragement, by her father, until one eventful day he found out the young man's profession.

Now Schneider's rheumatism had been traced to his teeth, but all the doctors and persuasion in the world could not make him consent to the extraction of the infected members. Many stormy arguments took place between father and daughter on the question, but all ended in the same way—father firm and daughter resigned to her fate. Let us listen to one of these typical storm sessions.

"But, daddy, if you'd only have those teeth taken out, your rheumatism would go away and you would be well again."

"I'm telling you for about the twenty-fifth time that I'll have none of those tooth mechanics work on me. Once about twenty years ago one got me, and never again. He put me in the chair and then pulled and gouged and dug and then finally said he had the tooth extracted, but I was a physical and mental wreck. Then to top the whole thing off he charged me two dollars for it. Said it was an impacted molar or something like that. No, sir, I'm not going to subject myself to any of those fellows again, and that's final."

"But, daddy, remember that dentistry has advanced since then and they can take those teeth out without hurting you at all. Why, Jack told me last night——"

"Oh, so you were out with that good-for-nothing tooth carpenter again last night. What did I tell you about going with him? If I ever catch you again I'll ——"

"He's not a tooth carpenter. He's a dentist, and a good one, too. He said that he could give you gas and you wouldn't feel it at all. I knew you wouldn't take that and he said he could give you what he called a conductive, and you could see everything that was going on but couldn't feel it at all. Please let him pull them for you!"

"For the last time I'm telling you that I'm not going to have any teeth pulled. Now don't bother me any more about it."

This argument might have ended as many others before had, but a certain idea which Loretta had changed the final episode considerably.

"All right, daddy, if you don't want to have those teeth pulled, of course you don't have to, but if you don't, Jack and I are going to be married tomorrow."

Old man Schneider stormed, and his storm having expired without having any appreciable effect upon his daughter's firmness, ended in a pleading. The latter method of attack was no more successful than the first. Loretta knew she had an advantage and was wise enough to use it. "No, I mean what I say. Either you make arrangements to have those teeth pulled or I'll get married tomorrow. Perhaps I am unreasonable, but so have you been, and now I'm determined."

That evening when Loretta and Dr. Larry took their evening stroll, the latter was informed of the fact that one of his patients for the following day was to be the man whom he desired more than all else to call his father-in-law. At first he was quite overjoyed but upon further thought a feeling of fear took the place of joy.

"If he'd just let me give him gas I wouldn't worry, but when those teeth have nice big abscesses on their roots as your father's have, they invariably hurt when they break loose, despite conductive locals or anything else. Well, I guess all I can do is to soak him up good with novocain. You pray for me."

It was two weeks later when Loretta came into the office of her Dr. Jack.

"Oh, Jack, I know I shouldn't come up here, but I just had to tell you that daddy is so much better, and he finally admitted that it scarcely hurt at all when you pulled those teeth. And he says he wants you to come to the house tonight and that you might ask him that question you have wanted to ask for so long."

The Dentos

1923

Professional dignity was forgotten in the office of Dr. Jack, and when Loretta's lips were in a condition to permit speech she continued, "And he said he guessed you weren't a tooth carpenter after all, and called you *Doctor Jack*."

—GEO. G. POSTELS.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

Blozis has walked home from school with Gladys.

Gladys—"Mercy! It's beginning to rain. You'd better stay here and take supper with us."

Blozis (bashfully)—"Oh, no, thanks. It really isn't bad enough for that."



The Dentos

1923

SCANDAL! ! !

There were muffled sounds of a struggle in the other room and a girl's voice squealed,

"Stop!"

No response.

"Oh, please, don't. Mother said—"

No response.

"Oh, wait just a minute, please."

No response.

"Let me go this minute."

"One more yank and I'll have it out," consoled the dentist.

A JOKE FOR WOMEN ONLY

He—"Well, at least you'll have to admit college men know how to spend money."

She—"That must be why they so seldom practice it."

He—"But, Helen, I haven't done anything."

She—"You never do! Good night."

Mother was unpacking son John's suitcase and found a pawn ticket hanging on his coat. "John, what is this tag doing on your coat?"

Son John—"Oh, I was at a dance, mother, and checked my coat."

A moment later she came upon the trousers similarly tagged. With a puzzled look she inquired:

"John, what sort of a dance was that?"

Raymond Rice—the little guy
With that spirit—do or die!
Rather lean—not so tall;
Tough as steel—just won't bawl.
Thordson—big and strong, they say
Guards o'er Rice throughout the day.

Sweetie—"And what is that house over there?"

Soph—"Oh, that's the greenhouse."

Sweetie—"I didn't know the freshmen had a dorm all to themselves."

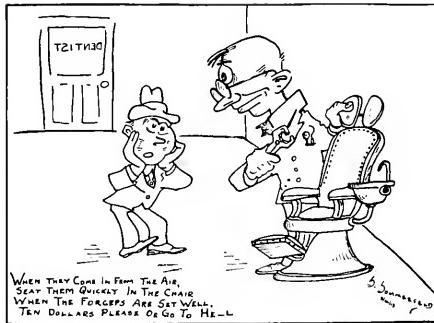
RUDIMENTS OF 25 DIFFERENT TRADES A DENTIST MUST KNOW

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Butcher | 5. Doctor |
| 2. Sculptor | 6. Mechanic |
| 3. Salesman | 7. Carpenter |
| 4. Chemist | 8. Moulder |

The Dentos

1923

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 9. Moulder | 18. Bookkeeper |
| 10. Druggist | 19. Graftor |
| 11. Mathematician | 20. Author |
| 12. Beauty Specialist | 21. Surgeon |
| 13. Artist | 22. Instructor |
| 14. Polisher | 23. Grinder |
| 15. Assembler | 24. Plumber |
| 16. Blacksmith | 25. Ceramic Engineer |
| 17. Banker | |



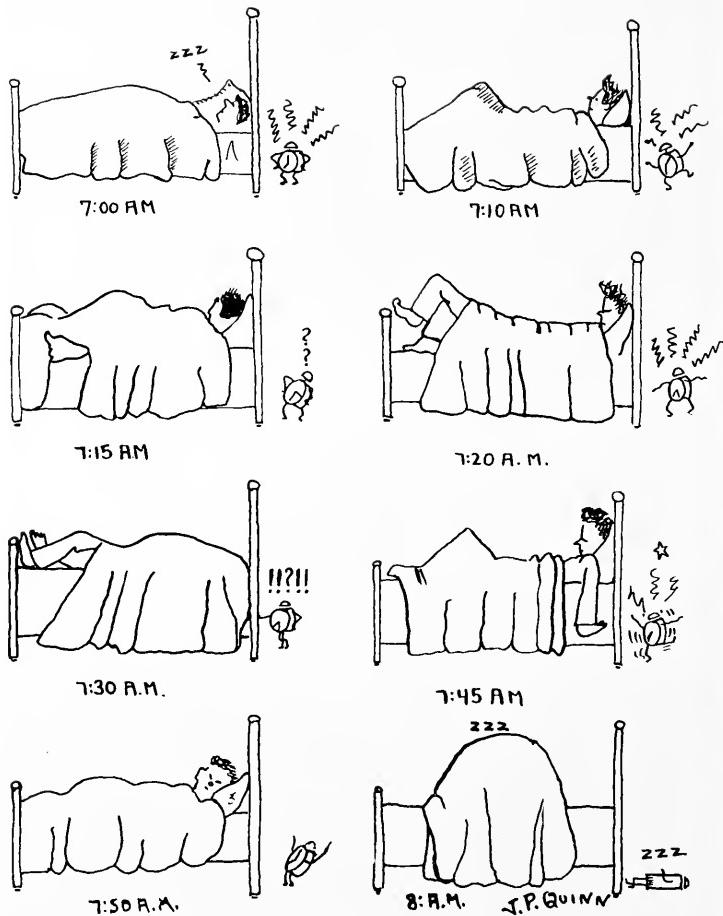
When The Cool Air From The Air
Sits Them Secure In The Chair
When The Forgers Are Still Well,
Ten Dollars Please Be Go To Hell

FEW DONT'S

- Don't come at 8:30 when up in Dissection.
- Don't get in line in Crown and Bridge.
- Don't make a perfect recitation in Physiology.
- Don't attend all the Chemistry classes.
- Don't stay too long in the Laboratory classes.
- Don't refrain from smoking in the rooms.
- Don't prepare your lesson in Comparative Dental Anatomy.
- Don't keep awake in the Chemistry classes.
- Don't ever figure on getting an unexpected exam in Chemistry.
- Don't write fast in the written quizzes in Physiology.
- Don't pay your tuition.
- Don't have your styles O.K. in Crown and Bridge.
- Don't ever handshake openly.
- Don't hesitate to be seen coming into the amphitheater through the office door.
- Don't refrain from having your book open in Dr. Platt's class.

The Dentos

1923



MOVIE OF RYAN GETTING UP FOR AN EARLY CLASS

The Dentos

1923

In Appreciation of Dr. J. L. Kendall

Success is measured by results. A statesman is successful to the extent to which his nation benefits under his rule; a college or a university achieves its highest possible worth when it graduates its students not only as masters of their craft, but as leaders, progressive and broadminded, trained to see and appreciate other phases of life than merely that in which they live and move. Likewise a teacher is successful not merely in his presentation and understanding of his subject, but chiefly in the result which his work has upon the lives and activities of his students. An instructor may be an authority upon his subject, he may be able to present his facts in a manner by which the student may learn the facts and yet he may never be more than an instructor to his students. An encyclopedia may contain the facts essential to an education but it never will cause a person to become a better citizen. Few individuals have a more profound effect upon the future ideals and character of a student than has the true teacher.

There are a number of men on the faculty of our institution whose influence for good will be borne to the four corners of the earth; whose thoughts, messages and lives will react through their present students upon generations yet unborn. Men who, in addition to being concerned with our mastery of the profession, strive to further our happiness and usefulness to humanity by touching upon subjects which, while apart from the technique and practice of dentistry are yet vitally important to one's obligations as a responsible and intelligent citizen.

Practically every class which has graduated from our school for several years, as well as each of the present classes, has received, through the sincere and fatherly interest of one of our professors above alluded to, lectures on the "moral life." These have not been in the nature of "windy" harangues upon the "don'ts" of the moral question, but have been logical, sane and thoroughly scientific discussions upon problems and issues which every person should understand. Discussions made valuable because of being drawn from the practical circumstances of life. The lectures, we are certain, have been of great worth and interest to all who received their benefits as well as explaining and giving valuable instructions upon many principles of which the majority of young men and women are left ignorant due to the incapability or unwillingness of parents to present the truths of life to children in their pure and true meaning. For the valuable instructions as well as the generous understanding of our needs and lack of information we express to Dr. John L. Kendall our gratitude for his splendid and broadminded work among the Sophomore class of this year.

For the benefit of those who have not heard Dr. Kendall's lectures it may be proper to discuss briefly the subjects of his instructions. The lectures were given in connection with the study of Physiological Chemistry and occupied several lecture periods.

Dr. Kendall introduced his subject by discussing the moral life of a boy, illustrating both the results of proper instruction and of the instruction which most boys receive through neglect of those who should teach them. From the period of boyhood to young manhood the lesson was continued, bringing out the moral problems, the factors which a young man is faced by, and pointing out vividly the causes which result in moral weakness and downfall among young men.

From this phase to that of married life, explaining the responsibilities, the duties and the common errors of matrimony. In this phase Dr. Kendall spoke on the care of a wife, a husband's relation to his wife, and his duties toward her under the varying conditions of her life, expressing his ideas in fact of the

The Dentos

1923

fundamentals toward producing a happy and successful home life and by the establishment of a happy and successful home, building deep the foundations of national and social security.

He spoke further of the obligations and duties of parenthood, discussing our obligations to our offspring and society. The life of the young girl and the young woman was also discussed and emphasis laid upon the duties of a young man to his young lady friend.

These lectures have been a few of several which Dr. Kendall has given to the present Sophomore class. In the latter part of our Freshman year he spoke on a theme which will remain in the memory of his students for a long time. It was a semi-philosophical discussion of man and the universe and the thoughts which were set forth were all valuable for consideration and were greatly appreciated.

The future of the graduates of our school, and of other schools too, takes on a new promise for good when we have such men as Dr. Kendall and others who lend their influence to the broadening of our viewpoint. The future graduate who goes into the world from his school days will no doubt view life from a bigger and broader point of view and will thus be better qualified as a progressive citizen of the community in which he dwells. The man who leaves our institution will go, not to pull teeth and fill cavities alone, but as an individual, broadened and strengthened to meet life's responsibilities, this strength due in a great part to the influence for good wielded by those real benefactors to our student body.

SEEN IN A SOPH'S PHYSIOLOGY

In my greed for knowledge I bought this book
And as nightly through its pages I look
I oftentimes think of the days of old
When men spurned knowledge—sought for gold.
How silly they of the olden school,
Were I a rough fellow, would say: "Thou fool."
I've never cared for money—don't want a cent,
It's upon dentistry all my efforts are bent,
But when I get out—Um!—I'll yell with glee
To get back the shackels Frame got from me."

FROM A HUNGRY SOPH

I often long for a good square meal,
Roast beef an' spuds with quarter inch peel.
But here in the city where most seem bent
An' you can buy limburger without a scent,
You'll find the guy with the scowl on his face
Say, "I'm sick of eatin' in that ole place."
O gimme the ole kitchen back on the farm
An' that swell rich cream, right from the barn,
Where they gather the eggs fresh from the coop
'N never hear anything like, "Rusta-beef and zupp."

Jim Moran gets credit for being the first to make kindling wood of Dudley's new chairs. Must be Jim objects to eating off the mud guards.

Bushey's receipt for coal black hair: Sleep in the basement; don't worry about flappers; keep H_2O well corked.



TOOTH TRAGEDY

She told him how her tooth did hurt;

While he ground with a bur and scraped with a hoe
While she squirmed and wriggled from head to toe;

Then he put in the chip blower and blew out the dirt.
"Does it hurt?" he asked, as he pressed with a prong.

"Ouch!" she wailed. "You've got your crust."

"Sorry, Miss, but it has gone too long;

Your molar is rotten, so extract we must."

—Kessler, '25.

Professor—"You men have not as yet had syphilis of the brain. I'll give it to you briefly."

Dr. Epple—"White, what becomes of a bullet if it gets into the tissue?"

White—"And doesn't get out?"

Dr. Epple—"Yes."

White—"It stays there."

McKell to *Dr. Epple*—"Doctor, I have a military tubercle."

John U.—"White, what makes you order ice cream for the first course and soup for the last?"

White—"Well, my stomach is upset, so I eat the meal backwards."

Whenever I think of a pretty ankle I always think of bad weather.
Well, it is only natural you should want to see it clear up.



SOPH.

I want the lights that brightly shine;
I want the women; I want the wine;
I want the thrill of a real long kiss;
I want the things the good girls miss.

I want the arms and the heart of a man;
Still I want to be single as long as I can;
But what I really want is some good advice
On how to be naughty but still be nice.

Dr. Eppel—"But how do you identify this bacillus?"
Buky—"Vel, by round corners."

The Dentos

1923

CLASS OF '25

Other Famous 25's
25 cents
25 dollar gold pieces
25th of December
25 millimeters = 1 inch
25 lbs = 1 quarter

C—ompleteness
C—oncentration
D—iligence
S—killfulness

PATH

Bacteriology is a line of bunk that treats of infinite bugs which can never be differentiated on a practical.

Physiology is the detail of the daily grind.

Materia Medica is a treatise on a lot of botanical stuff that means nothing to the Christian Scientist.

Zoethout—"What is the output of a single vermacular contraction?"

Weber—"Two hundred and forty centimeters of blood."

It is rumored that Ringsdorf may give up dentistry for the pulpit. "Ring" says if he does he'll sure put on a crusade to stamp out cussing. Go to it, "Ring," you've had experience.



The Dentos

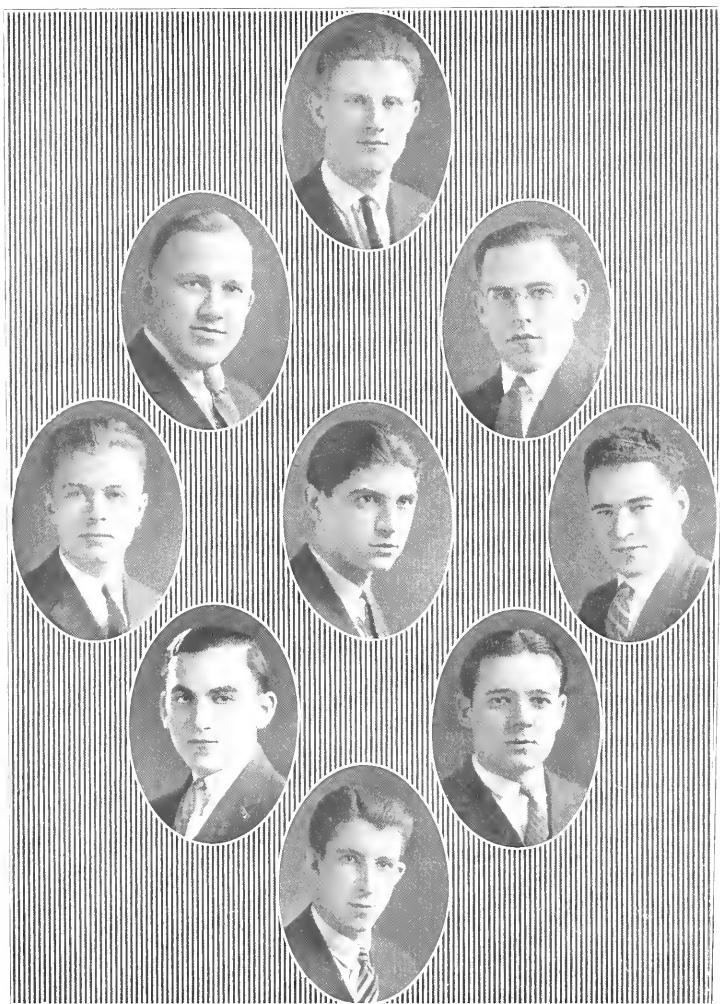
1923



FRESHMEN



The Dentos - 1923



R. W. McNulty, Pres.
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A. R. Hanson, Sec'y
H. Allen, Bus. Mgr.
P. S. Wolfe, Ass't Editor
H. F. Kidd, Treas.
H. Aronson, Sergeant-at-Arms
F. W. Otto, Cartoonist
H. Hayes, Ass't Editor

The Dentos

1923

Class History



O RECOUNT the history of a class like that of 1926—if there be another such—and to do justice to it would require the power of an experienced historian. It is evident then that with our limitation of space and experience as an historian, only the major events can be touched upon.

On the evening of October 3, 1922, the entire student body met in the large auditorium to hear the words of wisdom and advice propounded by Drs. Brophy, Johnson and others. Although the class of 1926 was there that evening, it was not until the morning of October 4 that we met as a class, nearly one hundred and seventy strong, and probably one of the largest classes that ever entered the institution. There were men from many states and nations, but with one purpose—the study of Dentistry.

We were soon ushered into the mysteries of Biology, Chemistry and Anatomy. We discovered, to our astonishment, that Chemistry, as taught by Dr. Kendall, was interesting; that Dr. Suddarth's tapeworms and fever-bearing mosquitoes were mere trifles, and that Dr. Borland's knowledge of anatomy would make Gray look like a "piker."

Section I was introduced to a plaster-eating course, and Section II was told to make instruments and teeth. Some of the specimens produced in those early days would have been splendid companions for the relics dug out of old King Tut's tomb.

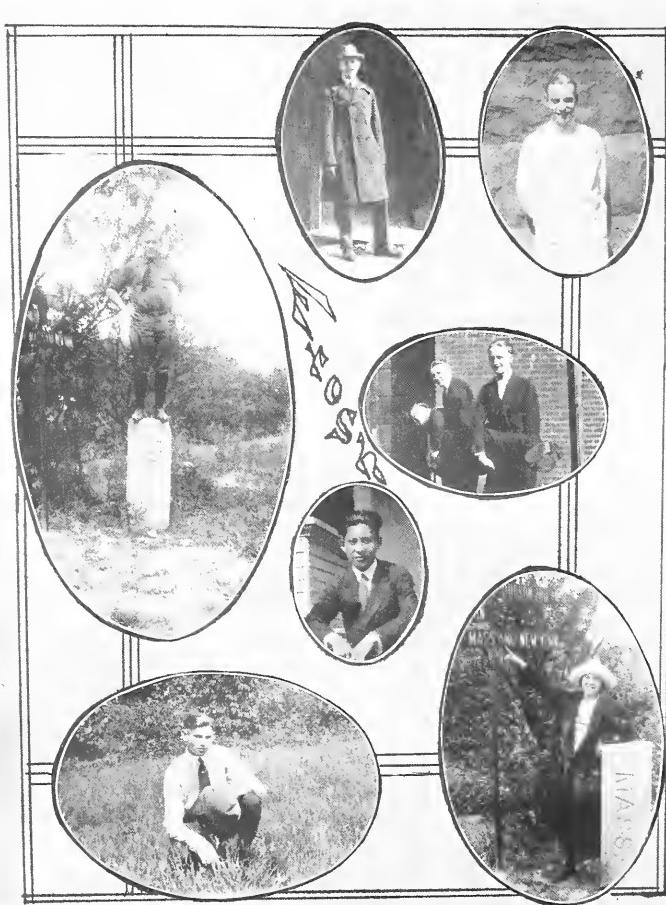
The next big event in our career came when the class decided it needed some officers. A "peppy" election was held and when the smoke had cleared away, the following had been elected: R. W. McNulty, President; H. S. Mac Withey, Vice-President; A. R. Hanson, Secretary; H. F. Kidd, Treasurer; and H. L. Aronson, Sergeant-at-Arms. An election without a celebration would surely be a dry affair. So it was decided to invade the down-town district. With flags and tin pans we advanced upon the Loop. After half a dozen police protests, we arrived at the Tribune Building, where our pictures were snapped, together with Sidney Smith, originator of "Andy Gump."

There was another incident paramount in our history. We refer to the annihilation of the Sophomores. That experienced and august body of men advanced upon, what they deemed, a mere horde of unsophisticated yearlings. Many a collar parted from its collar button in response to the command of "collars off." However, it was a significant fact that the parted ones were more plentiful among the Sophomore Class. We established in those few minutes of battle a prestige that will follow us throughout our life as a class.

At the conclusion of the first year of the class history the Freshman staff presents this section of the book for your perusal and, we hope, enjoyment. We realize our shortcomings, but hope we have given you something that now and in later years will be a source of pleasure and contentment. Our one request is that you be charitable in your criticism of the work. We have tried to gather together the things that would please you and leave out the things that would irritate you. Friendships have been made during this year that time will not sever. This book may help to foster and cement these friendships. If it does we shall feel repaid and know that our efforts were not futile.

EDITOR.

The Dentos
1923



The Dentos

1923

hal l. allds—Hails from Wausau, Wisconsin. hal is very quiet but we might account for that inasmuch as he pals with haines and huwatschek.

oreste p. allegretti—Chicago. Proprietor of one of the west side's large drug stores, which seems to handle a large supply of high grade gum.

clifford c. allen—Dixon, Ill., originally, but has lived in Shanghai, China. Nakki Sackii by nickname is the classes' gymnast, and is a very capable cartoonist.

hymen allen of Chicago is a AZΓ, and is the freshman business manager for the Dentos. He's right there too—100% subscription for Dentos in Frosh class.

leslie j. allcn—Aurora, Ill. leslie is bound he will be a dentist even if he has to cook his way through. Can you imagine this little fellow in a white starched cap and apron?

john t. allison—Blytheville, Ark. Zip. We understand that al's probation led him into new fields of conquest. Were they black or white, al?

arnold v. anderson—Detroit and Chicago both. ΔΣΔ. arnold, according to Dr. Kendall's classification is a R. A. In other words his report card showed nothing but A's.

harry l. aronson—Chicago. AZΓ. A great student of art is harry—especially interested in histologic fields. We like harry's variety of shirts. Pink is very becoming, harry.

george h. barnhart—Butler, Pa. A very affectionate chap. george claims that apple cider fixes him so he could put a vaudeville star to shame. Know any more jokes, george?

darrell o. beckstine—(emphasis on the "ine"). ΨΩ. Is the boy wonder from Geneseo, Ill. becky is well up on artillery and was a Boy Scout at one time. We forgot to say that becky was the patrol leader of the Tiger Patrol, B. S. of A.

james c. bcsan—ΨΩ. jim is from this smoky town, Chicago. jim still insists that his throat is lined with transitional epithelium. Maybe jim is correct. Who knows?

carl d. berquist—Chicago. From all reports carl is a noted songster in a nearby church choir. Who is your young lady friend, carl? The choir member, we mean.

vernon g. besley—Woodstock, Ill. ΔΣΔ. vernon is never without that taking smile of his. His smile should be worth money to him if he chooses to specialize in extracting teeth.

raymond g. betka—Ludington, Mich. ΔΣΔ. ray doesn't think much of Chicago beauties, but claims a good deal for the Michigan girls. We're from Missouri, ray.

jacob biderman—Hartford, Conn. ΔΖΓ. biderman lives so far away that he claims it will take him 2 years to acquire car fare enough to return home on a visit. He seems perfectly satisfied in Chicago, though, if we are to judge from his capers.

nils a. c. blomquist—Chicago. nils has a wife and family in back of him to see that he makes a good Doctor. He is the assistant instructor in Technical Drawing.

george i. bloszis—Chicago. Very ambitious fellow, say we of george. Evidently his middle initial "I" stands for "I Will."

henry w. bohlman—Beecher, Ill. henry claims that Beecher was one of the first towns on the Dixie highway to put an awning over the turning post in the center of the crossing of Main and Dixie for the Chief of Police to sit under. He may be right at that.

The Dentos

1923

shaylor a. bonebrake—Logan Square, Chicago. bonebrake, although quiet and not tall of stature, has proven the class that good things may come in small packages.

stanley f. bonk—Chicago. stanley graduated from Lindblom High, the school which became famous over night. bonk goes right at Dentistry just like his high school goes after city championships—watch bonk's smoke.

albert b. bradley—Beloit, Wis. $\Delta\Sigma\Delta$. brad is going to make Bradley & Son Dental Parlors the leading dental parlors of Beloit in four years from now. al doesn't say much but we know that he is thinking a whole lot.

leo a. bramson—Chicago. A prisoner of the Germans for 3 years, a college instructor of mathematics in a Russian college, an interpreter of 7 foreign languages. Yes, we take our hat off to leo.

albert n. braaten—Arnegard, North Dakota. al thought that Marquette was the only Dental College at one time, but right now and from now on it's Chicago first, last and always.

edward i. bremer—Chicago. AZF. ed attended the Colorado School of Mines for 3 years, but decided that he would rather mine tooth pulps and put in gold than to mine out gold.

rudolph brodsky—Chicago. rudy claims that he keeps dodging the movie men for fear they will try to shick him, and put Valentino out of commission.

stanley a. broniarczyk—Chicago. stanley and johnny guesswhich try to rival one another in the type of broads they keep company with. Some of us would like to know what you mean by broads, stanley?

claudie brown—Monticello, Wis. brownie is a member of the so called "South Side Gang" and also claims to have been a wild one in his old home town. Whoa, brownie.

royal r. buege—Marinette, Wis. $\Psi\Omega$. buege would have "knocked them dead" in histology, but just a slight error on his part prevented an A from being placed opposite his name. buege is proprietor of the Buege Dental Supply House.

wm. j. challingsworth—Chicago. Zip. challingsworth has lived in most every large town in the United States at one time or another, but has decided on our little city for the next four years. We are complimented, chall.

john p. chandler—Val Praiso, Ind. chand is a little older than most of us and if looks mean anything, we predict another Dr. Brophy.

leonard chapman—Chicago. Sponsor for leo bramson and somewhat of a pessimist along certain lines—class elections for instance. Ask len.

henry m. eleven—Chicago. henry hasn't much to say. He has rosy cheeks, light hair and is well known in Dr. Kendall's classes for the Doctor seldom misses a chance to call on him.

sidney coreman—sidney has a knack of appearing in class but you never see him after class or between times. Why the mystery sid?

arthur e. cutler—art is a cog in the city's transportation system. art is married and has a little girl who thinks that her Daddy is the only man that can stop a toothache.

howard e. curtis—Hale, Mich. curtis is noted for his peculiar professor-like gait. Did you ever notice curtis with a couple of books in his hand? howard is either getting in trim for a professorship or intends to carry his cash box to the bank that way after graduation.

The Dentos

1923

norman h. davidson—Hawley, Minn. dave lives with several seniors and so has the edge on most of us. We wonder whether he is in love or whether his thoughts are on dentistry entirely.

chauncey w. de roque—Chicago. A Frenchman of course. chauncey has taken the first steps to make himself famous. He has submitted the de roque definition of Histology to the freshman class. Keep up the good work, Frenchy.

michael de rose—Genoa, Wis. de rose has mastered the art of hair cutting, but he claims that dentistry is the only profession.

layton m. dochterman—Chicago. ΨΩ. Galligher says that Doc. is the man with a thousand girls, but has never been seen with one. John our curator tried to read Doc's name one day but gave it up, saying that he never could read Greek.

bill f. donaldson—Cuba, Ill. ΨΩ. Nickname, "Kid Edison." Did you ever hear of Cuba, Ill.? I never did. bill says it's there, though, because he remembers that the trains whistle when they go through. bill rooms on the west side but it is a well known fact that he would rather live in Lombard, Ill. No, girls don't bother bill.

orville j. dvorak—Downer's Grove or thereabouts. Zip. dvorak travels back and forth every day from the grove. We understand that during the rainy season the residents use their rowboats to get to the station. This explains why dvorak carries fish hooks in his pockets.

harry h. epstein—Chicago. harry's motto is "O, I learned that in high school." eppy is right there though—the only time he failed us was the day the distortionist lectured to us during anatomy hour.

fairman w. fahrney—Chicago and sometimes from Dixon, Ill. ΔΣΔ. fahrney is more or less a serious-minded chap in studying dentistry and also carrying out his pledgeship. Say, fahrney, how about a few pencils?

theodore finkelstein—Chicago. AZΓ. fink has been around the town quite a bit and you can't fool him. Until you get to know him you would think that he was president of the Ragans.

leo. r. finley—Mason City, Iowa. ΨΩ. leo, we are told, owns a team of pure white mules which are said to be the best team in his home county. He has driven mules so long that his disposition is mulie at times. From the last reports from leo's friends the mules are doing fine and are just rarin' to feel leo's pull on the reins.

wayne l. fisher—Fairview, Ill. fisher started out with a full outfit of tools in prosthetics but ended the course with an almost empty box. Who were your friends, wayne?

frank l. floyd—Chicago. From all indications—looks, actions, etc., frank must be a married man. We realize how it is old man, but you know the first hundred years—.

maurice forkosh—Chicago. AZΓ. This embryo dentist is interested in chemistry but is an expert at radio. We think he said he had a crystal set and two ear phones, or something like that.

william f. franta—Cicero. Evidently franta, our English teacher delights in seeing you very uncomfortable. Why make you come down from your high perch in the amphitheater and then not give you a hearing? That's tough on you bill.

myer freedman—Steubenville, Ohio. AZΓ. We had a little trouble in getting the name of myer's home town correctly. A few of his fraternity brothers

The Dentos

1923

insisted that it was Stupidville. Evidently myer has been an athlete at one time for he often wears his black and red sweat jersey under his coat.

kingsley m. fuerstenau—Milwaukee or Chicago. fuerstie says he is not particular about his home town because his home is wherever he hangs his hat. The women folks do not bother fuerstenau since his announcement saying he intended to organize the Bachelor Dentist's Club.

carl galligher—Chicago. $\Psi\Omega$. Swede is a ladies' man. Some of the fellows claim that he carries a stick to keep the girls away. Is that possibe Swede?

johnnie m. gecewicz—Chicago. johnnie talks a great deal about his girl friend, etc., etc. It's too bad johnnie that Dentistry isn't a one year course any more. Four years is a long time.

simon c. gimbel—Java, S. Dakota. $\Sigma\Phi\Phi$. This town must be another curfew town or do the people object to being awakened every night at nine? simon never thinks of a curfew now. At least that is what a few of the nurses of a neighboring hospital tell us.

barney h. goldstein—Whiting, Ind. barney claims that those few cold days this winter when he was absent from school that he was building a shelter for Spark Plug. barney's height of ambition is to be able some day to pound a gold foil in Spark Plug's upper right first molar.

elmer f. grabow—Burlington, Wis. A member of the faculty and also a member of the freshman class. Technical drawing is grabow's line. He has other lines though—you know you just have to have a good line to handle a class of freshmen.

leonard j. grecnwald—New York City. $\Lambda Z\Gamma$. "New York" was elected class cheer leader, but since that time he has settled down and we very seldom hear much from him. He must be thinking about his long walk back home after the end of the term. He believes in seeing the country.

kenneth h. haines—Dexter, Maine. kenneth was a shark in prosthetics and kept right up at the head of the class, but when dissection came along kenneth must have got cold feet or was a bit superstitious. He didn't just see why you had to cut the cadaver.

lester m. halen—Marinette, Wis. $\Psi\Omega$. halen says that Chicago weather is—! Well anyway next year he will be going south for the winter he claims. Why leave us before the annual collar day. We were banking on you lester.

hilcyr e. hanna—Hot Springs, Ark. $\Delta\Sigma\Delta$. when hanna first arrived it was rather hard for the northern fellows to understand his lingo. He's coming around fast and we just know his southern friends will hardly recognize the same boy on his return home.

carl c. hansen—Manistique, Mich. $\Delta\Sigma\Delta$. carl is one of the reasons why section one has it all over section two. carl had all A's on his semester report. Do you blame him for celebrating? We just wish that we could celebrate a little.

arthur r. hanson—Bristol, S. Dakota. art is our class secretary and is a transportationist too. art claims that he wants to be a bachelor but if the women folk don't stop bothering him he will have to join the married men in order to obtain a little peace.

charles w. harling. $\Psi\Omega$. charley was originally a member of the Class of 1925, but a little sickness caused him to loose a year, but he's right back and at them again, and is now a member of the Class of 1926. Welcome charlie.

The Dentos

1923

millard r. harmon—Des Moines, Iowa. $\Sigma\Phi$. harmon is the Shiek of the west side. Do you want to rent your torcador trousers or derby hat Shiek? We are almost afraid that the home folks will not recognize you at all. We know that they wouldn't have known you if they could have seen you with the nippled milk bottle.

harold h. hayes—Chicago. $\Psi\Omega$. Assistant Editor of Freshman section of the Dentos. Doctor Kendall claims that hayes came from a brainy lot of ancestors, but hayes declares that something must have happened for they forgot him entirely.

eugene m. hillyer—Oak Park, Ill. Deacon hillyer is a regular fellow with the girls. They just rave over the way he parts his hair in the center. Be careful Deacon you can't study Dentistry and women at the same time.

warren p. hitz—Chicago. hitz is our mascot and some mascot he is too. Makes more rumpus in a day than twenty men. Some of the fellows maintain that hitz wears stockings instead of socks with his long trousers. How about it hitz?

fred a. hood—Muscatine, Wis. hood studies dentistry during the day, plays the cornet in a jazz band at nights and cuts hair in between times. Some busy fellow say we.

emery c. hulett—Hammond, Ind. emery has a wife and family but he is bound that he will be a dentist. emery has a degree from one university and has taught high school and been an aviator during the war and now teaches night school. It is said that where there's a will there's a way.

carl g. huwatschek—Manitowoc, Wis. With doctor huwatschek's knowledge of Dysthenia and medicine in general it is too bad that he cannot be given an instructorship at our college. Why don't you ask for it Doc? There is no harm in trying.

isadore j. jacobson—Chicago. jake has a knack of reading a thing over and remembering it, therefore studies are no hardship for him. Then too, he has a night job where he can study most of the time. Say where do you sleep jake?

gustav a. jedlicka—Austin. Zip. When gus entered school he thought a fraternity was a study or something on that order. Now gus claims that a fraternity either makes or breaks you.

arel jensen—Brigham City, Utah. $\Psi\Omega$. arel is a pretty old fellow to live where he does and still claim to be single. What's wrong arel are you afraid to tell us the number of Mrs. jensen's you left behind?

frank jonas—Chicago. frank is a quiet, deep thinking fellow. He never has anything to say until the Doctor's quizz him and then he makes you sit up and take notice. That's the idea frank, keep right after the bacon.

isami kaneko—Hawaiian Islands. No chance to kid kaneko for he's up while you're asleep. He has some of us believing that he played football and was one the championship team of the high schools—Maybe so.

william f. kangus. $\Delta\Sigma\Delta$. bill is from that northern country where you skate around most of the time. bill had his troubles trying to locate much ice in Chicago this winter. He claims that we don't know what life is until we live up north. Be yourself bill.

jack h. kanna—Hawaiian Islands. We claim that jack is right there. jack is not 20 yet and is very capable in all of his studies. He rivals besley with his ready smile. We would like to know though who his Hawaiian girl is that writes him so many letters.

The Dentos
1923

masao kidani—Hawaiian Islands. kidani must be quite excitable at least we judge so for whenever his name is called for roll call you can hear him all over the building. If that is a sample of what Hawaiian weather will do for lungs, why not go there instead of Denver?

harold f. kidd—Chicago. Class Treasurer. Some kid we'd say. Married and a family and everthying. kidd is the fellow that made the highest mark in the Osteology exam. But at that he believes in a good deal of exercise which he gets by working out daily on young hitz.

bernard c. kolanczyk—Michigan City, Ind. Evidently Michigan City has no attraction any more for bernard. He hasn't been home since school opened this year. What's up bernard?

isami kancho—Honolulu, Hawaii. You have to give him credit for his ambition. A very fine chap.

bernard e. kolanczyk—"whitey" is a quiet chap with a great big heart. Comes from Michigan City, Indiana, St. Stanislaus Academy.

fred kosche—Rock Island is my home. The Tri Cities have needed a good man for some time so I have decided to relieve the situation.

joseph g. kostrubala—"joe" is a tall lad with funny hair. Stands well in his classes and with fellow "Frosh." He hails from Chi.

carl a. kowsky—carl's home is here in the city and there is never any doubt as to whether or not he is around. Pledged $\Xi\Phi\Phi$.

florian s. kozlowski—Is one of the boys from the "Windy City." Think he will take an office in the Marshall Field Annex if they will make a few repairs.

felix c. kulawski—His home is here in the city. His favorite sport is speaking (public)? A big, good hearted fellow who has made many friends.

john r. lc febvre—"jack" is the handsome "Cake Eater" from the south side and a mighty good natured chap, too. Pledged $\Psi\Omega$.

solomon s. levadi—"Caruso" is a Chicago chap who is always interesting and works hard to gain his goal.

wallace f. lindberg—"wally" transferred here from another school. A very easy fellow to get along with. Is good in his studies. Soperton, Wis.

irving w. lobstein—A very industrious fellow who does his work well. Is one of the men who has taken the "Holy Bonds of Matrimony." His home is in the city.

donald d. lock—"don" is from the wild, wild west. Is good at shooting Indians, and that aint all. His home is in Beatrice, Nebraska. Pledged $\Psi\Omega$.

ezra k. longcker— $\Delta\Sigma\Delta$. One of Postmaster Lueder's able assistants. Comes from Union City, Indiana, the place where he keeps his nurse.

vincent j. lynott—"vince" is among the large number from the city. A good student, and has made many friends. Favorite sport—going round and round with porter.

harold mac withey—"mae," our class editor and vice president, came all the way from New Brunswick, N. J. Has a good average in his classes. (Mellon's Food.)

samuel a. markus—"sam" is an industrious little chap and always knows his stuff. Lane High School. His home is in Chicago. $\Lambda Z\Gamma$.

edwin matson—"ed" comes from Hancock, Michigan. Pledged $\Psi\Omega$. Everyone votes him one fine fellow.

byron j. may—"bud," a friend of "Calvin Smith," is from Salt Lake City, Utah. A good athlete, boy, student, etc. Is married and lives with Strang, or vice versa. Well, anyway, she has gone. $\Psi\Omega$.

The Dentos

1923

- alfred f. mayer*—"al," you know me. He is a fine, pleasant fellow, liked by all. Comes from Forest Park, Ill.
- joseph e. mc gowan*—"mac," a tall handsome sheik, hails from Decatur, Ill. Pledged $\Xi\Upsilon\Phi$.
- francis h. mc menamin*—"mac the tooth" is a snappy little fellow who absolutely knows his stuff. Wis. is his native soil.
- robert w. mc multy*—"bob" is our class president and a mighty good one as well as a good student. He is not a bachelor.
- wilbur p. mc multy*—"mac the tooth" (second) has his A. B. also, and assists in several classes with his brother. Very bright for a "red head" and has made many friends. Chi. is our home.
- carl l. menning*—"carl" is a good shot with plaster in pros. lab. Always into something. Has made many friends in school. Home here in Chi.
- sidney s. meyer*—"sir sidney" is a handsome brute. He knocks em' dead, they say. His home is in the city. A good student and fine fellow to know. Pledged $\Lambda Z\Gamma$.
- kenneth mosley*—"ken" is always seen with a smile and his little joke. Has made a great many friends in school. ken is a good student and a constant pal of lock's. His home is in Carthage, Ill., wherever that is.
- clarence r. mundt*—Ask me about our big city of Marinette, Wis. Fine place. Clarence thinks he is Rudolph Valentino, but he is not. The "Editor" is.
- john f. muray*—"jack" does his sheiking at Dreamland and sure knocks them cold. jack is certainly a fine fellow and good student. Home is in Fond du Lac, Wis. Some place like Marinette. $\Delta\Sigma\Delta$.
- stanton nelson*—"stan" hails from Ray, North Dakota. Is a very quiet chap but is a fine fellow to know. A friend in need is a friend indeed.
- stanley niebryzowski*—"nieber" the man with the trick hair. "nieber" too, for short. He says he is a woman hater, but when he starts, look out, girls. His home is in Forest City, Pa.
- john j. o grady*—john is the class druggist and clown. Henry Ford is from Detroit, too. Pledged $\Psi\Omega$.
- lester e. ottesen*—"les" is from Spanish Fork, Utah. A very good student and has made many friends. Pledged $\Psi\Omega$.
- franklin w. otto*—frank is our class cartoonist and is much better than good. Never has much to say. His home is in the city.
- samuel perlman*—"sam" is a man with a pleasing personality, and is good in his studies. His home is here in the city. Pledged $\Lambda Z\Gamma$.
- harry t. phillips*—"flip's" home is away out west in Lewiston, Idaho. Is a good student.
- george j. porter*—porter is famous for his athletic ability and as an embryo dentist. A fine fellow to know. Home in Chi.
- george g. postels*—"I will show that fellow speakman where to head in at," and he did. His home is in Bloomington, Ill. Trowel Club.
- harold f. robbins*—One of those fellows you can't help but like. Grand Rapids, Mich., needs men like him.
- howard l. rosen*—"rosey" is an industrious chap and has made many friends. Lives in Chicago. Pledged $\Lambda Z\Gamma$.
- thomas f. ryan*—Little but mighty. When it comes to "knowing your oil" he is right there. Lives in the city.
- walter t. russkowski*—"walt" is a musician, they say. A peach of a chap. He is one of those unfortunate individuals who lives here. Pledged $\Xi\Upsilon\Phi$.

The Dentos

1923

john d. ryll—"John D" sounds good, doesn't it. Is good, too. A fine chap and student. Came all the way from Elmira, N. Y.

john schneider—See *john* for bone. A good listener, student, and fellow. His history will appear in the section for those unfortunates(?) who are no longer free. Home in Chicago, Illinois.

elmer w. schuessler, $\Psi\Omega$. Thinks the first floor of the infirmary is for the seniors and second for the juniors. Home in Chi.

samuel schwartz, $\Lambda Z\Gamma$. "sam" has that peculiar way of looking up at you that you can't help but smile at. Home in the city.

walter h. shaffer—Chicago is his home. Is always ready for fun, but gets his work as well.

kenneth sherrill—"barber" is one of the best butchers (hair) in the city. Makes a very good friend indeed. His home is in Lafayette, Indiana.

rudolph sherry—I wonder if he wants his "Rodolph," too. He is a billy, girls. Home no place else but Chicago. $\Lambda Z\Gamma$.

calvert l. smith. Makes the trip every day from Waukegan, Ill., to attend school. Our prosthetic shark.

ben. l. solem—"benny" has been sick a great deal, but is doing real well with his work. Is a mighty quiet fellow. Elaxander, N. D.

sigmund sommerfeld—His home is here in Chicago. Is a pal of springer. Pledged $\Lambda Z\Gamma$. "sig" is a good student.

william sone—Chicago is his home. Is an interesting chap, good student and very likeable indeed. Pledged $\Lambda Z\Gamma$.

harry b. springer—"hank" is a pal of sommerfield's and takes great pleasure inrazzing sam. schwartz. Pledged $\Lambda Z\Gamma$. Home is here in the city.

douglas m. strang. Pledged $\Psi\Omega$. Trowel Club. He also comes from "Brigham Young's" station, Salt Lake City, Utah.

albert swartz—Would like to go to Dreamland with templer some time. Pledged $\Lambda Z\Gamma$. Home in Chi.

norbert templer—"temp's" home is in Chicago. You can find him sheiking at Dreamland or the Brilliant. A mighty nice fellow.

sam. tiechner—"tiech" has a heart as big as the world. A very likeable fellow who has made a great many friends. Pledged $\Lambda Z\Gamma$.

minard i. trader—They call him "Dutch" but he "aint." Stands high in his studies, and with his fellow classmates. Home is in Savanna, Ill. Is wolfe's buddy. $\Delta\Sigma\Delta$.

anthony w. treybal—The matinee hound can be found at the Palace every new show. Fine chap this anthony. Home in Melrose Park, Ill.

james tyl—"jimmie" does his sheiking at Merry Gardens and knobs 'em cold. His home is in the city. "You ought to have seen the woman I was with last night." $\Delta\Sigma\Delta$.

roland c. ureliso—Chicago is his home, but that's nothing against the man. He is one fine, big, good hearted fellow. Stands high in his school work.

joseph f. voita—"Change for Garfield, Humboldt and Logan Square." He runs an "L" train. Has made a great many friends and ranks well in his studies. Home is in Chicago.

harris c. ward—His home is in Gilman, Ill. One of our best students. Trowel Club.

carl f. wendel—Comes from Ottawa, Ill. carl has made a great many friends with the students. Does well with his studies. $\Delta\Sigma\Delta$.

The Dentos

1923

clinton h. wilkin—"clint" is a very quiet chap and has made a great many friends here. His home is at Oblong, Ill. Pledged $\Xi\Phi\Phi$.

carl p. wilson—"C. P." (Chemically Pure), as Dr. Kendall says, is a buddy of squint wilkens, both being from the same city.

stanislas winiarski—Is from the East but says his home is in Chicago. A very likeable fellow indeed. A pal of niebrzydowski.

d. s. wolfe—Assistant Editor of Freshman Section. wolfe bravely scoured the College for a bit of news about each man in Section II while hayes bravely grappled with Section I. Real men, both of them.

paul s. woo—Came from Honolulu. Will revolutionize things in Hawaii in a few years. A very fine fellow with a very pleasing disposition.

frank wozniac—"whitey" is our anatomy shark. His home is in Chicago. A constant pal of kostrubala. "Be Honest."

shoichi yoshina—"murphy" is also a native of Hawaii. Is the class clown. Will always greet you with a smile.



Jacobson—"Ikey, vot you think? I just took out insurance against fire and hail."

Freedman—"Fool wat you are. How can you make it hail?"

Sign in our library—Only low talk permitted here.

Some may come and some may go, but I stay here forever. Guess who.

She stood before the mirror,
With her eyes closed very tight,
And tried to see just how she looked
When fast asleep at night.

Senior—"What kind of a girl do you like to go out with?"

Freshman—"I want one of those kind that steals and lies and swear. You know what I mean—the kind that steals into your arms and lies there and swears she will always love you." Hot puppies!!

My First Toothache

Memories of a Wanderer

By SOL. S. LEVADI

It occurred, when I, driven by my own shadow, set out into the wide world to find—myself. My pathways were various, many-colored, joyous, yet often, very often, veiled in a sweet heavy melancholy wherein an interplay of weary doubts, moments of hopeless questionings broke forth, seeking explanations of the passing days which came from unknown sources only to sink back in shadows.

Thus, destiny brought me far away to a God and man-forsaken town in indolent Anatolia. The town appeared more like a big, neglected village, proud of its age, poverty and negligence; but really had nothing to boast of or to draw one's attention to, being like the other towns of that forsaken corner of the world. Like its sister towns it was wrapped in a deep melancholy which reigns unhampered over all of Anatolia. Like her neighboring towns, it had a deep blue, meditating sky, and below—fields covered with wild weeds. Among the tall ruined clay houses stretched the crooked filthy little streets. Here and there could be seen impoverished shops selling everything and possessing nothing.

In the middle of the market place stood the casino, an old grayish wooden building about which there always sat drowsy-eyed Effendies, and middle class Turks, drinking black coffee, smoking nargilas, playing tavle (a Turkish game) and dominoes, weaving masbaras; while others simply chatted about the dreams of yesterdays.

Facing the casino was the mosque from whose narrow cylindrical tower, five times a day, would come the thrilling voice of the Muezzin, calling the people to Allah's service.

The hands of the mosque's clock moved, but the life of Anatolia was motionless and changeless; nothing new accomplished, nothing new heard. In the monotony of today one could read the story of yesterday, and know what the morrow would be. So it began, so it is, so it would be unto the end, unless some unforeseen circumstance should occur to break the monotony.

During the first days of my arrival I spent my time in looking over the casino, the market place. The rivulet, the woods, the blue-green surroundings were sufficient to hold my interest. But this did not hold my attention long; soon everything began to bore me, everything became monotonous. The hours of the day seemed to be endless, and the hands of my watch seemed always to be going backwards. I had no one to write to and if by chance I got hold of an address of some old forgotten friend, I had nothing to write about. I did not know what to do with myself, and I do not know what this state of mind would have led me to had I not met at that time with my first toothache.

At first it started very modestly and then passed away for a while. At first it assumed the air of a newcomer, but soon made itself more at home. However, it was still bearable. To tell the truth I was contented that it gave me something to think about, and made me feel that I was still alive.

At night, however, I felt that my head was at a great distance from my body. It seemed as if the bed were turning over and the pillow flying after the stars, I pursuing both. The next morning I was not to be recognized. I was no longer the master of one-half of my mouth. The keeper of the house, having noticed my plight, tied my face with a pillow and a wooden stocking; stuffed my ears with cotton and my mouth with tobacco leaves which burned my tongue. My kind housekeeper tried every remedy handed down to him from

The Dentos

1923

his great-grandfathers, but it was all in vain. There was no doctor or dentist in the town. After three sleepless nights I was persuaded to go to Hadji Mustaffa.

Hadji Mustaffa was past fifty, a short bony little man with small black eyes, a scattered gray beard, shaven from the chin to the neck. The heavy white turban resting on his bald head made his face appear still longer and paler. He was considered one of the most learned scholars, also there was gossip in the town that he was by no means poor. The people from the country around would come to him to be cured of all kinds of diseases. He was also a hair-clipper; he taught the children the Koran and how to chant their prayers. In addition to all this he was skilled in making a special kind of letters for holy inscriptions, and for pedigree, to which add his trade in hashish (opium).

As I came into his chamber Hadji Mustaffa had previously been sitting with his legs crossed under him, serving as a cushion. He was surrounded by a number of young Turks singing beautiful hymns from the Koran. Hadji Mustaffa rose, kissed his own hand, and put it on his forehead, and inquired about my health, my wife's health, my children, my camels and donkeys, as if we had been old acquaintances. According to the custom, I inquired the same of him, and as usual received the same answer. His steady gaze measured me from head to foot, paying special attention to my hair and looking deep into my eyes seeking something to converse about. I became impatient with the lengthy greetings and began to frown.

"What," said he, "sick?"

"A tooth," I replied.

"That's a trifle, we'll soon take it out."

"Perhaps you could stop the pain first," I attempted to suggest.

"Why?" he questioned. "When a tooth hurts it is bad," he began to explain in a serious manner as if I did not know that before. "It's necessary," he continued, "to get rid of it as soon as possible." "But," I muttered nervously—"What! I suppose you believe in the modern doctors, those wizards," he stormed at me not without vexation. "Nonsense!" "You're a European, I suppose. What? From what part?"

Meanwhile he gave me a pillow to lean on and sat down on the carpet, desirous to hear me talk. I at first attempted to get out of this unpleasantness but seeing there was no escape I began to narrate of my last event—the toothache. He interrupted me, saying that we will talk about that later. What he was interested in was to know "how they live there," and about "those cities."

The servant now brought black coffee and a nargila which meant that I was obliged to be sociable. Thus I began to tell Hadji Mustaffa about everything that my sick imagination could bring forward. I told him many fictitious stories about Parisian beauties, bewitched princesses, about mermaids, and all about miracles and witchcraft. Hadji Mustaffa was very much pleased with my chattering and moved nearer and nearer to me. My toothache was meanwhile working havoc on me and I felt that each moment was like a year of unbearable affliction.

When I got through Hadji Mustaffa began to tell me about his first pilgrimage to Mecca and there seemed no end to his book of fables. Again coffee and nargila was served. But I felt that I could not endure the pain any longer, so I leaned my swollen cheek against the cold wall, thinking that that would be a hint for Hadji Mustaffa to do something for me. He did not take the hint. He continued to babble, reinforcing his speech with ridiculous gestures

The Dentos

1923

and staring of the eyes. My patience now came to an end. I approached "my deliverer" and I began to kiss his hand.

"For the sake of Allah, for the sake of the Prophet," I begged him with tears in my eyes, "have pity, it is already three nights I did not sleep."

Hadji Mustaffa wanted to say something, but here the voice of the Muezzin from the tower of the mosque interrupted calling for the afternoon service. Hadji Mustaffa jumped up and I was overjoyed, thinking that he was going to relieve my pain. He beckoned me to accompany him to the services. I feared to tell him I was not a son of a Mohammedan, and I could see no way out of this nonsense. I followed him and attempted to imitate him in washing for the service.

"Not at all like a God-fearing Mussulman," Hadji remarked. "I have not attended services for a long time," I attempted confusedly to excuse myself. "One is full of sins, may God only have mercy."

In the mosque I stood not far from my deliverer, but not too near, as I wanted to observe his actions. I tried to imitate every motion he made; I bowed. I knelt. I stared with my eyes, and I moved my lips as if praying. From time to time I stealthily observed the other worshippers to see whether they did not recognize my ignorance. At the slightest suspicion of being noticed I put my hand under my swollen cheek; so I got away with it quite peacefully.

On the way back from the mosque I felt that my strength was exhausted. Hadji Mustaffa noticed that on my countenance and informed me of the happy tidings that help is near. He led me to the same room where we had been previously, while he himself made the preparations for the "operation." I began to look around, reading the holy inscriptions on the walls. I gazed about me for a sign of an instrument but in vain. While thus waiting I overheard a conversation between Hadji Mustaffa and his son, Ali, who pulled an old horse along after him, which he tied to the big wheel of the waterwell near the window. I saw Ali hold the rope, tying one end to the wheel, the other to the window. "Well," said Hadji Mustaffa, putting on the table a hot glassful of honey and water and taking off his coat. "Come here, stand here, and hold yourself onto the gratings. One, two, three, and with the help of the Prophet we will be through."

"Are your instruments clean," I asked innocently.

"What kind of instruments? We don't believe in such nonsense. Now open your mouth!"

I realized that I had been deceived, but it was too late to withdraw, and there was no other alternative. So I surrendered myself to the sick-eyed Hadji.

Hadji Mustaffa put me near the window. He took from his vest pocket an old silk thread and soon I felt his awkward fingers working under my swollen cheek. He tied the thread to the end of the rope near the window.

As Hadji had commanded, I held onto the window gratings tightly. He signaled to Ali to be ready with the whip and horse. "Hold yourself tensely." He reiterated. "Bism Allah el rahman el rahiim—ready, go!"

There was the sound of the flogging of the whip; I was pulled forcibly towards the window; I felt my knees giving way; before my eyes I saw blue, yellow and soon—black. It seemed to me that I was raised up into the air.

When I regained consciousness my mouth was full of blood, my face and clothing were wet. I could not think any more of my toothache.

The next day when I looked in the mirror I found two teeth in my mouth missing, but neither of them was the tooth I was so anxious to get rid of.

The Dentos
1922



The Dentos

1923

Famous Freshmen Found in Fiction

"Daddy Long Legs".....	Donald S. Wolfe
"The Little Minister".....	Elmer Schuessler
"The Sheik".....	James Belsan
"Sunshine Sue".....	George Blozis
"Whispers".....	Norman Davison
"Barney Google".....	Barney Goldstein
"Clarence".....	Lester Hallen
"Andy Gump".....	Earl Galligher
"Back Home and Broke".....	Frank Floyd
"The Gentleman from Indiana".....	Emery Hulett
"Lightnin'".....	Samuel Schwartz
"The Kid".....	Warren Hitz
"The Flying Dutchman".....	John Schneider
"Beau Brummel".....	Darrell O. Beckstine
"Little Lord Fauntleroy".....	John Le Febvre
"Sherlock Holmes".....	Walter Schaffer
"Rip Van Winkle".....	Royal Buege
"The Lightning Conductor".....	Arthur Hanson
"Tarzan of the Apes".....	Rudolph Sherry
"Mr. Galligher and Mr. Sheehan".....	H. Rosen and T. Ryan
"The Great Stone Face".....	Elmer Grabow
"The Barber of Seville".....	Kenneth Sherrill
"The Frog".....	Chauncey De Roque
"The Beautiful and Damned".....	Clarence Mundt

THAT GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING

After permitting a Junior to work on you and he puts a rubber dam in your mouth and works for two and three hours at drilling and grinding and then starts to pound for another hour or two and the rubber dam just bites into your gums and your face becomes chapped from the saliva and your throat dry and the dam straps just bite into your cheeks and your jaws ache from remaining open and then just when you feel like you will not be able to stand it another minute the janitor comes and tells the Junior that he will have to quit as the infirmary closes at 6 o'clock. "O Freshman, isn't it a grand and glorious feeling?"



Youth: What Are You Going to Do With It?

Somewhere I have read a legend which declared that one of the smaller gods created the material universe and that common angels peopled the earth with living creatures, but all the deities united their efforts in producing the most wonderful and dangerous gift—the youth of man. If I could only impress upon you what a wondrous gift this youth of ours is, I would feel like my task was completed. In a Dakota town a few years ago a street was torn away and the dirt was found to contain gold. They had been walking a golden street—actually realizing their dreams of heaven without knowing it. The next few years is worth a gold mine to we dental students. Doubt it if you like and live and die an oyster. I suppose you know the peculiarities of an oyster. He has just a few brains, and they are situated in his stomach. It is a great wonder that nature does not put shells on some people and put their brains where their work is done.

Next to character education is a man's greatest asset, and the better, broader, and more practical he can make his education, that much surer will he escape the perils that may beset him in any walk of life. I am a firm believer in a good, liberal education and a trained intellect. Above all things, a man while in his youth should never be lazy for—"to the lazy every petty cross that impedes his path is Fate and Fate is as much cursed by the indolent, as Luck is criticized by the envious." We all know that it is only natural for a man to be active in his youth; therefore his activities must be spent correctly or incorrectly. Beware of a moonlight stroll, and a meaningless hour of flirtation. Beware of that infinite nonsense that a sudden fancy will ripen into lasting love! It may wait till it does. A rocket does not ripen into daylight. What kind of a condition does a man of twenty-five years find himself in if he has mis-spent his youth! These are the circumstances he finds himself suspended in, his workshop is chosen, he toils day after day, never learning or advancing farther; he has chosen his life's companion, therefore his social life comes to an end due to lack of funds, and long working hours. He is destined and doomed to live in the city or community he is located in, never knowing or seeing any of the outer world. He sees his neighbor prosperous and reaping the harvests of a correctly spent youth, and he becomes discouraged, dissatisfied, and leads a miserable existence. Suppose at the age of thirty he is thrown out of his \$800 job? What can he do? Can he trust? No. He can trust for the glories of the next world but the glories of this world must be bought and paid for by the ready cash of skill and brains. I believe in success by my own ability and have no hopes of ever getting it in any other way. Control a rebellious tongue, for one rebellious word at the opportune time may ruin our future. It has been said that the average man is a lunk head. The average voter cannot differentiate between the McKinley bill and Buffalo Bill; the average doctor cannot explain the difference between the Sierra Nevada and the cerebri. Don't be an average man, be peculiar and know something. Do things Herculean.

"Do not waste the spring of youth in idle dalliance, but plant rich seeds to blossom in your manhood and bear fruit when you are old."—Ezra K. Longnecker.

Gimbel—"How can you tell the difference between Dr. Hambleton and his students?"

Hulett—"Well, I would hate to express my opinion. But what is it?"

Gimbel—"Well, if there were only two in the laboratory and one of them was asleep, the other one would be Dr. Hambleton."

The Dentos

1923

Letter of a Freshman of the Superior Type to His Maw in Honeysuckle, Utah

Feb. 1, 1923.
23 Eazy Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

My dear Mother—

Your letter received about a week ago and you don't know how glad I was to get it! Since I arrived in Chicago after the Christmas holidays I have been worked to death. The moment I get out of school in the afternoon I go right home. From that moment until 1:00 A. M. I am wrapped up in my studies. Many times I forget to eat my supper.

My favorite studies are Technical Drawing and Osteology. You don't know how I love to draw Bunsen Burners, skulls and other parts of the human anatomy. You know I am privileged to draw these not only for Technical Drawing but, what's better, for Osteology class. Besides these two major subjects, on which I spend most of my time, there are other minor subjects such as Dissection, Chemistry and Histology that require very little study. Of these three, Dissection is probably the easiest and requires the least time. You can readily understand that it wouldn't take very many minutes to learn a lesson that only consists of the origin and insertion of fifteen muscles, their nerve and artery supplies. Histology and Chemistry are a dead cinch. I don't waste any time talking in the Chemistry and Histology Laboratories and as a result I never have any outside work to do in these subjects.

I consider myself very clever in Prosthetics. I never talk or ask the professor any questions about my work. I just go ahead and do it, using my own brain. Yes, it does take a good brain to do this, mother, but you know I am *your* son.

It is 1:30 A. M. now but I am not going to bed yet. I have purchased one of the Sophomore Charts in Dissection. Dr. Vogt gave us such a small lesson that I really must do some additional work out of justice to myself. Therefore I am going to study Lesson 1, 2 and 3 on the Sophomore Chart. If I know all the Sophomore work next year at the beginning of the course, they will probably let me take extra work so that I can be a prosector in my Junior year.

Just one more thing before I close. I want you to keep this to yourself for I don't want the people in Honeysuckle, Utah, to think I am blowing about myself, because I'm not. In his own mind, I think that Dr. Hambleton thinks I have great possibilities as a dentist, for I was the only one today that removed a plaster of Paris impression from my mouth without breaking it. Now, please don't let this get around town because I do hate notoriety. Loads of love to you and best regards to the hired girl.

Your loving son,

Benjamin.

P. S. Don't send me that extra \$25 you spoke about. I really don't need it and I might lose it.

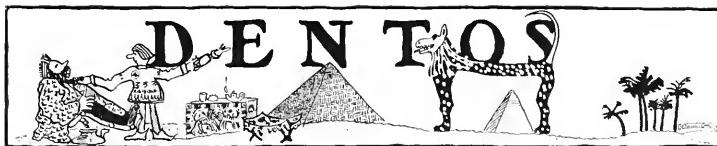
Ben.

A STIFF SCENT

I entered the dissecting room.
Wow! What a smell!
A piece of liver hit my eye.
I turned and ran like everything.

—Willit Itch.

The Dentos
1923



Sayings Said and Not Said

Dr. Umbach—"Stop, McNulty! See! Read on, McNulty!"

J. O'Grady—"What's it all about."

Dr. Platts—"Let me have your attention, gentlemen. I'm doing the talking now."

S. Bonebrake—"Dad gone it."

Dr. Hambleton—"I'd like to have your attention for a minute."

Joe Kostrubala—"Us smart guys."

Dr. Borland—"I want to help you to learn."

Arnold Anderson—"If all the 'frosh' were smart like me, what a college our college would be."

Harold Hayes—"Romeo had nothing on me."

Dr. Vogt—"I see."

I. Edward Brenner—"Other great men have lived but I doubt it."

Allegretti—"Wrigley, forever."

Dr. Kendall—"Every day in every way the older we get the more we find by J—C—out."

Kenneth Mosley—Work fascinates me! I can sit by it for hours without its disturbing me. In fact I like to have it always with me.

F. Wozniak—"Be honest."

Rosen—"You tell 'em I stutter."

Menning—"While there's life there's hope, but never by the aid of Ivory Soap."

Smith—"Come, sit by me, my pretty maid."

"Hello, yes." murmured the devil, picking up the phone receiver.

The Denarius
1923

Dr. Umbach—“The class will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Mr. Menning.”

Schneider—He used to walk in the moonlight with one arm full. Now he walks in the bedroom with both arms full.

When woman was made out of man's rib, someone pulled a bone.

May—“At the Follies the other night my eyes felt like little birds.”

Mayer—“How come?”

May—“Flitting from limb to limb.”

Shop Girl (just kissed)—“Will that be all?”

Mrs. Phillips—“What noise is that you're making down there?”

Phillips (at 3 a. m.)—“Ish either night falling or day breaking, donno whish, m'dear.”

Jedlicka—“You're a sharp boy, Claude.”

Brown—“Well, I ought to be. Dad takes me to his shop and straps me three or four times a week.”

Belsan—“In the present war they say the surgeons are positively giving wounded men new faces.”

Hitz—“What a pity more of you men didn't go to war.”

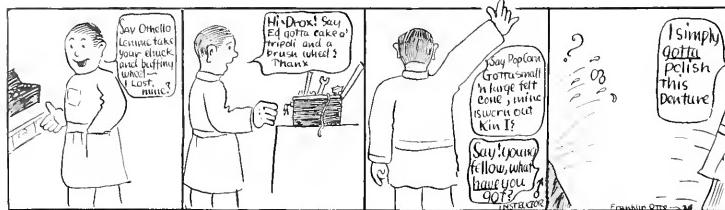
Dr. Kendall—“My valence trio, Blackman, MacWithey and Schneider, will now render for you my latest song, ‘Though 'T were Base to Give You Acid, You're Precipitated at Last.’”

Dr. Kendall will address the Alumni Association on Dec. 15. He will take for his subject one of the leading questions of the day, “Will underwear and socks stand up better after a week's or a month's wear?”

Professor White—“A little less noise up there.”

John Schneider—“Geev a yell! Geev a yell! Geev a gut substantial yell!”

Ezra Longnecker—“My girl and I, we play the pie-anna every night down yonder in Union City.”



The Denus

1923

Donald Lock—“Ain’t it nice I don’t say ‘ain’t’ no more?”

Jack Le Febvre—“Oh, Shiss, it’s ten to four.”

Berquist—“Do you like girls with blue eyes?”

Dochterman—“No, I like girls with green backs.”

Dr. Kendall—“Name three articles containing starch.”

Hood—“Two cuffs and a collar.”

It takes guts to stock up a musical string factory.

Prof. Kendall—“This is the methane, ethane, propane series. Where does the series end?”

Fuerstenau—“Insane.”



Dr. Kendall—“The judgment day is nigh.”

Dr. Umbach—“Over at Illinois last year —”

Dr. Grabow—“After 14 years’ experience —”

Dr. Suddarth—“We will make only four drawings today, two lows and two highs.”

Old Man Speakman—“You lost your card, too?”

The Dentos
1923

Looking Ahead

Clippings from the 1935 Chicago College of Dental Surgery Alumni Monthly

Dr. Kenneth Haines has invented a new method of taking impressions without one particle of plaster touching the patient's mouth. Dr. Haines will lecture on his new invention November 5 before the National Association of Dentists of which Dr. Sam Schwartz is president.

There will be a joint lecture by Drs. Robert and Willie McNulty before the Qualitative Analysis Club of Stickeem, Utah. The subject of the lecture will be "How One Can Be Misled in One's Search for Aluminum."

Dr. Donald Lock has returned from a few days rest, spent at his father's potatoe chip farm near Beatrice, Nebraska.

Dr. Mundt of the class of 1928 has resigned his position as head of the Osteology department of the college and in the future will be found rolling the bones at Centerville, Oklahoma.

It is reported in unofficial circles that Dr. J. Vincent Lynott is the proud father of twins born October 28. It will be remembered that Dr. Lynott married the Chicago girl at whose home he was accustomed to bone his Sunday night dinners.

Sherrill, who started out with the class of 1926, has decided to stick to the barber business a couple of more years before entering upon his sophomore year.

Dr. Nelson will fill the vacancy caused by the departure of Dr. John O'Grady, head of the Operative Technic Department, who has been granted a permanent leave of absence.

Drs. John La Febvre and Elmer Schuessler are conducting their usual Saturday night dancing classes in the South Side Auditorium.

Dr. Lester Ottesen of Utah has discovered a new chemical which he has decided to call "per."

Drs. Epstein and Goldstein, who have been carrying on extensive investigations as to the exact location of the soul, have left Cicero for a few days of deserved rest from their arduous duties.

Dr. Solomon Levadi, who until recently has been playing the role of Romeo along with Mary Garden as Juliet, has abandoned the stage and will establish a practice near Florence. It will be remembered that Dr. Levadi spent the majority of his younger days near Florence.

Dr. John Ryll, who until November 15 was soloist at Dreamland, will now devote his entire time to his practice.

Dr. Elmer Grabow has been elected Honorary President of the Little Mothers' Club of Beaut, Montana.

That fillings are the coming things is the report of Dr. Wayne Fisher of Tapakeg, Idaho. The doctor says to use pint bottles, associate yourself with a respectable bootlegger and watch the dough roll in.

Rudolph Sherry, ex 1926, is appearing this week at the State-Lake in his finest of all presentations, "The Hairy Ape."

Dr. Greenwald, through the aid of numerous political bodies, has been appointed head dentist of Tammany Hall, N. Y.

Dr. Huwatschek recently died of heart failure when his second patient suddenly walked into his office.

Word comes from Fullerbull, Wisconsin, that Dr. Hitz has patented an arrangement that will allow him to stand on the patient's chest while extracting. A spring attached to the ceiling keeps the doctor from falling backwards when the tooth emerges from its seclusion.

The Dentos

1923

Drs. Bonk and Bonebrake have dissolved partnership. Dr. Bonebrake says that his partner was bonk and Dr. Bonk says that he will brake bones in his partner's neck.

From all that can be learned Dr. Fahrney's patients think him a fair man in name but not with the women. Dr. Fahrney's wiles have become so noticeable that the town council now requires all women to be in the house at 9 o'clock when the curfew blows.

Will other members of the 1926 class please write and tell us what you are doing. Dr. MacWithey is now playing golf at Hot Springs, attempting to reduce his 245 lbs. After the first of May he will be at his office in La Grange. Contributions can be sent directly to him at his office.

Dr. Kendall—"The students were so entranced this morning that they remained in my lecture room all through the lunch hour."

Dr. Suddarth—"Why didn't you wake them up?"



Scene—College basement.

Time—Period after dissecting of Section II and before Section I.

Cast—Two Freshmen, each representing the above sections.

Freshman, Section II—"I'm glad I'm through with dissecting. It was discouraging and the smell was awful. Why, after I got through all my clothes smelled, even my underwear." To make the scene more impressive he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt and said "smell."

Freshman, Section I—"That's not so bad for five weeks."

We wonder if the guy who paints those Holeproof Hosiery advertisements from life gets paid besides.

THE CADAVER

He lies there on that glassy slab,
His body cold and still.
His eyes no longer luster have,
The features send a chill.
One limb perhaps is severed,
Perhaps an arm is gone.
No movement from that rigid form,
For all is cold and still.

Does not a lump come in your throat?
Do not you heave a sigh?
For in that ward across the street
No friend did see him die.
He suffered long, he anguished much,
His form still shows the pain.
Yet in that ward across the street
No man did know his name.

Did not he have a mother?
Did not he share her love?
Did not she gather him in her arms
And sing him songs of love?
Could not a loving mother
Have put the tot to bed,
And prayed there by that sleeping babe
The blessings on his head?

Perhaps she sits alone tonight,
Her heart with anguish torn,
For fifteen years or more have passed
Since that loved son's been home.
Her eyes have lost their luster
Her hair has turned quite gray,
But she never ceases praying
For the boy who went away.

—Harold Mac Withey.

"I'd walk a mile for a camel," said the Arab, lost on the desert.

A certain collegiate young man entered a haberdashery and asked to be shown a high class hat. A chapeau was brought to him and after carefully inspecting it he asked the price.

"Twenty-two dollars," was the reply.

He again turned his attention to the hat, turning it over and over in his hands.

"What's the matter?" asked the dealer.

"I'm looking for the holes," answered the Kollegiate Kiddy.

"The holes! What holes?"

"Why, the holes for the jackass that would buy this to put his ears through."

The Dentos

1923



The Dentos

1923

TO MOTHER

When you're in trouble and the world's against you,
When you are broke and there's no work to do.
Your friends are gone and you're forgotten,
Your spirit's broken, you are blue,
When all your clothes are old and ragged.
You're quite alone it seems to you,
Your thoughts will somehow turn to mother,
Your oldest friend, steadfast and true.
Her arms to you are always open,
Be your apparel old or new,
For a mother's love is nowhere equalled,
And gladly would she die for you.
And so, my boy, try to remember,
As in this world you plan and do,
To make your life both clean and honest,
For mother's ever watching you.

—Geo. G. Postels.

Le Febvre (stewed)—“Waiter, bring me shome turtle shoup and—hic—make it shnappy.”

Kowksky—“Just one more kiss, hon!”

—“No.” She pushed him away. “The street car goes by the house here at twelve o'clock and it's eleven already.”

Kangus—“Is your dentist a painless one?”

Kancko—“I'll say so. He has no feelings whatsoever.”



The Dentos
1923

Do You Remember?

How queer everyone looked last Oct. 3?

What a prevaricator you thought Dr. Kendall was when he said Chemistry was interesting?

When Dr. Vogt told you that all you need do today was to wash and shave your cadaver?

The first time that Dr. Borland told you his method of remembering the Poupart Ligament and how you laughed?

What a helava thing your first chisel looked like?

That you thought Grabow was a Dr. and you called him and Dr. Kendall that title in the same breath?

The tenth time that Dr. Borland told you to write your family physician or dentist and see if he didn't have some moth-eaten bones up in the attic?

You thought Dr. Logan had engaged Rudolph Valentino to teach you English?

The first time you had plaster cut out of your mouth?

How last October you looked askance at the chemist who could say H₂O without batting an eye lash?

That the married men were the ones that were always waving their paddies at the Cook County nurses?

That one married man in particular had this as his pastime? (He was dark, wore nose glasses, had black hair, and the first letter of his last name stood for the place toward which he was headed.)

How you believed Dr. Borland the first time he told you you had the best set of cadavers that had been in the school for thirty years?

That you were ashamed when Lock fell asleep in Prosthetics Lab?

That you were mortified to death when Schneider had to be awakened by Ryll?

What an unnecessary feeling you had when Dr. Kendall said "spread out?"

You wondered what Dr. Grabow would have you draw when all the skulls and Bunsen Burners were used up?

The day Lynott thought Dr. Oesterle was a Sophomore and told him to mind his own business?

The first time you saw Dr. Umbach you thought he was Jack Dempsey's sparring partner?

What a good impression you tried to make on Dr. Hambleton and plaster?

How Dr. Platts looked at you when you said mesio-bucco-distal-occluso proximal cusp?

You took one look in your microscope and then copied a drawing out of Bailey?

And won't you always remember that the 1926 class has some of the cleanest-cut men in it that you have ever been privileged to meet?

—H. S. Mac.

Robert McNulty—"Before I came to this dental college I sold fertilizer. You will notice that even though I have given up selling it, I still spread it."

Do you know Max?

Max who?

Max No Difference.

The Dentos Pre-Senior
1923

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Dr. Umbach in Histology, trying to demonstrate the hair follicles on the top of his head?

A Freshman wearing an infirmary gown to freshman classes?

Bill Donaldson missing his monthly trip home?

Dochterman driving up to school in his car?

Beckstine missing an opportunity to shake someone's hand?

Hanna talking with the northern accent?

Doctor Vogt without his sarcasm?

Huwatschek without that gathering of fuzz on his upperlip?

Jack Kanna without his customary smile?

A certain freshman on his trip as an "L" conductor opening the gate opposite the platform and thus endangering the lives of his passengers?

Jack Le Febyre as a pugilist?

Leo Finley riding along a dusty, winding road behind a team of long eared white mules?

Schneider getting mad and swearing in English?

Our English teacher without that slick hair comb?

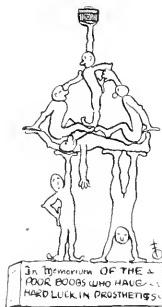
Kenneth Haines touching a cadaver?

Doctor C. N. Johnson taking Aronson and Finkelstein for seniors?

Hayes without his corduroys?

Deacon Hillyer dancing?

Swede Galligher shimming his sponsor's shoes and lighting his cigarette?



Warner—"That's the fourth time you have looked at Smith's paper. Stop it!"
Huwatschek—"Yeh, but Smith is such a punk writer."

"Is your father home, little boy?"

"No, he ain't been home since maw caught Sarty kissing the cook."

Betka—"Do you know how the rats get in here?"

Broniarczyk—"Naw!"

Betka—"Uh-huh!"

The Dentos

1923

WE WOULD ADVISE

Galligher to remember that the aorta does not terminate in the duodenum or the stomach.

Allegretti to bring those chocolates so long talked of.

Gimble to introduce us to his friends at the West Side Hospital.

A few of the barbers of the class to get busy.

Mac Withey to begin a good course on "How to grow thin."

Fuerstenau to look up a good hair restorer. Dr. Warner also note.

The wearing of more pairs of corduroy trousers.

Schuessler, Anderson, Hanson, and a few others to have a heart. We can't all make A's.

Biderman to forget high school.

Dvorak to buy a raft or a scow during the rainy season for we hear that Downer's Grove gets its share of water during that time.

Barney Goldstein to cover Spark Plug these chilly nights.

The unmarried freshmen to remain that way

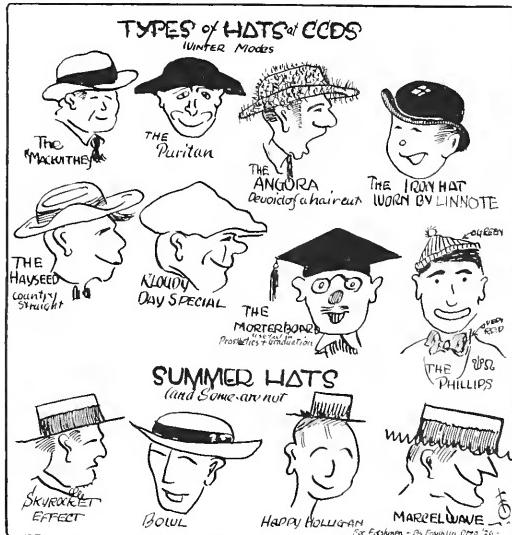
Hitz to have his thyroid gland attended to so that he could hold his own with a few of the brutes that habitually pick on him.

Galligher to invest in some non-sliding garters to be worn on the "L" trains.

Huwatschek to hire a hall.

THE BARE EXPOSURE

This is the story of Johnny McGuire,
Who ran through the town with his trousers on fire,
He went to the doctor's and fainted with fright
When the doctor told him his end was in sight.



Did This Ever Happen to You?

You have worked unknown after an unknown in chemistry and your time is up on Friday noon, and you have not been told that you have worked enough unknowns, and it is nearing twelve on Friday, and Dr. Kendall announces that those that do not finish will have to report at 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon. All plans for Saturday afternoon are scattered to the winds but you have 15 minutes and you have just received another unknown and find out that it is an easy one and contains NH_4 , PO_4 , and Na , and you work it through in about 10 minutes, and just before 12 o'clock you hand Mac your results and a test tube for another solution and he hands the tube back to you and it's empty, and tells you that you are through and you look at him dumbfounded and then, O then, Freshmen, that grand and glorious feeling suddenly passes over you. Wow! O Boy!

Doctor Borland has quizzed your table in dissection and finding that you knew so little he decides not to mark you and give you another chance. He forgets to give you that chance and the second review quiz comes along and Dr. Vogt quizzes you and after a most grilling and tedious half hour hands your slip back and refuses to give you a mark. That is the second time you have been turned down cold. Well, the only thing to do is to cram and hope for another opportunity. You've listened to the quiz questions given to other fellows and you have learned them pretty well and you think you "know your oil" and then the Doctor starts with a question which he has never asked anyone else and then follows it up with a lot more just like the first. You answer as best you can and then hold your breath and crane your neck and strain your eyes to try and catch a glimpse of your mark as he puts it down. You are unable to see the mark and you wonder and try to imagine what you could have gotten and then one of your pals comes up and tells you that you made an eighty-five for he saw the Doctor write it down and then, "O Boy! Talk about a grand and glorious feelin'?"



The Dentos

1923

COLLEGE THEATRE

Entertainment Deluxe



When Lavaci doesn't understand something



The Denots
1923

REVISED EDITION

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear,
Of the trials of the Freshmen so severe.
We toil from dawn 'till the setting sun
And then leave half our work undone,
To make it worse we must constantly fear,
The Dean will say, "You're too bum to stay here."
And the way we are trimmed, why 'twould beggar John D.
First Ruddy cleans house and then Sayers will see,
If we have'n't some more that he can grab, too.
For something whose use no one ever knew.
And the book store! Well, words which we'd use in this case
Would be much too strong to print in this place.
But we are determined they'll get us no more,
For we'll buy all our books in a good downtown store.
And now that our tale of woe we have sung,
We feel for the next class which, like us, will get stung.

—Geo. Postels.

MY DRAWING ACCOUNT

I think the drawing class, my boys,
Is the most important one at school.
You may think, when I say such things,
That I'm related to a mule.
But, dear friend, you are wrong, I fear,
I merely am a big fam dool.

—Willit Itch.

LOVE LOGIC

"Clara, I love you," said Millard Harmon.
"To prove you love me —"
(1) I love you.
(2) All the world loves a lover.
(3) I am a lover.
(4) Therefore, all the world loves me.
(5) You are all the world to me.
(6) Therefore, you love me."

John (the janitor)—"Who goes there?"
Jacobson—"Jewish Holiday."
John—"Pass over."

Prof. Oesterle—"Where were you Tuesday, Sam?"
Sam Schwartz—"I had a toothache and had to go to the dentist."
Prof. Oesterle—"That's too bad. Has the pain stopped now?"
Sam Schwartz—"I don't know."
Prof. Oesterle—"You don't know? How's that?"
Sam Schwartz—"The dentist kept the tooth."

The Pentos

1921

HISTOLOGY

Get out your microscopes, my boys,
Intima must be found.
The fat and neurous now are o'er,
Striations sure aren't round.
Our glassy slides are full of blood
That clotted long ago.
Warner'll fill them up this blessed day
With blood of fresher glow.
Dear me, dear me, the arteries can't be found
Till noonday you'll have to go
Snooping round and round.
Oh, here they are, well, I'm glad.
Oh, hush, those veins are lacking,
To Bailey you will have to go
Or else they'll go aslacking.
Now draw some lows and draw some highs
And draw a couple more,
A goodly showing must be made
Or Logan'll come no more.
After you have made your drawings
And writ your notes in ink,
Get out your old and dirty slides
And take them to the sink.
And when you've done your ten unknowns
And feel you're about to fall
Go down and get your coat and hat
For really that is all.

—Unknown Slyd.

LEG PULLERS' CLUB

LORD HIGH YANKER
Edward Brenner
CHIEF KNEE DISLOCATOR
Darrell Becktime
ASSISTANT CHIEF DISLOCATOR
Earl Galliger
KNEE WRENCHER
John O'Grady
FIRST ASSISTANT BACK PATTER
John Schneider
SUPREME HAND SHAKER
Robert McNulty
KNIGHT MIT GLOMMER
Fred Kosche

A BRAIN BLISTERER

Would it be proper to take papers to a blacksmith shop to have them filed
or to take flies to the same place to get them shod?

The Dentos

1923

THINK HARD

Marcus was walking down Elston Avenue one day and happened to gaze at a pair of gloves in the window of Templer's Haberdashery Shop. On the gloves was a tag which read "This size for \$10." Marcus looked at the sign, shook his head and said "Me, too."

"It's the little things in life that tell," said Ezra Hank Longnecker, as he pulled his kid brother out from under the sofa.

Kostrubala, Sr. (to his ward leaving for college)—"Goodbye, my dear, I won't kiss you. I have such a cold."

Kostrubala, Jr. (with alacrity)—"Can I do anything for you, father?"

WHAT COLLEGE MEANS

Aspiration, mystification, examination, four years' duration, anticipation, hard occupation, no avocation, short vacation, expectation, conditionalization, and passification. At last comes salvation, realization, gratification, in sweet graduation. Still alive, eh?

HERO

Intoxicated Man (sitting under a fountain talking to officer)—"I'm all ri! Save the women and children. I can swim."

His hand lay on her hair—
Her face so fair
Upturned to his
Bespoke the truth.
And he, with subtle care,
Her thought did share.
A shriek! A whizz!
He had the tooth.

You say this isn't funny,
You say our jokes are flat,
You say there are no stories
To make you doff your hat.
You groan and growl and grumble
And throw us on the shelf.
We'd like you, gentle reader,
To write something yourself.

(Heard in the elevator, going up)—"I wonder what would happen if the gears would strip?"

"I suppose the motor would be shocked."

Hallen—"Could you tell me if strychnine is effective in stopping heart ailments?"

Dr. Kendall—"Yes, if taken in sufficient quantities."

Forkosh, Jr.—"Father, what is a chemise?"

Forkosh, Sr.—"A chemise, my son, is a lady chemist."

The Dentos

1923



The Dentist 1923

Lindberg—"I am trying to grow a mustache and I am wondering what color it will be when it comes out."

McMenamin—"At the rate it is growing, I should think it will be gray."

Mary—"You are the first fellow I ever let kiss me."

Franta—"You are the first girl I ever kissed. Will you marry me?"

Mary—"I wouldn't marry a liar."

Franta—"I would."

EXPRESSIONS OFTEN HEARD FROM FRESHMAN TEACHERS

Dr. Kendall—"Judgment Day will soon be here."

Dr. Borland—"I want to make it easier for you."

Mr. Warner—"What's your number?"

Dr. Finch—"Ha, that's no good."

Dr. Hambleton—"That's a mighty fine polish."

Mr. White—"Next time you will have ten sentences, now you will have ten more and for that you will have twenty more."

Dr. Umbach—"Better watch your step!"

Dr. Sudarath—"Next we will take up."

Mr. Grabow—"Keep your pencil sharper."

Dr. Salazar—"Describe it."

Dr. Vogt—"You better write a new Grays."

Dr. Platts—"Now, gentlemen."

IN MEMORIAM

Herman J. Blackman

Russel G. Boothe

Irving H. Buge

Joseph A. Fiega

Warren W. Hepburn

Hallie Hubbard

Arthur Jung

Thomas J. Kopicki

George H. Long

Frank J. Monaco

Paul M. Nakano

Paul Randle

George E. Robertson

George A. Scherschel

Alan B. Wilson

Carl C. Young

We are sorry that the above fellows changed their minds and decided to go into other fields. We know that all of them would have made good Dentists if they had willed. We wish them success though and hope that they will come back and pay us a visit once in a while.

The Dentos

1923

ODE TO A FRESHMAN'S MISPLACED MUSTACHE

Prosper, prosper, little hair,
How I wish that more were there!
Gee, I don't know what I'd do,
Were I deserted now by you.

One of our eminent agriculturists in biology, Dr. Suddarth—"Number 59, define a cow."

Number 59—"A cow is an animal with a leg on each corner, from which we get butter, eggs and cheese.

TRUTH HURTS

Dr. Umbach—"What are the three necessities of life?"
Mosley—"Coin, cash and money."

HERE'S A DEEP ONE

Frybal (slyly)—"It's getting real hot in here. Let's go out to get a change of air."

Sophie (subtly)—"Let's not. The orchestra will play a different tune in a minute."

Fuerstenau—"Have you heard of the new B. V. D. orchestra?"
His Best Girl—"No, but why B. V. D.?"
Fuerstenau—"O, it's only one piece."

Menning—"Will you give me something for my head?"
Dr. Borland—"I wouldn't take it as a gift."

Dr. Oesterle was calling the roll of the "K" row. He sneezed and three men answered, "Here."

Speaking of Lobstein—"What became of the fellow who used to rock the boat?"
"Why, he is rocking the cradle of the deep."

Bucye—"Say, Dad, remember how you were expelled from college?"
Pop—"Yes, my son."
Bucye—"Well, Dr. Kendall told the truth when he said history repeats itself."

Dr. Kendall—"How would you prepare milk of sulphur, Rodney?"
Rodney Gunpuncher—"Sulphur plus C O W."

"I live in my sweetheart's eyes," said the lovesick swain.
"I know it," said his friend, "for I have observed she has a sty in one of them."

His hair so black, his beard so gray,
 'Tis strange, but would you know the cause?
 'Tis that his labors always lay
 Less on his brain than on his jaws.

SOME OF OUR FRESHIES IN SATURDAY'S BUSINESS
"How much are your \$4.00 shoes?" asked Smart Alec.
"Two dollars a foot," answered the weary clerk.

The Dentos

1923

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Two of our ambitious class-mates, namely, Harry Aronson and Finkelstein, having a little spare time on the afternoon of March 20, and knowing that Doctor C. N. Johnson was holding a clinic on the eighth floor of the County Hospital, decided to find out what it was all about. They followed the seniors up to the room and found seats together in the front row and had been very interested in the numerous cases that Dr. Johnson had diagnosed when the Doctor suddenly pointed to the front row and said: "You four fellows (including Aronson and Finkelstein) come down here and diagnose this case for us." (Note.—It might be interesting to find out how they got out of their predicament. You might ask them.)

Frenchy De Roque a short time ago held a little conference with Dr. Kendall and towards the end of the time Frenchy spent fully fifteen minutes relating to the Doctor the time he had spent each day in studying chemistry and the difficulties that he had met with, etc., etc. Frenchy was just leaving the chem. lab. when Mac—Dr. Kendall's assistant—called him back and handed Frenchy his chemistry text book which Mac said had laid in the office for three weeks or more. Kind of tough, eh, Frenchy?

As Mrs. Strang tossed to and fro in her bed one night the clock struck three, and the voice of a little child came plaintively from a crib:

"Mama," it said.

"Yes, love?"

"Mama, I can't sleep. Won't you please tell me a fairy story?"

"Wait, my love," said Mrs. Strang. "Your father will soon be home and he will tell us both one."

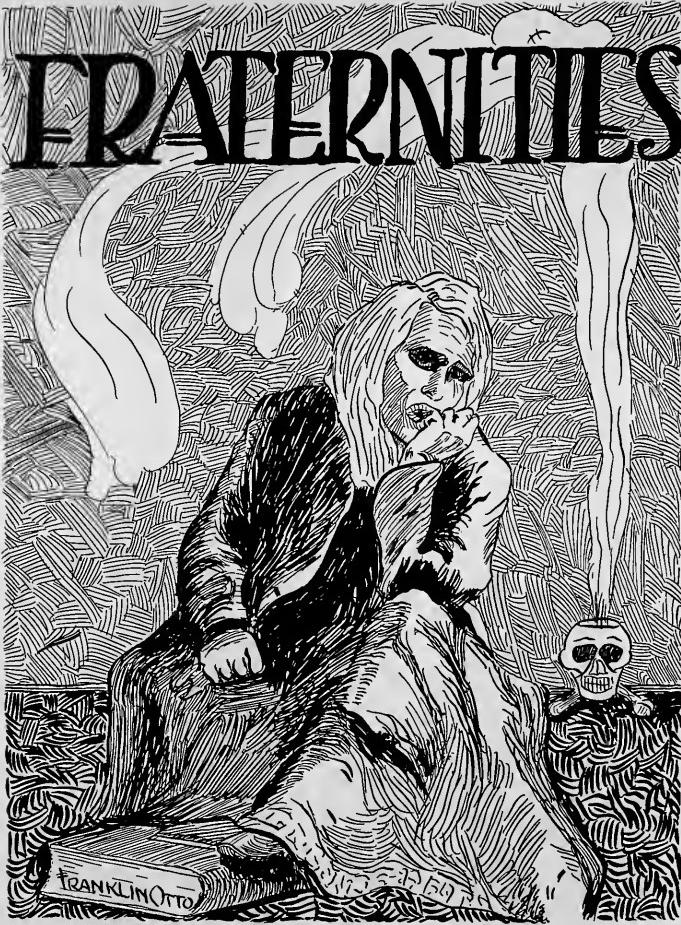
Biderman—"Didn't you swallow some water when you swore?"
Finley—"Nope, the dams kept it out."

Gerty—"I'll marry you on one condition."

Challingsworth—"That's all right. I entered college on four."



FRATERNITIES



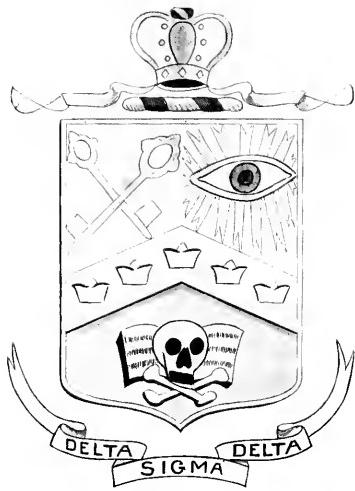
FRANKLIN OTTO

The Dentos

1923

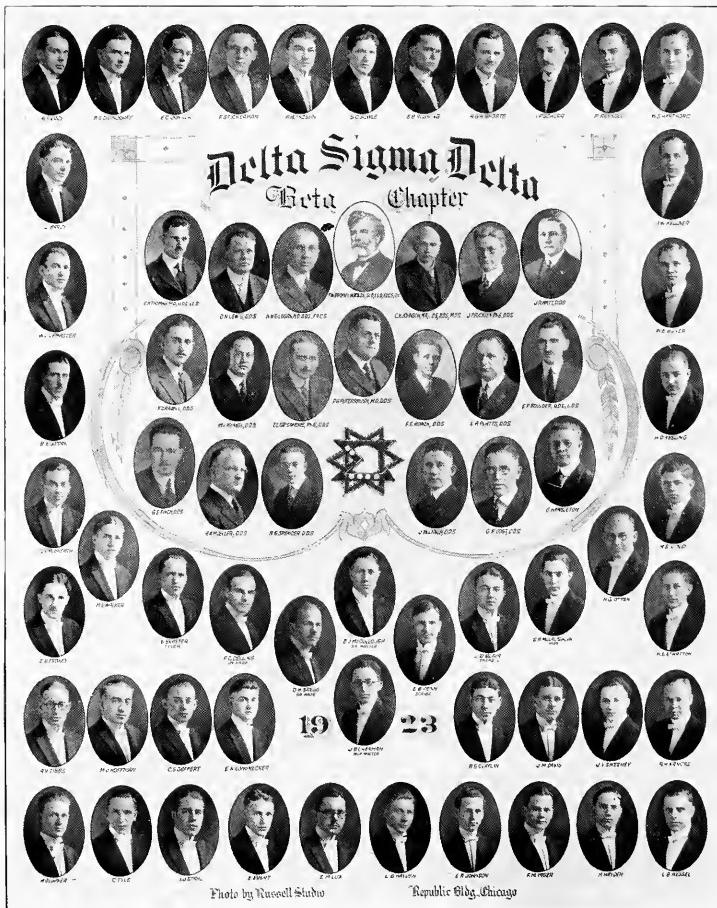


The Dentos
1923



The Dentos

1923



The Dentos
1923

Delta Sigma Delta

BETA CHAPTER

MEMBERS IN THE FACULTY

Truman W. Brophy, M.D., D.D.S., Sc.D., LL.D., F.A.C.S., O.I. (France)
William H. G. Logan, M.D., D.D.S., F.A.C.S.
Charles N. Johnson, M.A., L.D.S., D.D.S., M.D.S.
John P. Buckley, Ph.G., D.D.S.
Finis E. Roach, D.D.S.
Pliny G. Puterbaugh, M.D., D.D.S., F.A.C.D.
Thomas L. Grisamore, Ph.G., D.D.S.
John R. Watt, D.D.S.
Earl H. Thomas, M.D., D.D.S., LL.B.
David N. Lewis, D.D.S.
Lewis A. Platts, M.S., D.D.S.
Augustus H. Mueller, D.D.S.
Gail M. Hambleton, D.D.S.
William I. McNeil, D.D.S.
George F. Vogt, D.D.S.
Earl P. Boulger, D.D.S.
James W. Lynch, D.D.S.
F. Y. Radell, D.D.S.
Graydon E. Finch, D.D.S.

OFFICERS

Grand Master	D. J. McCullough
Worthy Master	J. B. Sherman
Scribe	E. B. Penn
Treasurer	J. D. Blair
Historian	G. R. McLaughlin
Tyler	B. Slater
Senior Page	D. H. Gregg
Junior Page	F. C. Delling

The Dentos

1923

SENIORS

F. C. Delling	D. J. McCullough
E. Ebert	J. B. Sherman
C. S. Geffert	I. J. Stahl
D. H. Gregg	J. V. Sweeney
M. J. Hoffman	R. V. Tibbs
A. M. Kangas	C. Tyle
E. M. Lux	L. B. Wessel

JUNIORS

J. D. Blair	H. G. Otten
G. A. Bowyer	E. B. Penn
J. C. Brady	G. C. Pike
W. F. Cody	R. S. Rea
E. C. Dohner	P. L. Reynolds
J. H. Fraleigh	I. P. Schurr
D. C. Galbreath	B. Slater
W. S. Hartford	F. H. Spickerman
H. D. Kesling	B. E. Stark
W. L. Lenmaster	H. S. Stratton
G. R. McLaughlin	R. H. Thesen
A. G. Orendorff	M. J. Weissmiller

SOPHOMORES

G. E. Bell	H. L. Hefty
W. E. Buyer	H. G. Highgate
R. S. Claffin	E. R. Johnson
J. M. Davis	A. W. Kellner
J. O. Flood	A. E. Lind
E. B. Froney	S. B. Rushing
H. Glupker	S. O. Sowle
O. A. Gregerson	A. E. Toerney
L. B. Hayden	M. E. Walker
H. Hayden	F. M. Yager

FRESHMEN

A. V. Anderson	F. A. Hood
A. B. Bradley	E. K. Longnecker
F. W. Fahrney	J. Murray
H. E. Hamma	J. Tyle
E. E. Hansen	E. F. Wendle

The Dentos

1923

Delta Sigma Delta Fraternity

There is no need to elucidate upon the calibre of the men who make up the Beta Chapter of Delta Sigma Delta. A glance at the faculty membership will suffice to illustrate that we believe in quality rather than quantity. We have striven ever to be discriminating in our selection of men, to be exacting in our demands of character, scholarship and genuine good fellowship. Unless a man were considered exceptionally gifted in dentistry, he has not been extended the palm of fraternalism, he has not become pledged to become a member of Delta Sigma Delta. We are proud of our membership and of the individuals who make up its personnel. We sincerely hope that the future will prove that we have chosen our men well, that our fond expectations will be fully realized.

Alpha Chapter of Delta Sigma Delta was organized at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1883, the first chapter of any dental fraternity to be organized in the United States. Beta Chapter was organized in 1884 at Chicago College of Dental Surgery. Dr. C. N. Johnson, present Dean of Students at Chicago Dental and past president of the National Dental Association, was one of the first members to be initiated into Beta Chapter. Since that time Dr. Johnson has been Worthy Master and Grand Master of the fraternity. He is now Editor of the *Desmos*, the Fraternity Quarterly, which position he has held for some years past. Many other of the truly great men in dentistry have at one time been members of Beta Chapter. More men have graduated into the Supreme Chapter from Beta than from any other chapter in the fraternity.

We have had several homes during the past 38 years of our existence and are at present housed at 1441 W. Jackson Boulevard. During the past term, however, we have purchased our own Chapter house at 712 So. Ashland Boulevard and we will move into our new quarters at the opening of the next school year.

Socially, the past year has been the most successful that Beta Chapter has ever enjoyed. Our first affair was a house-warming smoker, given at our house on the night of October 13th, 1922. "Friday the Unlucky" meant nothing whatever in our young lives except that some 200 men, faculty members, chapter members and pledges, were present at this grand post-vocational reunion. That every man present seemed to enjoy himself was enough of a reward for the zealous committee who arranged this smoker in honor of the Freshman.

Our next epochal event was a Halloween party which was also held at the house. We don't know yet whether a force of interior decorators "master-pieced" the Beta habitation or whether a flock of hobgoblins, ghostly sprites and bewitching witches merely transplanted an eerie corner of elfin fairyland to the scene of activities for the evening, but we do know that the result was one which Michael Angelo would have given his right arm to have claimed as his own, and that was some right arm, too!

In chronological sequence came the dance for the freshmen at the Garfield Park Refectory. This affair was not as elaborate as any of the others but everyone made himself at home so what more could we ask?

On January 20th we invaded the loop for a dance at the Great Northern Hotel. The music was inspiring, the crowd was exceptionally frolicsome and the fraternity was more than pleased with the result of this social fantasia. It was even better than its predecessors and that is saying considerable.

The Somerset Hotel, on the north side, witnessed our next attempt at instep exercise. As many came as could be accommodated which means that there

The Dentos

1923

were probably one or two Beta Sigs in town who were sick in bed. That is their tough luck and they'll never know just what they missed.

Our best yet was the gathering staged at the Webster Apartment Hotel on the night of April 28th. This sojourn at the shrine of Terpsichore was, without a doubt, the acme of human endeavor, the most brilliant which will ever grace the annals of Beta Chapter's illustrious history. It stood out from the other affairs like a lily in the midst of a bushel of onions, as stupendous, as scintillating a success as it is within the pale of human possibility to achieve. The inspired syncopaters who furnished the wherewithal of pleasure played until the wee small hours. I say played for lack of a better word to express what they did. Yes, sir, a regular, wholesome good time was the one thing everybody had, nothin' else but! This miracle was disguised innocently as a Dinner Dance but you could not begin to appreciate it unless you were lucky enough to have been there. Even the faculty representatives enjoyed themselves, and at a dance, too!

This last affair was a fitting climax to an exceptionally well arranged year of social events. Beta Chapter is proud of her 1923 record.

—G. R. McLaughlin, Historian.

SUBORDINATE CHAPTERS

- Alpha—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Beta—Chicago College of Dental Surgery, Chicago, Ill.
Gamma—Howard University Dental School, Boston, Mass.
Epsilon—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Zeta—University of California, San Francisco, Cal.
Eta—Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.
Theta—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
Kappa—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Lambda—Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.
Mu—Tufts Dental College, Boston, Mass.
Nu—Kansas City Western Dental College, Kansas City, Mo.
Xi—Indiana Dental College, Indianapolis, Ind.
Omicron—St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.
Pi—University of Buffalo, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rho—University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.
Sigma—University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Upsilon—Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Phi—Colorado College of Dental Surgery, Denver, Colo.
Chi—University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Cal.
Psi—North Pacific Dental College, Portland, Oregon.
Omega—Creighton University, Omaha, Neb.
Alpha Alpha—Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.
Beta Beta—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Gamma Gamma—Iowa University, Iowa City, Ia.
Epsilon Epsilon—University of Louisville, Louisville, Ky.
Eta Eta—Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.
Theta Theta—Atlanta Southern Dental College, Atlanta, Ga.
Kappa Kappa—University of Tennessee, Memphis, Tenn.

The Dentos

1923



The Dentos 1923



The Dentos
1923

Psi Omega Fraternity

KAPPA CHAPTER

FACULTY MEMBERS

J. L. Kendall, B.S., Ph.G., M.D.	R. Salazar, D.D.S.
L. C. Borland, L.P., M.D.	R. E. Hall, D.D.S.
C. S. Suddarth, B.S., D.D.S., M.D.	Karl Meyer, M.D.
I. C. Jirka, D.D.S.	G. V. Watson, D.D.S.
A. B. Morris, D.D.S.	E. H. Hohman, D.D.S.

OFFICERS

Deputy Councilor.....	R. M. Bondy, D.D.S.
Grand Master.....	A. J. Hoatson
Junior Grand.....	R. A. Pittman
Secretary	L. G. Meder
Treasurer.....	F. G. Beidka
Editor.....	L. J. Pavlicek
Historian.....	H. H. Birkett
Chief Interrogator.....	R. C. Williams
Chief Inquisitor.....	W. J. Treik
Outside Guardian.....	W. Shippe
Inside Guardian.....	H. Gillogly

SENIORS

Carmichael, V. A.	Nicholls, G. I.
Casey, J. F.	Pinns, A. F.
Casserly, G. J.	Podwojski, J. F.
Cayley, T. B.	Powelek, A. I.
Etu, H.	Randall, C. S.
Hill, C. J.	Rose, C. A.
Isaak, O.	Sellevoid, H. F.
Mahns, R. A.	Sigtenhoist, E. H.
McDonald, B.	Simon, S.
Melichar, H. S.	Sprafka, G. B.
Miller, J. P.	Triplet, T.
Morry, L. W.	Witous, E. J.

The Denots
1923

JUNIORS

Anthony, R.	Miller, R.
Biedka, F. G.	Pavlicek, L.
Birkett, H. H.	Quant, O. N.
Granath, R.	Redlick, W. E.
Gillogly, H.	Rybacek, C. F.
Hoatson, A. J.	Shippee, W. E.
Hynous, F. R.	Tilka, M. A.
Leiner, F. W.	Toth, J. J.
McElroy, R.	Wenger, F. E.
Meder, L. G.	Westland, G.

SOPHOMORES

Alger, R. F.	Pack, L. A.
Anderson, E. L.	Petty, R. B.
Delbridge, H. N.	Pittman, R. A.
Harling, C. W.	Ryan, A. C.
Kessler, W. B.	Tallant, G. C.
Meyers, H. E.	Treick, W. J.
Myers, J. S.	Warczok, F. J.
McKell, L. E.	Williams, R. C.
Mower, D. C.	

FRESHMEN

Beckstine, D. O.	Jensen, A. I.
Belsan, J. C.	Le Febvre, J. M.
Dochterman, L. M.	Lock, D. D.
Donaldson, W. F.	O'Grady, J. J.
Hallen, L. M.	Ottesen, L. E.
Hayes, H. H.	Schussler, E. W.

PLEDGES

Buege, R. R.	Matson, C.
Phillips, H. T.	May, B. J.
Finley, L. C.	Strang, D. M.
Gallager, B.	

The Dentos

1923

KAPPA CHAPTER

Psi Omega was unusually active during the school year of 1922-23 and its members enjoyed a delightful social season.

In the early part of the year an informal dance was held at the West End Woman's Club. Many of the boys first put on their dancing shoes at this dance and have had them on since, dancing their way through the classes and infirmary, always keeping time to the music of the dictators at school.

A month later a smoker was held at the Crystal Room of the Great Northern Hotel. Judging from the amount of laughter and noise the crowd must have been worked up to the n'th degree in excitement and surprise.

The Tri-Chapter dance, held at the Sheridan Plaza, January 19, 1923, opened the new year with one of the best social events yet held, such as only the Psi Omegas are known to give. At this dance we met our brothers from Northwestern and Illinois.

A dinner and reception was held at the Elm Tea Room, February 9, 1923. Many of our faculty members spoke and a few visitors entertained with speeches on some up-to-the-minute topics.

Another "hop" followed this at the Ambassador Hotel, February 24, 1923. This equalled any of our former dances in the hilarity displayed by those attending.

A dinner and reception for our pledges at the Elm Tea Room, March 22, 1923, gave the pledges an opportunity to look us over and display their stuff.

The Palmer House was the next scene of our pleasure seeking invasion and a dance was held in the Victorian Room.

The formal dinner dance to be given at the Drake Hotel in the early part of May for our departing seniors will be our most luminous affair. To give the seniors a send off on their commencement such as they will never forget, will be our aim.

One of the fraternities that helps to promote good fellowship, loyalty, and school spirit at the Chicago College of Dental Surgery, is the Psi Omega Fraternity. Its high standard of requirements in scholarship makes the boys at Chicago strive to achieve the best grades possible in order to be able to become one of its members.

For many years multitudes of Psi Omegas have been finishing school, going out to practice, and becoming famous because they affiliated with a fraternity that imbued principles in them which made them well liked among their fellow men. One of these vital principles is the golden rule, which says, "Do unto others as you would want others to do unto you." Only recently have students begun to realize the tremendous importance of affiliating themselves with a fraternity while at school, with the result that there are a finer group of men entering these various organizations.

From a single chapter, founded in 1892 at Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, Baltimore, Maryland, Psi Omega has grown to forty-seven chapters, one in each of the leading dental schools in the country with a membership of well over twenty thousand. Of course, this does not mean that Psi Omega in its rapid expansion has thought nothing of quality of the candidates for members, but to the contrary, it has kept the high standard steadily rising to keep pace with the ever progressing profession of dentistry.

To elevate dentistry from the depths of darkness to the light is always prominent in the minds of all good and true Psi Omegans. "May dentistry some day become an exact science"—our motto.

L. J. PAVLICEK.

The Dentos

1923

Psi Omega Chapter Roll

ACTIVE

- Alpha—Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.
Beta—New York College of Dentistry.
Gamma—Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery.
Delta—Tufts Dental College, Boston, Mass.
Epsilon—Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.
Zeta—University of Pennsylvania.
Eta—Philadelphia Dental College.
Theta—University of Buffalo, Buffalo, N. Y.
Iota—Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.
Kappa—Chicago College of Dental Surgery.
Mu—University of Denver, Denver, Colo.
Nu—University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Xi—Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mu Delta—Harvard University Dental School.
Omicron—Louisville College of Dental Surgery.
Pi—Baltimore Medical College, Dental Dept.
Beta Sigma—College of Physicians & Surgeons, Dental Department, San Francisco, Cal.
Rho—Ohio College of Dental Surgery, Cincinnati.
Sigma—Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia.
Gamma Tau—Atlanta-Southern Dental College, Atlanta, Ga.
Tau—Atlanta Dental College, Atlanta, Ga.
Upsilon—University of Southern California, Los Angeles, California.
Phi—University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
Chi—North Pacific Dental College, Portland, Oregon.
Psi—Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Omega—Indiana Dental College, Indianapolis, Ind.
Beta Alpha—University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.
Beta Gamma—George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Beta Delta—University of California, San Francisco.
Beta Epsilon—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Beta Zeta—St. Louis Dental College, St. Louis, Mo.
Beta Theta—Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.
Gamma Iota—Southern College, Atlanta, Ga.
Gamma Kappa—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Gamma Lambda—College of Dental and Oral Surgery, New York.
Gamma Mu—University of Iowa, Iowa.
Gamma Nu—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Gamma Xi—University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.
Gamma Omicron—Medical College of Richmond, Va.
Gamma Pi—Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Delta Rho—Kansas City Dental College.
Delta Tau—Wisconsin College of P. & S., Milwaukee.
Delta Upsilon—Texas Dental College, Houston.
Delta Phi—Western Dental College, Kansas City, Mo.
Phi Rho—Kansas City-Western Dental College.
Zeta Kappa—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.
Delta Chi—Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, Canada.

The Dentos
1923



The Dentos
1923



The Dentos
1923

Xi Psi Phi Fraternity

LAMDA CHAPTER
CHICAGO COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY
Chicago, Illinois

CLASS OF 1923

Charles Ackerman	G. L. Madge
Sam Chadwick	C. F. Stine
P. J. Frysztak	F. Kochanski
J. Jakubski	

CLASS OF 1924

L. J. H. Johnson—Censor	F. F. Enck—Treasurer
L. J. C. Kloboucnik	V. C. Frame
C. Shannon	Dale Fitz-Henry—Editor
J. Stryker—Master of Ceremonies	J. E. Griffin
Phil Boyd—Sgt. of Arms.	E. H. Maurer—President

CLASS OF 1925

R. Groetzinger	T. Akers—Vice-President
Ivan Hill	G. A. Falotica
L. J. Lefebvre	F. B. Gott
L. E. McGahey	D. H. Le Blanc—Sec'y.
R. Rice	Earl Montgomery
E. Rybstat	Lawrence Volz
T. White	Geo. Quinn

CLASS OF 1926

J. T. Allison	P. J. McGowan
O. J. Dvorak	W. M. Gimbel
G. G. Jedlicka	F. G. Kowsky
M. R. Harmon	

PLEDGES

Moran	Diruggs
Morony	Challingsworth
Zimmerman	A. E. Toerne
McMinamin	J. P. Quinn

FRESHMAN

D. M. Strang	H. T. Phillips
B. J. May	C. H. Wilkin
H. F. Kidd	Allen
E. C. Hulett	Ruzcowski

The Dento^s

1923

LAMDA CHAPTER

The Xi Psi Phi Fraternity was founded in 1889 and nine years later Lambda Chapter was founded. Lambda Chapter since being established in 1898 has had a remarkably rapid growth and is now one of the largest fraternities in the college. For the past twenty-five years, the good old ship "Xi Psi Phi" has had many rough and rugged routes to travel but has always been successful in bringing its loyal crew to their port of knowledge through her friendship, hospitality and brotherly love. Many a student on entering college does not seem to grasp or appreciate the higher ideals of fraternity life, merely looking upon the fraternity from a social standpoint but once they have entered the secret portals of old Xi Psi Phi's realm and have been instructed relative to the wages reaped from fraternity life, they will then have a better conception of what this fraternity really means and will never regret having taken the step. A student cannot appreciate the fraternity with its close friendship, hospitality, brotherly love, social activities and many other advantages until he has become a "Zip" and can realize what is in store for the "ready to go Zip." A student may have many friends in school but not until he has become a "Zip" can he realize what friendship and brotherly love really means.

Lambda Chapter has been growing rapidly the past few years and it is our ambition to be the largest and best chapter enrolled. We have initiated quite a "gang" into the mysteries of old Xi Psi Phi this year and still have a few "verdant" freshmen to send through the first of next year.

Owing to the high cost of rent, Lamda Chapter has had to give up her house for the present but we hope to purchase one of our own in the near future.

Lambda Chapter has found time after school hours to hold a few good dances and "smokers" in some of the prominent hotels of the city and we hope to be able to have a few more as successful during the coming school year.

We regret that so many of our brother "Zips" are leaving us with this year's graduating class but we hope they will be close enough to Lambda to continue their loyal support as they have done in the past.

Two more "Zips," Bros. Stine and Maurer, have joined the ranks of matrimony the past year.

We regret the death of Brother Chadwick's wife during the latter part of January, also Bro. S. S. Batsel's death.

We are always ready to co-operate with the faculty and help them in any way possible. It is our aim to work hard and be among the best for the best is none to good for the members of Xi Psi Phi.

In closing I have a few lines every "Zip" should read and remember the rest of their life:

TODAY .

Today is what you have, "Zips." It's also what you are. And again, Today is what you do. And if you haven't anything and aren't anybody, and do nothing—why, then, for you there is no Today.

For, Today is music. Today is art. Today is literature. Today is joy. Today is work. Today is play. Today is life.

Yesterday is no problem, "Zips"—for it is past. Tomorrow is no problem—for it isn't here. Today is supremacy. Today is the world.

The Dentos

1923

All history depends upon Today.

Crowd in upon it, then. Today—take hold upon its faintest chance. Spread your smiles—Today. Be glad and great—Today.

Today is the day—your day, "Zips."

Today is time and change doing their jobs. Are you a vital part of the play? Today you may start out all anew. Today you may put to use what you learned a day ago. The center of your entire life may revolve about—Today.

But, above all things, do not fear—Today. And let all worry slide. All things that do not count—let them go, too. Work and help and love—Today.

For this Today shall never dawn again, "Zips."

DALE F. FITZ-HENRY, Editor.

SUBORDINATE CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA—University of Michigan.

BETA—New York College of Dentistry.

GAMMA—Philadelphia Dental College.

DELTA—Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

EPSILON—University of Iowa, Iowa City.

ZETA—Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa.

ETA—University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.

THETA—Indiana Dental College, Indianapolis, Ind.

IOTA—University of California.

KAPPA—Ohio State University.

LAMBDA—Chicago College of Dental Surgery.

MU—University of Buffalo, Buffalo, N. Y.

NU—Harvard University, Boston, Mass.

Xi—Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.

OMICORN—Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, Canada.

PI—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

RHO—Northwestern University, Chicago.

SIGMA—University of Illinois, Chicago.

TAU—Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

UPSILON—Ohio College of Dental Surgery, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHI—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

OMEGA—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

ALPHA-BETA—Baltimore, Medical College, Dental Dept., Baltimore, Md.

ALPHA-DELTA—New Orleans College of Dentistry. Reorganized as Alpha Nu

ALPHA-EPSILON—North Pacific Dental College, Portland, Ore.

ALPHA-ZETA—Southern Dental College, Atlanta, Ga.

ALPHA-ETA—Atlanta Southern Dental College, Atlanta, Ga.

ALPHA-THETA—University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif.

ALPHA-IOTA—Central University of Kentucky, Louisville, Ky.

ALPHA-KAPPA—Creighton University, Omaha, Neb.

ALPHA-LAMBDA—College of Jersey City, N. J.

ALPHA-MU—George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

ALPHA-XI—Georgetown University, Washington.

ALPHA-OMICORN—University of Tennessee, Memphis, Tenn.

ALPHA-PI—Baylor University, Dallas, Texas.

The Dentos

1923

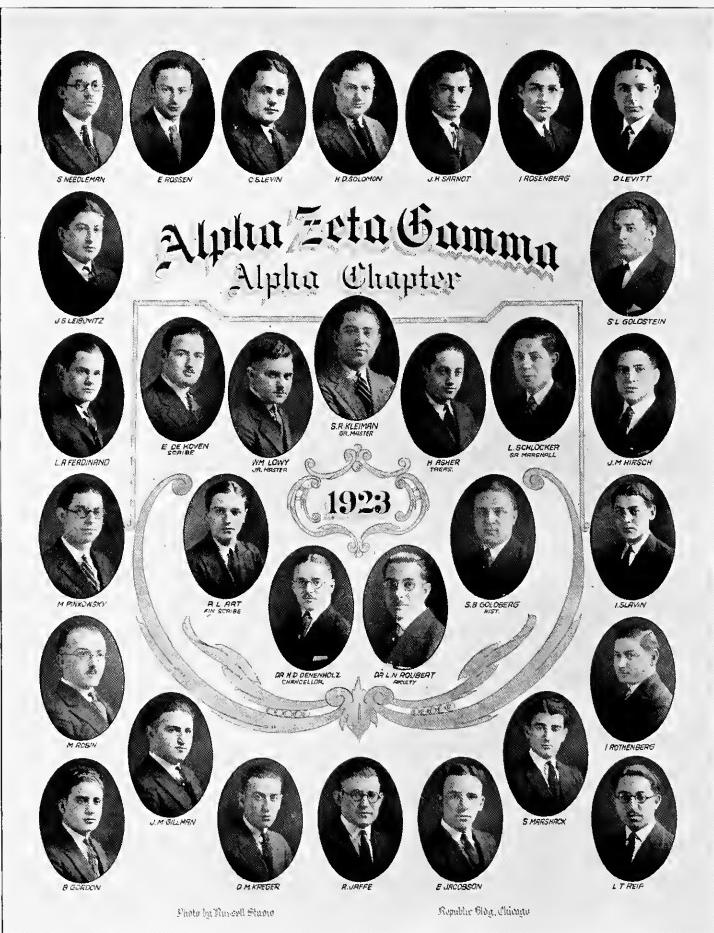


The Dentos
1923



The Dentos

1923



The Dentos

1923

Alpha Zeta Gamma

ALPHA CHAPTER

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY

Frater in Facultate
L. N. ROUBERT, D. D. S.

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The Dentos

1923

Alpha Zeta Gamma

Alpha Zeta Gamma was organized as Alpha Chapter at the Chicago College of Dental Surgery in 1911. It is astonishing to witness what has been accomplished in these few years by those splendid men, who constituted its charter members, and their successors. The first three chapters to be organized comprised the Chicago schools, but in time the fraternity grew to such extent that now Alpha Zeta Gamma can claim a chapter in all the leading dental schools of the country, and it is still growing.

Alpha Zeta Gamma has always stood for fraternalism and good scholarship, and Alpha chapter is always for anything that will make our college a better place for students to obtain a dental education. This fraternity was the first dental fraternity to raise the scholastic standards in requirements for admission. No man can now wear the insignia of Alpha Zeta Gamma who has not successfully and honorably completed his freshman year.

The year 1923 has been a very successful one for Alpha Zeta Gamma. The social affairs were started on November 17, 1922, with a smoker at the Sherman Hotel in conjunction with Beta chapter. There was a grand turnout and every one looked happy. The alumni and the faculty were well represented.

The first dance of the year was held on December 22nd at the Lincoln Park Casino. The music and the hall were perfect and an enjoyable evening was passed by all present.

The next affair was a smoker for members and pledges of the Alpha Chapter held at the Morrison Hotel on Jan. 12, 1923.

The best informal dance that has ever been given by Alpha Chapter was held at the Morrison Hotel on March 23rd, 1923. The music and the refreshments caused everyone to forget their troubles and all enjoyed the syncopations of S. Wagner and his gloom dispellers.

During the summer months, for the benefit of the members residing in the city, a picnic and boat trip were given.

For the educational program, many clinics and lectures were given by the members of the Alumni by which the fraters benefited greatly.

The crowning social event of the year was a dinner dance at the Sherman Hotel, April 29th, 1923. The dinner was followed by an elaborate program composed of various artistic entertainments and dancing, which served as stimulating facts toward the friendship and intimacy which always prevails.

Alpha Zeta Gamma has also been active athletically. Our basketball team has gone through this season without meeting any defeats. It has played inter-fraternal games in the school and also many other games.

Our baseball team has just been organized and we expect to do as well in this branch.

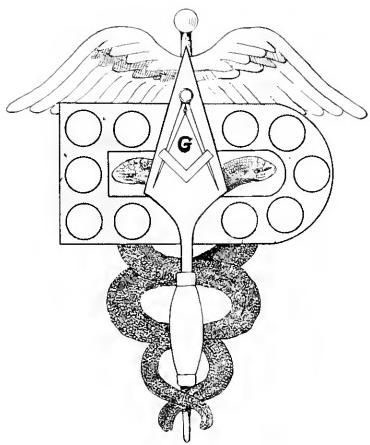
The year of 1923 was closed with the installation of new officers which was held at the Sherman Hotel. A supper was given at the College Inn followed by the installation ceremonies.

S. B. GOLDBERG, Historian.

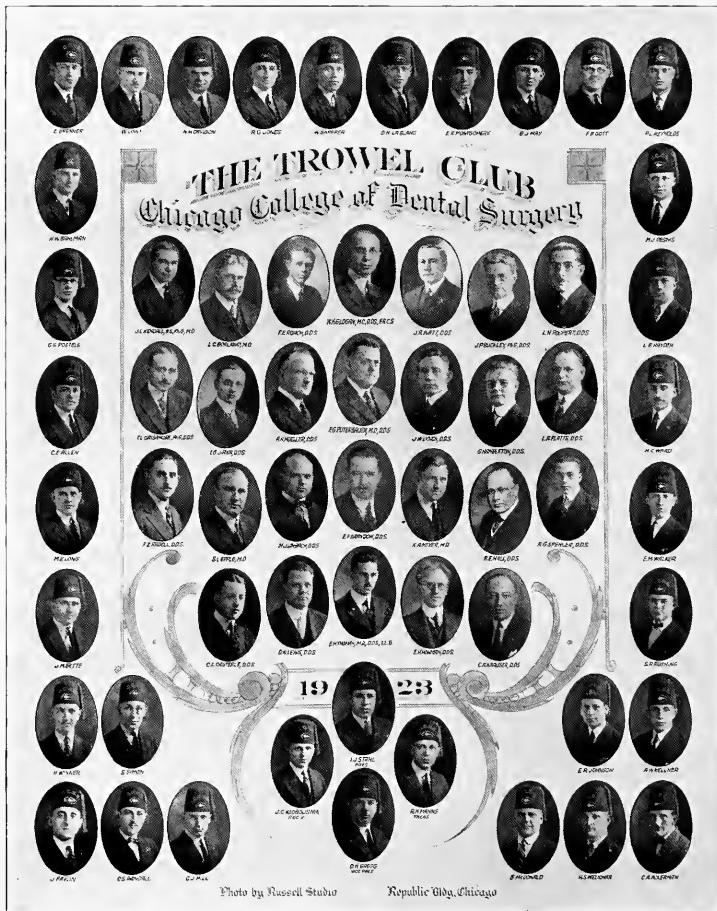
ROLL OF CHAPTERS

ALPHA—Chicago College of Dental Surgery	PHI—Tufts College of Dental Surgery.
BETA—Northwestern University.	KAPPA—University of Pennsylvania Dental College.
DELTA—University of Illinois.	LAMBDA—Western Reserve University.
ETA—Harvard.	MU—University of Pittsburgh.
THETA—Baltimore College of Dental Surgery	NU—University of Southern California.

The Dentos
1923



The Dentos



The Dentos

1923

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Tate, W.	

The Dentos

1923

The Trowel Fraternity

The Trowel Fraternity, as it is now called, was previously known as the Trowel Club, and had its origin in the Dental College of the Northwestern University. Members of the faculty and students belonging to the Masonic organization there thought it a good plan to band together and form an organization separate from the so-called Greek letter organizations, and so it happened that the Trowel Club was founded.

A student or faculty member eligible to join must be a Master Mason in good standing.

This organization proved itself to be very successful and within a short time a second chapter was formed at the Chicago College of Dental Surgery and later many other colleges formed similar organizations and at the present time nearly every university in the United States has some form of a trowel organization.

Its main object in view at present is to bring all these organizations together and make it a national organization. Thus far it has been very successful. Many have already banded together, under the name of the Trowel Fraternity, with the probability of many more joining before the next school term begins. A meeting for this purpose will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, this summer.

The main purpose of the Trowel Fraternity is to promote clinics and lectures along professional lines, especially those pertaining to the dental profession. Much knowledge is so gained, especially for the under classmen who may be able to grasp some information about a subject, even though they have not as yet studied it.

Meetings are held twice a month which are made very desirous to attend, because of the splendid dinners given in conjunction with each and every meeting.

Knowledge is not all this organization seeks to promote, for recreation plays a great part in its teachings also.

Occasional banquets and dances are given, and are enjoyed by all its members, for they are always, without question, clean cut affairs.

Next year will find the organization with its own house, plans of which are under full swing now.

Let us not forget the Tri-Chapter Fraternity meeting held at the Northwestern University Building, with delegates from Illinois and Marquette Dental School of Milwaukee, Wis. It was a successful meeting and proved to be an exceptionally fine way to learn what other chapters were doing.

The success of this chapter may be credited to Dr. P. G. Puterbaugh for his fatherly advice and the keen interest he has so faithfully and willingly bestowed upon it.

The Trowel Fraternity.

The Dentos

1923

Veterans Vocational Club

A few months prior to the close of the World War, our government saw the need of caring for its disabled soldiers; not only in regard to giving them adequate hospital facilities, but to give them training in vocations which would enable them to support themselves. To be eligible to training under the U. S. Veterans Bureau the claimant must have a disability incurred in line of duty for which he is drawing compensation, and this disability must be of such a nature as to handicap him in his former vocation. Training is given in any line of work compatible with the man's disability, and the recognized colleges, schools, and shops of the country are used for this purpose. The U. S. Veterans Bureau pays all expenses incident to a course of training, and in cases of a severe disability and handicap gives an allowance of \$100.00 per month for maintenance.

The Veterans Vocational Club was organized a year ago at our college to aid in the administration of manifold problems relative to our course of training. Seven more "gold brickers" joined our ranks this year making a total of twenty-four men now in training.

We are very grateful to Uncle Sam for giving us a Dental Education, and we would like the public to know that the disabled veterans are being cared for and trained in a manner above criticism or reproach. And yet too much cannot be accorded these men when you consider that Russell must use an ear-trumpet, that Delling finds it hard to gain that pound a week, and that McCullough is obliged to refrain from dancing and the lighter frivolities because of his heart.

Great moments in the life of a vocational trainee are the 5th and 20th of each month when the great American Eagle flies over, and once a month when a petite little nurse calls to determine if any are suffering from insomnia, anorexia, or similar maladies.

Last December a few of our number were guests at a Banquet and Entertainment given by the Elks Club of Chicago, "The Men Who do not Forget," at their club rooms. Last summer we were given a two weeks vacation at the Summer Vacation Camp, Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and we are looking forward to an equally good time this summer.

SENIORS

D. J. McCullough
F. C. Delling
Wm. F. Russell

JUNIORS

E. B. Penn
G. B. Warren
E. H. Maurer
R. S. Reid
R. J. Drury
J. E. Brennan
R. B. Miller
J. E. Griffin
W. P. Brown

SOPHOMORES

D. C. Mower
H. E. Meyers
R. G. Jones
D. H. LeBlanc
W. Tate

The Dentos

1923

EDWARD N. KARST

Karst is conceded to be one of the best basket-ball players in the country. Many critics consider him the best forward ever developed and he has been placed on the all-American A. A. U. team and all-state five (Wisconsin) many times during the past few years.

Karst started his basketball career in grammar school some 13 years ago. In 1913, he made the high school team at Fond du Lac, Wis. He was captain in 1914, '15 and '16, and aided materially in winning the State Championship in 1915 and 1916. He was named all-state captain in 1915 and 1916. In 1919 Karst played for Marquette and was captain of the A. A. U. championship team of that year. He was at the time picked as all-American forward. He played with Madison, Wis., also in 1919, being a member of the famous Olympic Club Basketball quintet which annexed the Central A. A. U. Championship in 1919.

Karst is conceded to be one of the best basketball players in the country, Wisconsin in that year. He played with the Milwaukee Bright Spots in 1920, at that time considered one of the most powerful teams in the country. This team won the professional championship of Wisconsin in 1920. Karst entered the Chicago College of Dental Surgery in the fall of 1921 and immediately made connections with the Desota Council, K. C., basketball team. He was a member of this quintet when it won the championship of the K. C. League in 1921. Karst also played in countless games in Milwaukee, Fond du Lac, and other cities in Wisconsin during the seasons of 1922 and 1923.

Eddie is indeed a wizard with the basketball and deserves every honor that he has acquired as perhaps the foremost basketball player in the United States.

FRANK G. KOCHANSKI

Frank G. Kochanski has been competing for C. C. D. S. in all the leading track events since his matriculation at the college 4 years ago. During this time he has won races staged by the most prominent clubs of the city. He has been forced to be content with second place in many of the races having been beaten always by his former team mate, Joie Ray of the I. A. C., whom many regard as the world's greatest middle distance runner.

In 1918 while competing for Crane High School he boasted of a win over Ray in the 880-yd. handicap run held under the auspices of the Illinois Athletic Club. Shortly after this race he joined the I. A. C., won the 5-mile Central A. A. U. championship and helped establish, with C. V. O'donald, B. J. Gerald and J. W. Ray, the National A. A. U. 4-mile relay record which still stands.

In all his competition under the college colors, he has scored in every meet, placing C. C. D. S. above Northwestern University, Notre Dame and Detroit U. There is still another meet that he expects to compete in for C. C. D. S. and that is the Intercollegiate at De Paul Field May 26th, 1923.

To represent the U. S. A. and C. C. D. S. at the Olympic Games in 1924 at Paris is the goal Frank is shooting at.



The Dentos

1923



E. A. KOKOT

"Koke" is one of the best amateur bicycle riders in the Middle West. He is a member of the Alverno A. C., a prominent athletic organization in Chicago. He was a runner-up for the Middle West Bicycle Championship, losing by a close margin of only two points. He was the only one to score in all events. He won many unpaced and sprint events. Koke is still going strong and we expect much of him as a future cyclist.

JOE P. MILLER

Joe is a crack semi-pro pitcher, well-known around Chicago and throughout the West. While with the Naval Aviation Corps in France, in 1918, he won 27 out of 28 games. In 1919 he pitched for Minnesota in the American Association and later he went to Saskatoon, Canada, in the Western Canadian League. He led the league in pitching while there. In 1920, he was with Oklahoma City in the Western League. He played outlaw baseball in the Iron Range in 1921 where he was the leading pitcher, winning 18 consecutive games.

During the season of 1922 he played semi-pro baseball in Illinois, finishing the season with the Elgin, Ill., Legion team. He established an enviable record here by winning 21 out of 23 games played. He helped win the county and state championships for the legion team by his brilliant pitching.



G. R. McLAUGHLIN

"Jerry's" baseball record is just as magnificent as that of Joe Miller's. He is a twirler of no mean reputation, having started pitching for the U. of I. Freshman-Varsity team in 1917. His record, including his semi-pro connections, follows:

U. of I. Freshman Varsity, 1917-18.

Gary Industrial League, 1919-20, won 17, lost 7.

South Dakota Sunshine League, 1920-21, won 12, lost 2.

Marcus Iowa Independents, 1921-22, won 13, lost 4.

Sherwood A. C., Chicago, 1922-23, won 9, lost 2.



In the spring of 1920, while playing in the Gary, Ind., Industrial League, Jerry lost an eleven inning game to "Dixie" Leverett, who is now one of the leading twirlers of the Chicago White Sox. The score of this scintillating affray was 4 to 2. It is quite an honor to lose a game to a pitcher of Leverett's ability, especially when you come within one hit of winning it.

The Dentos

1923

HARRY PAULE

Harry "Ostropolis" Paule is another one of C. C. D. S.'s lovely athletes. He is known to the wrestling world under the name of Ostropol.

Harry has been in the wrestling game for 8 years, starting his career in the "teenie weenie" class. He showed considerable class as a boy and soon developed into one of the best 115-pound grapplers. He held the South Park championship in 1919. In 1916 he won the Y. M. C. A. championship as well as the West Park's. During the season of 1918-19, he copped the I. G. U. and the A. A. F. championships. He has won second place in many other meets. Paule attributes his wonderful wrestling ability to his faithful trainer, "Bill Redlich."



WILLIAM E. REDLICH

Redlich is a natural born ice-skater. He won the City Figure Skating Title as far back as 1917. "Bill" turned to speed skating later, establishing a new playground record for the half-mile in 1921-22 season. He also competed in many other events, winning first place several times.



"Bill," the "flying Dutchman," had the distinguished honor of skating this year on two continents. Last fall while in Europe, Bill gave his native countrymen a practical demonstration of American speed and showed his heels to the Berlin skaters at the indoor skating arena of that city. He copped first in the 440, 880 and took second in the mile. Not bad for a day's work.

When the skating season opened in Chicago Bill, under the care of his trainer and manager, Paule Ostropolis, was entered in all of the city meets. The season was started off in good order, Bill taking first in the open mile of the city meet, and second place the following week. But in the third meet of the year he was spiked in the right leg on the home stretch and finished third.

This leg proved a handicap for the rest of the season and Bill was forced to quit earlier than he intended to. But he is not through by any means and intends to come back stronger next year. We expect to hear from him in the future.

The Dentos

1923

GEORGE J. PORTER.

Porter is considered one of the best swimmers in the city and the main prop of the famous Sinai Social Center team. This team has not lost a meet in or out of Chicago in the last eleven years and now holds the championship of the American Athletic Federation of Chicago.



During the Pageant of Progress Porter, Dick Howell of the I. A. C., Ward and McMahon won the life guard championship of the city of Chicago. Porter is now the 40 yard champion of the A. A. F. of Chicago. He recently beat Russel Ward, formerly of Hyde Park, in the 40-yard event. His time on this occasion was 19½ seconds.

George is a real fellow, congenial and modest, despite the fact that he has already won fifty or more medals as a result of his swimming prowess.

Y. M. C. A.

The purpose of the Y. M. C. A. is to aid the students and to help them to develop their physical, moral and spiritual qualities. It strives to help the students socially, and institute discussion groups in the schools and various fraternities. It also aids the student in obtaining a proper rooming or boarding place. Its aim is to promote good fellowship among the students regardless of race or nationality.

Our success in these noteworthy endeavors depends upon the active co-operation of the students. Our organization is so developed that at a minimum of cost and red tape, we are prepared to aid and help the student in any matter possible. We are not trying to put anything over. We always welcome suggestions from the students regarding the "Y" program.

When you return to the school this fall, our organization will be right there to afford you all the help you need. Regardless of whether you are a member or a contributor, do not hesitate to appeal to us in any emergency.

WE ARE HERE TO HELP THE STUDENT.

CABINET

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Vice-President.....	M. Hoffman
Secretary.....	G. R. McLaughlin
Cabinet Chairman.....	T. Tripet, J. Shafer, W. E. Cody, B. Slater
Faculty Representative.....	Dr. P. G. Puterbaugh

The Dentos
1910

RUDY'S ROOST

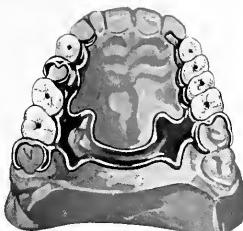


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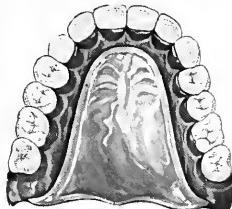
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STANDARD DENTAL LABORATORY OF CHICAGO



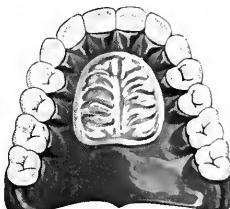
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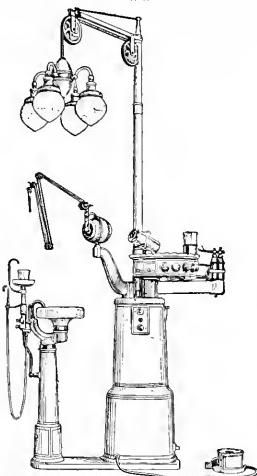
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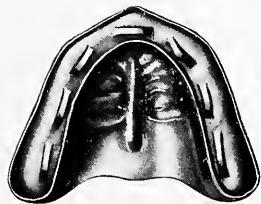
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